Collier's

15c

October 21, 1950

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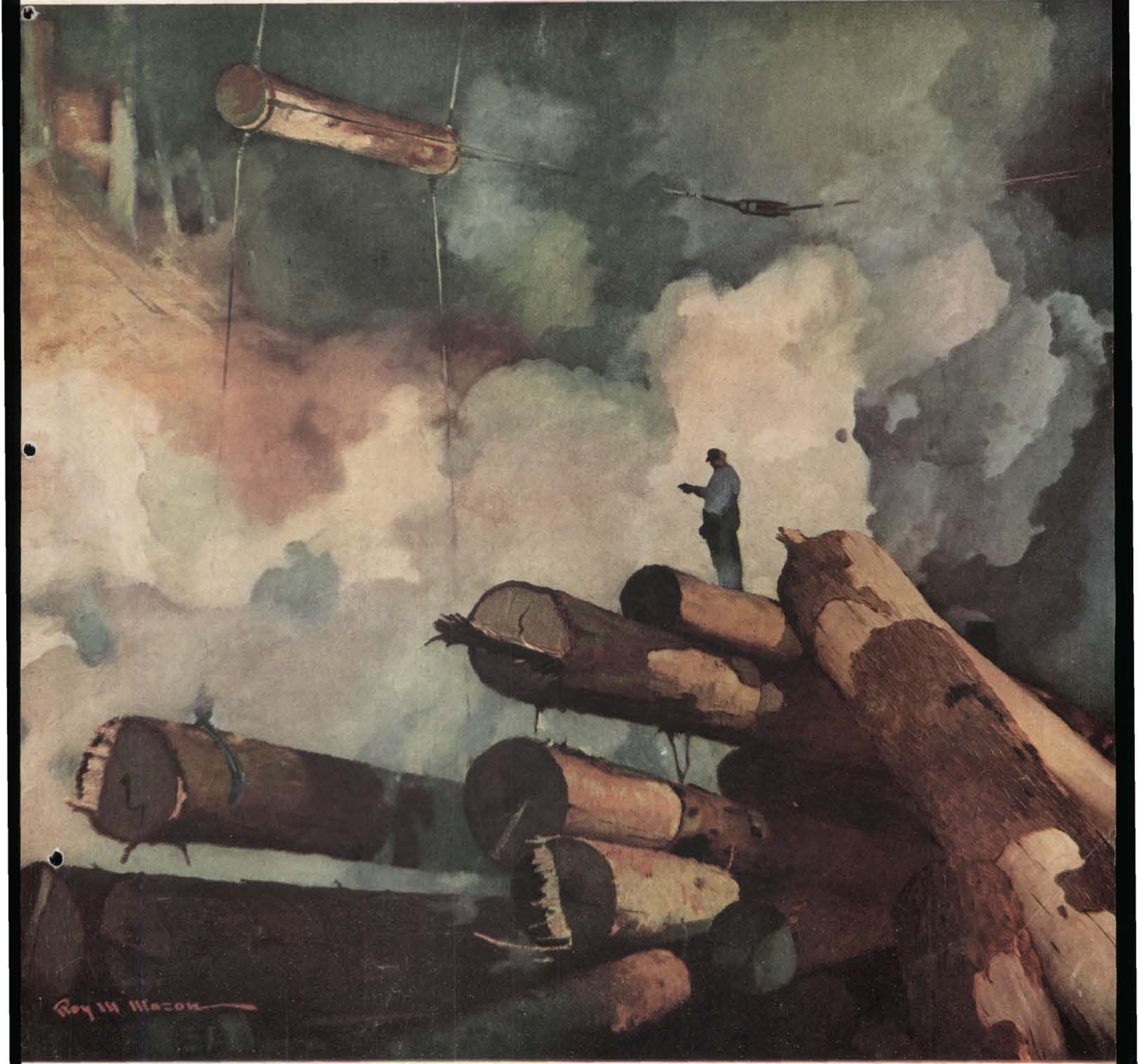

PRAVDA, U.S.A.

The Daily Worker—Stalin's Mouthpiece

ct. 21, 1950

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For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

Of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the choicest few are fine enough for Lord Calvert. That's why no other whiskey in all the world possesses the *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* of Lord Calvert ... the custom-blended whiskey for men of moderation who appreciate the finest. That's why Lord Calvert will make *your* next drink a *better* drink, and why your guests will compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

MR. ERSKINE CALDWELL, *distinguished novelist. Born in Georgia, Erskine Caldwell worked as cotton-picker, mill-hand and newspaper reporter among the "poor whites" of the South, whose lives he was later to chronicle. Because he refused to cater to popular fiction formulas, Mr. Caldwell wrote steadily for five years before anything was accepted for publication. When recognition finally came, it came fast. And within the past years Mr. Caldwell has emerged as perhaps the most influential author of our time.*

SAVES TIME! "My duties as president take me all over America every year," says Judson S. Sayre, Bendix Home Appliances, Inc. "Flying is the only way I can cover the nation and still have time at home with my family."

SAVES MONEY! Mr. Dan Thornton, prominent Hereford breeder of Gunnison, Colorado, and million-miler on U. S. airlines, says. "In my business, traveling by air between distant cattle shows saves me time and money."

LONGER VACATIONS! Blonde Diana Blair Kenway of Greenwich, Conn., is a receptionist at Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. "This winter," she says, "I'm flying to Florida for two full weeks of fun in the sun."

SO CLEAN! "Every year we fly south to visit our folks," says Mrs. Robert Allen of Seattle. "With two young children flying is wonderful. It's so clean and comfortable. We're there so soon the children don't get restless."

LESS TROUBLE! "We took the whole family to New York to see the sights," says Mrs. Wilbur Shnapier of Miami Beach, Florida. "We reached New York so swiftly; and how the children enjoyed every moment in the air!"

MORE FUN! Dartmouth junior and football star Vincent Jones of Long Beach says, "Flying between California and New York always gives me a kick; there's always a friendly feeling and you meet such swell people."

Americans just naturally love to fly!

It's in the spirit of the times—this desire of modern Americans to go fast and far. And it's just natural to think of flying when you think of traveling. Today's transport airplane is a comfortable, club-like lounge on wings. It speeds you anywhere by day or night . . . across oceans or continents . . . at 300 miles per hour. You arrive clean, rested and relaxed. What's more, flying is now so *inexpensive!* There are no tips . . . no extras! On business or pleasure, it will pay you to *go by air!*

DOUGLAS DC-6 Favored by experienced air travelers over any other transport. There's no finer, more *dependable* airplane in service today!

MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

starring

DEBORAH KERR
STEWART GRANGER

with RICHARD CARLSON
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by HELEN DEUTSCH
Based on the Novel by H. RIDER HAGGARD
Directed by
COMPTON BENNETT
and ANDREW MARTON
Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST

To film "King Solomon's Mines", that fabulous romantic adventure story by Sir H. Rider Haggard, M-G-M sent a troupe of stars and technicians into the heart of Africa. It was the first novel of its kind to be filmed in Technicolor entirely in its authentic locations. And the result is a motion picture of incomparable excitement.

We just plain forgot we were in a theatre when we saw "King Solomon's Mines". We followed with bated breath that emotionally-explosive safari which began when a beautiful woman bribed a fearless white hunter to lead her expedition. Flame-haired Deborah Kerr plays the lovely temptress and romantic Stewart Granger is the guide. Together they find forbidden love in a forbidden land as they search for the legendary treasure hoard of an ancient king. Third member of the safari is Richard Carlson. You witness the effect that the raw, raging jungle has on all three. You share with them a thousand thrills and terrors.

You follow them through a tropic fastness, the pitiless desert, the awesome mountain passes. You face bloodthirsty savages and run a grim gauntlet through their ranks. You hear the tom-toms send their sinister messages through the equatorial night. You see a brush-fire send thousands of frenzied animals in screaming stampede...one of the most startling scenes ever filmed. You watch the ceremonial revels of the seven-foot tall Watussi warriors. You find a fortune in gems that dims the sun's radiance ...in "King Solomon's Mines"!

Once "Trader Horn" stood as the supreme dramatic record of African adventure but it is dwarfed now by this remarkable film. The authentic backgrounds of Africa are awe-inspiring, but they are only the stage for an unforgettable romantic exploit. The love affair smolders like the jungle. Here, indeed, is rich spectacular entertainment... a treasure of thrills for young and old.

P.S.: Watch for M-G-M's big three in Technicolor! "Kim", "Across The Wide Missouri" and "Quo Vadis"!

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October 21, 1950

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The Cover

Artist Roy M. Mason takes you to the state of Washington to watch the logging industry at work. The 40-foot timbers at lower right have been brought down from the mountains and are about to be loaded, three on a flatcar (lower left), by means of tongs and tackle suspended from a 150-foot "spar tree"—a lone, denuded, guy-wired giant which takes the place of a citified derrick. The background smoke and steam come from a wood-burning, power-supplying donkey engine which Mr. Mason sadly notes has been largely replaced by a gasoline engine. "It does the job," he says, "but emits no paintable atmosphere. Progress." Speaking of progress, an article on page 32 of this issue tells of the great strides being made toward increasing our forestry wealth.

Week's Mail

Courage Personified

EDITOR: My heart was heavy after reading 'What Hurt Was to See Us Retreat,' by John Denson (Sept. 2d).

To me and my family Sergeant Leonard Smith personifies all the courageous men who have fought so heroically in the defense of South Korea against such overwhelming odds. S. BERNSTEIN, Newark, N. J.

Arms for Japan?

EDITOR: John Denson, in his article Must We Rearm Japan? (Sept. 9th), noted that in rearming Japan, which may someday be necessary, General MacArthur must "consider the legalisms of the Japanese surrender—the policy of total disarmament which has also been woven into Japan's constitutional fabric."

While General MacArthur was in no way responsible for the formulation of the terms of surrender, it was his headquarters which, acting largely on its own initiative, urged the Japanese to adopt a new constitution in which they forever renounced war and the right to maintain land, sea and air forces.

The phraseology of the renunciation of war provision of the constitution closely corresponds to the wording of a memorandum to General Courtney Whitney in which General MacArthur instructed his Government Section to draft a constitution for the guidance of the Japanese Cabinet, which was then considering constitutional reform.

In April, 1946, when the Japanese Cabinet published its MacArthur-approved draft constitution for public consideration, General MacArthur described the renunciation of war and total disarmament clause as the "foremost" of the constitution's provisions.

It is indeed an ironic comment on today's tragic international situation to note that General MacArthur, in making plans for the defense of Japan, finds his freedom of action seriously hampered by an idealistic constitution which, less than five years ago, he himself took a hand in drafting.
THEODORE MCNELLY, Madison, Wis.

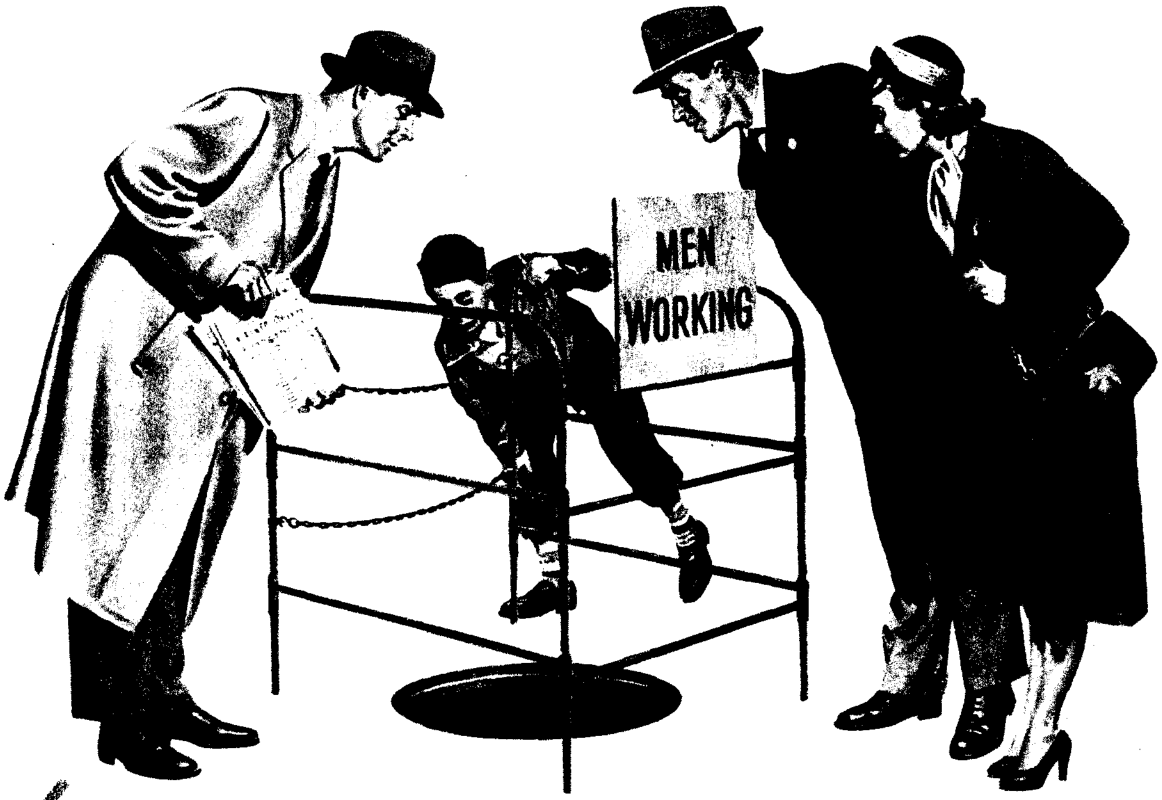
Local 9's Mr. Milling

EDITOR: May I take this occasion to congratulate Collier's and Collie Small sincerely for the splendid tribute which you have made to Paul Milling in the article Miracle of Local 9 (Sept. 9th).

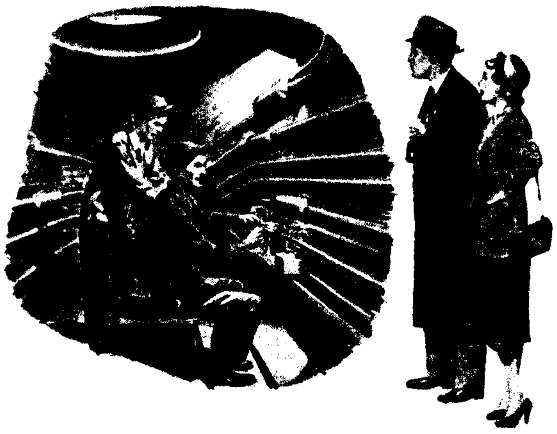
Mr. Milling is a personal friend of mine and I can assure you he is all that you narrate of him in your article. We assure you he will carry on with his high ideals as a Catholic Christian gentleman.
THE REV. JAMES A. STONE, Newark, N. J.

. . . At this time of strikes and walkouts, management and labor should extend hands of co-operation.

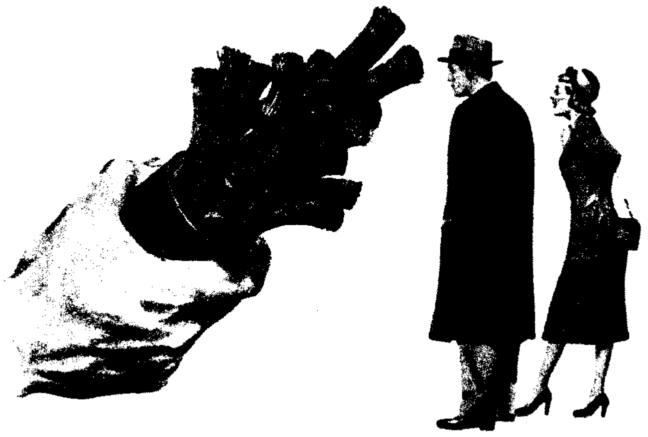
Paul Milling believes if management



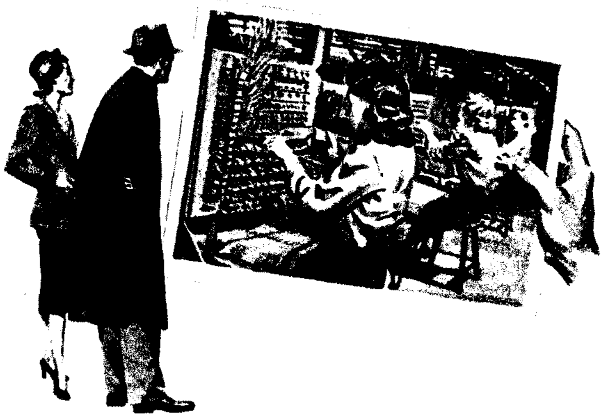
Wonder what they're doing down there?



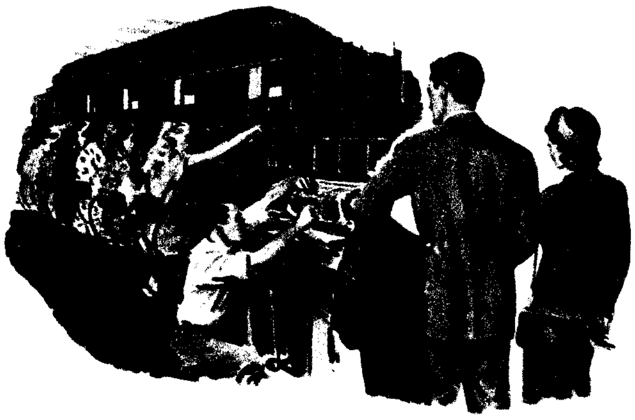
1. Us? We're Bell telephone cable splicers . . . hooking the wires together in these big cables so more people can have telephone service. By the way . . .



2. . . . did you ever see inside a telephone cable? Look at all the little wires . . . 1800 conversations can go through at once. Western Electric makes this cable and all sorts of equipment for us. For example . . .



3. . . . here's a glimpse of dial switching apparatus being made at one of Western Electric's plants. Western Electric is the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. What's important about that is . . .



4. . . . being members of the Bell System, Western Electric people and Bell telephone people all work together toward one goal: more and better telephone service for you at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

"Wake-up-to-music"
CLOCK-RADIO
AMERICA'S BEDSIDE FAVORITE!
GENERAL ELECTRIC
ONLY $29.95*
MODEL 515
You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

☆ As a radio *alone* it's worth the price—it plays so beautifully, looks so smart. But the G-E Clock-Radio is far more—it wakes you on time to sweet music...reminds you of appointments...turns on a favorite program anytime, automatically! All this plus an accurate G-E electric clock. No wonder the G-E Clock-Radio is America's bedside favorite—outselling all other makes combined. In alabaster ivory (Model 511, shown) or Congo brown plastic. Both at the same low price.

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World's most useful radio!

Wakes you, lulls you to sleep to music, turns on electric appliances automatically. In 4 smart colors. **$34.95***

**Slightly higher West and South. Subject to change without notice.*

makes money, labor wants its just share. Local 9 and Milling will be heard from in labor and management affairs. I am mighty proud to be a charter member of No. 9.

CHARLES C. MARCH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Genius at the Wheel

EDITOR: There was an item from Dr. Farbstein's Debunking Expedition some weeks ago which has caused my mind considerable torment. The item said, "A person of very low intelligence makes as poor an auto driver as an intellectual giant—the best driver is a high-grade moron."

This statement, backed up by engineers from Northwestern University, where they do an immense amount of research into the mysteries of driving and safety, is ammunition of atomic potency to settle the ancient argument of which sex is the smarter.

Similar to most husbands, I'm in the habit of extolling my own driving ability and finding fault with the wife's. Through the channels of logic it must therefore be tragically deduced that we superior driving males are high-grade morons, whereas our incompetent wives must rate as geniuses. For few of us egotistical males, whatever our present marital relationship, would admit we married idiots.

So, when the little woman hits a telephone pole or splices the end of the garage, she's a genius, and when I can say I've driven 25 years without an accident, well, that makes me a, a, umm . . . a . . .

PETER HEUMANN, Levittown, N. Y.

Counterpropaganda

EDITOR: Referring to Paul Hesse's cover photo (Sept. 2d), suggest that reprints by the millions be forwarded, no matter how, to North Korea, China, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Poland *and* U.S.S.R. calling attention to the bicycle and kiddy car in the background, and explaining that this is just any Sunday anywhere in the home of the "barbarian invaders" of South Korea.

BILL DONOVAN, Phoenix, Ariz.

Monumental Error

EDITOR: Just one mistake in your article High Cost of History (Sept. 2d). Bunker Hill Monument is not the tallest in New England. The Bennington Battle Monument, Bennington, Vermont, 302 feet, is the tallest monument in New England and the tallest battle monument in the world.

We Benningtonians are proud of it and our historic town.

LAURENCE PETERS, JR., Kittery, Me.

Just one mistake in the letter of proud Benningtonian Peters from Kittery. Our article said the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown, not the Bunker Hill Monument, was the tallest.

Word Sleuth

EDITOR: This is in reference to Private Eye in the World of Words (Sept. 9th) describing the work of Dr. Joseph T. Shipley.

As an alumnus of Stuyvesant High School in New York City, I was very interested to see an article about one of the instructors whom I had known while attending the school. However upon reading your otherwise excellent story, I could find no mention of the fact that Dr. Shipley was and, in fact, still is, a member of the faculty of Stuyvesant High School.

I hope you will take this opportunity to clarify your story on this much-admired Stuyvesant notable.

A. DAVID LEINWAND, Forest Hills, N. Y.

. . . You reach a new low point of ignorance and absurdity in an article entitled Private Eye in the World of Words.

In this piece of nonsense, we are told that "an eminent historian" (unnamed) asked Dr. Shipley to find out if Nero "fiddled" while Rome burned. Dr. Shipley found out that this was merely a story originating 500 years ago due to an error in translating an ancient Latin manuscript into Provençal and that the translator had taken the idiomatic phrase "harped on" and translated it as "fiddled."

Here, we are asked to believe that a controversy, which has engaged the attention of historians for 1,886 years, originated in an obscure district of France only 500 years ago.

Here, we are asked to believe that "an eminent historian" has never read Tacitus (Annal. XV 38-44) or Suetonius (in Neron c38) or Dion Cassius (L. LXII, c16 page 1014) or Orosius (VII.7) or any other historian of the period.

Whether Nero actually did so or not, it is certain that "it was gravely reported, and firmly believed that Nero . . . amused himself with singing to his lyre the destruction of ancient Troy" (Gibbon Chapter XVI).

CHARLES E. STEWART,
Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

Big Families

EDITOR: I just finished reading James C. Derieux's article Cheaper by the Baker's' Dozen (Sept. 2d), and enjoyed it very much.

I am one of 12 children reared on a farm in the South. It takes women with a lot of courage like my mother and Mrs. Russell to bring that many children into this world.

MRS. DONALD L. CARTER, Norwalk, Cal.

How About High Schools?

EDITOR: I have just read The Little Red Schoolhouse Goes Modern (Sept. 9th) and would like to congratulate Mr. William Caudill on the two schools designed by him recently opened in Blackwell, Oklahoma.

However, there was no mention of high schools in Walter McQuade's article. Was this omission intentional? Would it be impractical to build high schools in the same order as these too-wonderful-to-believe elementary schools?

I just graduated from high school last year and I assure you that teen-agers enjoy light, air, comfort and color as much as any third- or fourth-grader, if not more.

MARGUERITE CHASSARD, Wilmington, Del.

Wonderful Idea—But

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of Sept. 9th you head the letter from Fred E. Darke, Santa Cruz, California, with the caption, Time to Unite. To the writer that would indeed be wonderful if carried out, but as that good American officer said to that particular German general—"Nuts!" Not a chance.

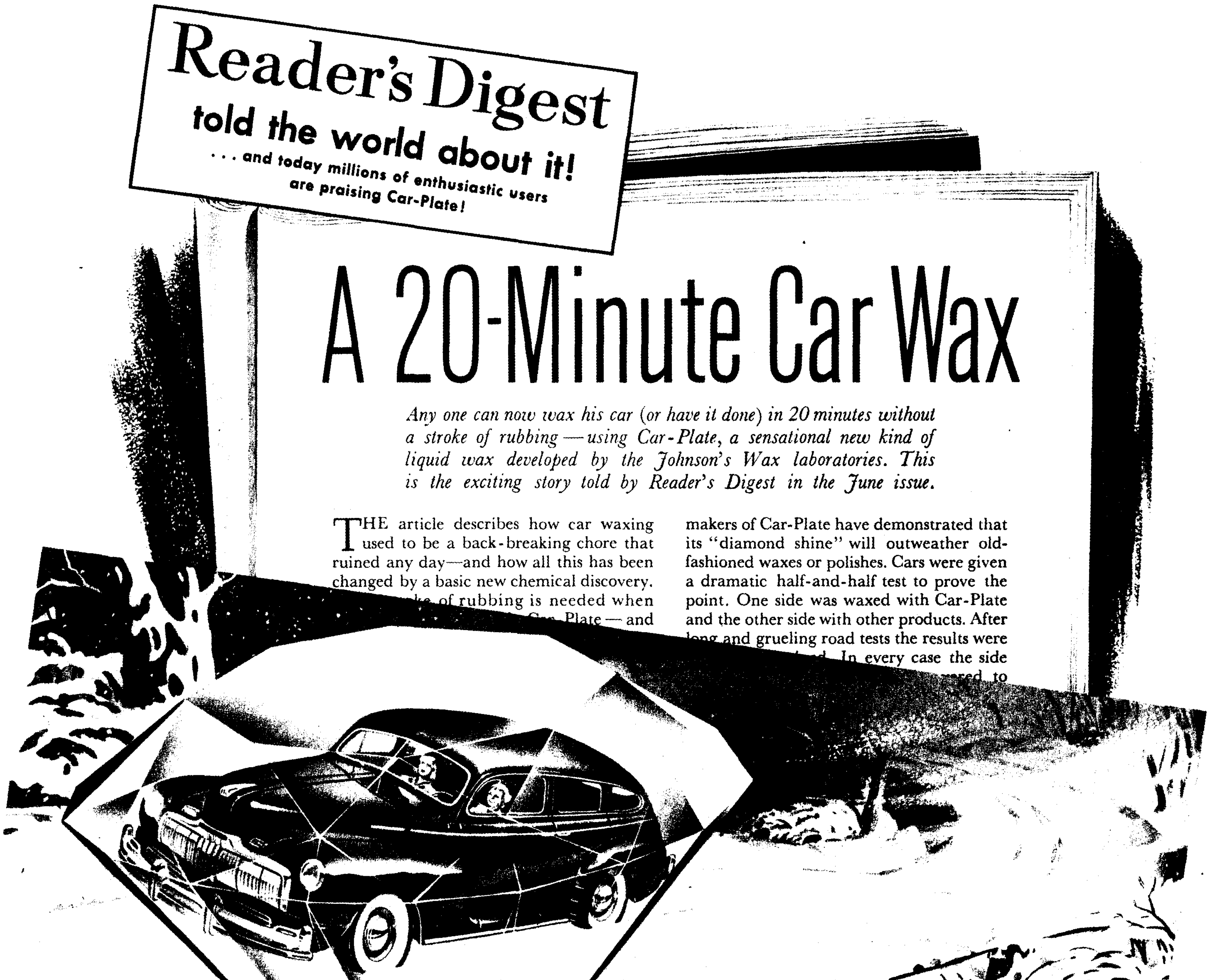
CHARLES H. THOMAS, Bath, N. Y.

Roman and/or Anglican

EDITOR: In Week's Mail (Sept. 9th) C. E. Simcox of Manchester Center, Vermont, protests the use of the words, "the Catholic Church" to denote the Roman Catholic Church.

It may be as he says that "no instructed Anglican identifies Catholicism with Romanism" but if he is ever in the position where he has to ask the directions to the Catholic church in some strange city, he had better make sure that he asks a fellow Anglican, or he very well knows where he will arrive.

JAMES P. MULLAN, Pawtucket, R. I.



Reader's Digest

told the world about it!

. . . and today millions of enthusiastic users are praising Car-Plate!

A 20-Minute Car Wax

Any one can now wax his car (or have it done) in 20 minutes without a stroke of rubbing — using Car-Plate, a sensational new kind of liquid wax developed by the Johnson's Wax laboratories. This is the exciting story told by Reader's Digest in the June issue.

THE article describes how car waxing used to be a back-breaking chore that ruined any day—and how all this has been changed by a basic new chemical discovery. [illegible] of rubbing is needed when [illegible] Car-Plate — and

makers of Car-Plate have demonstrated that its "diamond shine" will outweather old-fashioned waxes or polishes. Cars were given a dramatic half-and-half test to prove the point. One side was waxed with Car-Plate and the other side with other products. After long and grueling road tests the results were [illegible]. In every case the side [illegible] to

Now...winter-wax your car with a "diamond shine"! No rubbing!

Your car gets a brighter shine . . . a tougher shine . . . when you wax it the no-rub way with Johnson's Car-Plate!

No matter what the driving conditions, Car-Plate gives your car a brilliant beauty and all-weather protection . . . heretofore not possible, even after hours of hard rubbing.

That's because Car-Plate is radically different. This free-flowing liquid wax is the result of a great new chemical discovery made in the Johnson's Wax laboratories.

Nothing could be easier to apply. Just spread Car-Plate on the cleaned finish . . . let it dry . . . wipe lightly. That's all.

In 20 minutes you've given your car a "diamond shine" that protects the finish against blizzards and storms for months! And car washing takes only a fraction of the effort it would ordinarily take! Dirt can't cling to the smooth Car-Plate finish.

It's important to clean before you wax!

Wax should always be applied to a clean car. The finish should be free of road film and particles of decomposed paint. For this reason it is important that you clean your car thoroughly before applying Car-Plate. For quick, easy cleaning of your car, Johnson's Carnu is recommended. It contains a mild abrasive that does the job fast—leaves a perfect surface for spreading on Car-Plate.

Diamond Bright!
Diamond Smooth!
JOHNSON'S
CAR-plate
AUTO WAX
Just spread and wipe..
NO RUBBING!
Made by the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX

JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE

the brightest, smoothest, longest-wearing auto wax in the world!

Only $1.00 enough to do any car twice

Buy Car-Plate at your dealer's or service station.
Get Car-Plate Service at your service station.

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DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MISS GRACE COOLIDGE, distinguished member of Boston society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Coolidge says: "I enjoy Herbert Tareyton because I like the extra length and the cork tip."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

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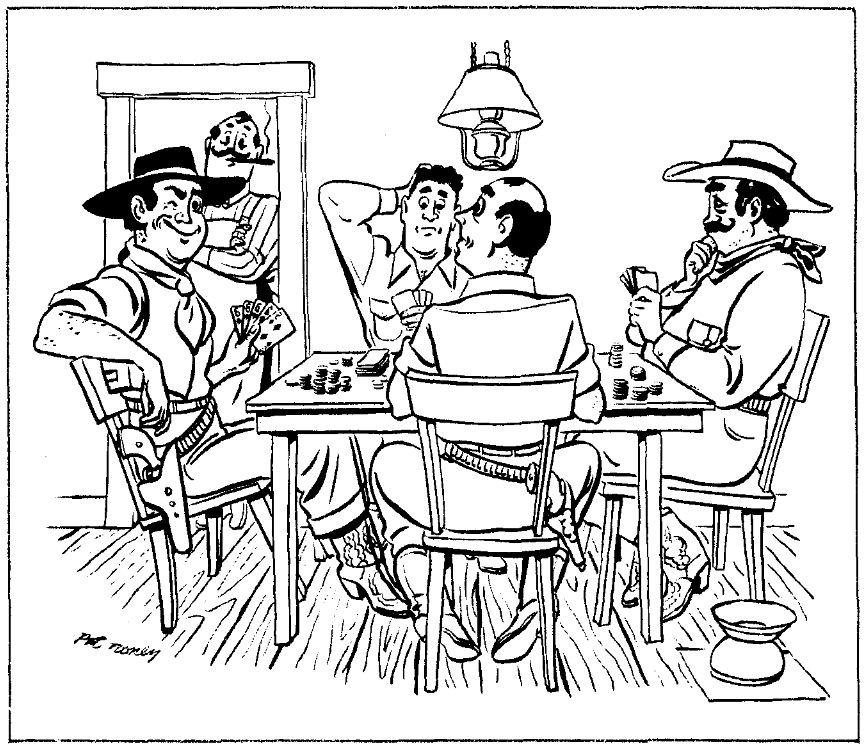
Keep Up with the World



PAT ROONEY

Four sixes in a poker hand, the legend goes, won a ranch

At least 1,500,000 cattle brands are registered in the West and the stories about their origins are largely legendary. One of the famous ones relates how Burk Burnett happened to adopt the famous brand "6666" for the 200,000-acre ranch he bought in Texas in 1900. According to the yarn, which is still being told and believed, he won the ranch in a poker game with a hand containing four sixes.

* * *

An unusual hobby of an American is to find and record novels and plays in the English language that are of a nonreligious nature, yet bear a title taken from a quotation in the Bible. Although the man has been compiling this information in his spare time for only 15 years, he has so far discovered 1,768 such works, one recent addition to his list being the new book Rise Up and Walk, by Turnley Walker.

* * *

Few war exhibits have created as much attention and interest as "The Little Cupboard from Le Cateau," which was the outstanding attraction of London's Imperial War Museum in the 1920s and 1930s. For almost four years during the first World War, an English soldier successfully hid in this small kitchen cabinet in Le Cateau, France, where he was secretly fed and guarded by the woman who lived there. Except for a few minutes each night, he had to stay in this cramped hiding place because, over the entire period, the house was occupied by German soldiers.

* * *

Probably the most infamous trick used to discredit a witness was that played in 1903 by Abe Hummel of Howe & Hummel, the notorious firm of shyster lawyers then practicing in New York City. To get a woman's second marriage annulled, Hummel bribed her first husband, Dodge, to swear that he had never been served with the divorce papers. So the court appointed a referee to hear the testimony of Dodge and an attorney named Sweetzer who had handed him the papers six years before and did not remember his features. Upon his arrival at the hearing, Sweetzer greeted the referee and Hummel and then turned to the third gentleman present and said, "How do you do, Mr. Dodge?" The man was not Dodge but a substitute brought by Hummel to deceive Sweetzer—and the trick worked. The referee decided that Sweetzer had never seen Dodge and, therefore, had not given him the divorce papers.

* * *

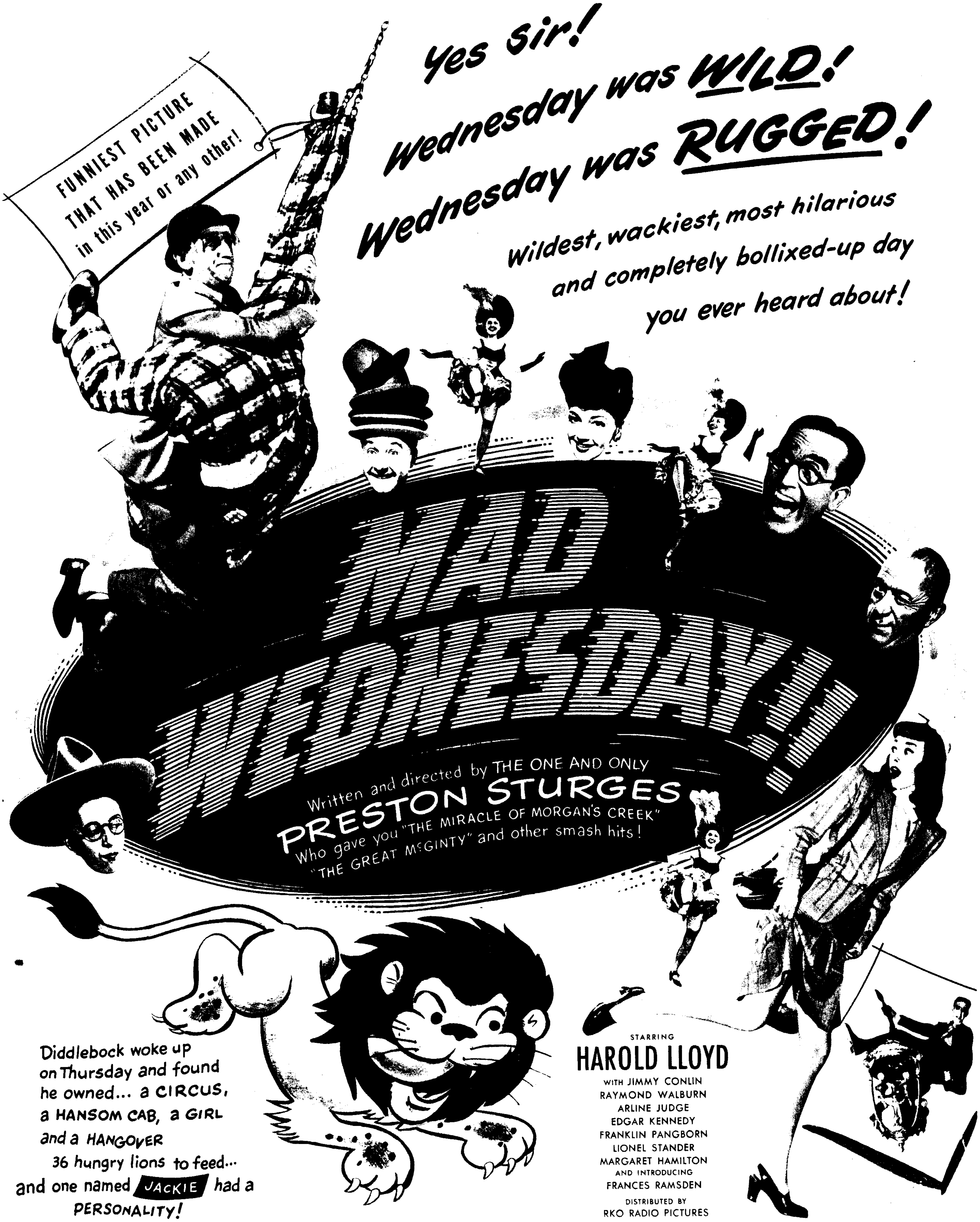
Dawn, a movie made in London in 1927, was the story of Edith Cavell, the heroic English nurse who was shot by the Germans during the first World War for having helped 200 Allied soldiers escape from Belgium. The role of Ada Bodart was played by the woman herself because she was available and had been deeply involved in the case as Cavell's friend. Thus, Madame Bodart became one of the very few persons who have ever played on the screen a part they played in a real-life tragedy.

* * *

While writer's cramp seldom occurs in a person under 30 years of age, it may so affect the central nervous system of an older individual that he can never use his hand again to write with a pen or pencil. Despite the disability, the hand and fingers remain normal in every other respect and still may be employed in any other way.

* * *

Several sizable mammals have been classified, named and described by scientists, although the animals have never yet been seen alive or dead by a white man. One of them is the Ruwenzori Colobus monkey, which lives at an altitude of 10,000 feet in the Ruwenzori Mountains of Central Africa. The only facts known about it so far have been learned from studies of the skins brought in by natives.


FUNNIEST PICTURE THAT HAS BEEN MADE in this year or any other!
yes sir!
Wednesday was WILD!
Wednesday was RUGGED!
Wildest, wackiest, most hilarious and completely bollixed-up day you ever heard about!
MAD WEDNESDAY!!
Written and directed by THE ONE AND ONLY
PRESTON STURGES
Who gave you "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" "THE GREAT McGINTY" and other smash hits!
Diddlebock woke up on Thursday and found he owned... a CIRCUS, a HANSOM CAB, a GIRL and a HANGOVER
36 hungry lions to feed...
and one named JACKIE had a PERSONALITY!

STARRING

HAROLD LLOYD

WITH JIMMY CONLIN
RAYMOND WALBURN
ARLINE JUDGE
EDGAR KENNEDY
FRANKLIN PANGBORN
LIONEL STANDER
MARGARET HAMILTON
AND INTRODUCING
FRANCES RAMSDEN

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You're "walking-on-clouds" when you step out in Porto-Peds . . . America's most popular comfort shoes! Their patented, resilient air-cushion and flexible Arch Lift give wings to your feet . . . bring you comfort you've never known before! And Porto-Ped Shoes are always a step ahead in style. See your Porto-Ped dealer, or write us for his name.

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★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh

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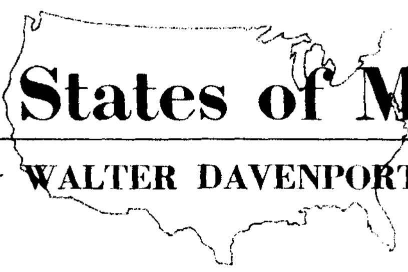


48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

THE only tough complaint we've received this week is from a man in Millville, New Jersey, who says he has bought his wife so many labor-saving devices that she gained 37 pounds. That didn't bother him much but he's pretty sore to think that thus far it has cost him $275 for reducing courses for her. And the end nowhere near in sight.

★ ★ ★

A number of the alert readers of Collier's are complaining that we have too many wars on our hands. Can't concentrate. We're officially still at war with Germany and Japan and, thinks Mrs. J. Fred Catling of Muncie, Indiana, "there must be several more I can't remember." The general feeling is that they're not cheaper by the dozen.

★ ★ ★

Creating literature of various sorts is not the simple thing many of you think. A lady in Salina, Kansas, sends us a case in point. She says that a writer from Oklahoma wrote a rubber check in her town and was promptly whisked before Judge Omer Smith. When Judge Smith asked him what he had to say for himself, this man of letters suggested that he be sent to jail for life. He said that he had lots of writing to do but that freedom put so many irresistible temptations in his way that he just couldn't get to work. The judge gave him six months. Somebody lent him a typewriter. There's nothing left for the reading public to do but wait as patiently as possible.

★ ★ ★

However, Mr. DeCourcy Roberts notifies us from Toccoa, Georgia, that they're building an atomproof tourist motel there. Of course, nobody knows whether it will work unless somebody drops an atom bomb on Toccoa, which is not regarded as imminent. According to Mr. Roberts the builders, "first moved a mountain and then set up a prefabricated concrete unit where the mountain had been." When 12 such units have been erected "the mountain will be swung back on the motel, making it completely atomproof." Mr. Roberts did not write this information from jail, being a man well equipped to resist the temptations of freedom. Nevertheless he fails to tell us what happens to the motel when the mountain is put back.

★ ★ ★

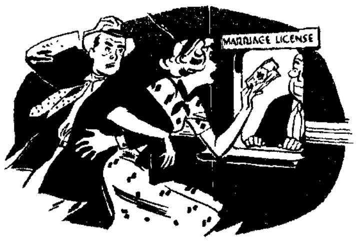
And now that Governor Dewey has decided after all to run for re-election in New York, Mr. John B. Finder, of Albany, who describes himself as "a Republican with doubts," would like to lay a modest bet that his party will renominate Mr. Dewey for President in 1952. "Of course," says he, "Mr. Dewey is a relatively young man and the chances are good that he'll live a long time. But what's worrying me is, what are we Republicans going to do for a candidate after he's gone?"

★ ★ ★

While browsing contentedly through that fascinating journal, the Congressional Record, we've been reading the daily invocations of the Rev. Dr. Bernard Braskamp and the Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, respectively chaplains of the House of Representatives and the Senate. Sane, dignified and eloquent prayers they are, too, and we shudder to think what might happen on Capitol Hill if they were less effective. And yet we couldn't help thinking of the appeal uttered some time ago by the chaplain of the Colorado House during a session which had broken all political mayhem records. Prayed he, quietly: "We thank Thee, O Lord, that we are this morning alive, sober and out of jail."

★ ★ ★

Of course the war has boomed the marriage industry. The country hasn't straightened out the hasty weddings of World War II yet, but the way new draftees, potential draftees, enlistees and reservists are galloping to the altar today you'd think there wasn't going to be any tomorrow. But there's one new angle: In a large number of instances, the girls are paying for the marriage licenses. We had our man look in on the marriage license clerk in Kalamazoo, Michigan. They told him there that not only are the girls putting up the dough but that a lot of them are coming in alone to buy the necessary permit to wed. One of the latter, acknowledging the clerk's wishes for her happiness, nodded and said, "Well, I'm off to find that hero of mine, the bum."



JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

No word has arrived from Portland, Oregon, concerning the marriage traffic, but a large department store there, Meier & Frank Company, isn't discouraging it. If the expectant mother purchases her approaching baby's clothing layette and bassinet in that store and then presents the world with twins, triplets, quadruplets or even quintuplets, all she has to do is present her duplicate sales slip and for free the department store will similarly outfit all the unexpected young ones.

★ ★ ★

And by way of winding up this obstetrical maundering, we may tell you that in Laramie, Wyoming, there is a brand-new father who, while looking for the first time at his son, said, "I am going to see to it that this boy gets a good education and is brought up properly so that he won't be able to blame me if he becomes President or Secretary of State."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Robert S. Kane, of Custard Hill, Sodus, New York, is rapidly getting caught up on his reading. In the Thanksgiving issue of Collier's for 1931 he finds Mr. Edward C. Tewson saying in print that the forward pass was "discovered." Mr. Kane, who is the president of the

(Continued on page 75)

It's Making a Clean Sweep Across the Face of America

Schick
THE FINEST SHAVING INSTRUMENT OF ALL TIME
SCHICK
SCHICK ((20))
ACTUAL SIZE

STYLED BY CARL OTTO

FROM coast to coast, the big after-shave notion is — a happy smile.

For men are swinging to the new Schick "20" — and sweeping their faces clean, more quickly and easily than ever.

That's because Schick's 20th anniversary model brings an entirely new shape to shaving — lightest of all electric shavers, beautifully balanced, finger-fitting.

Because its motor — climax of 20 years' specialization — packs more power than any other we ever made.

And — because that ***real rotary motor*** drives Schick's Hi-Velocity Heads more speedily, more efficiently for faster, closer shaves.

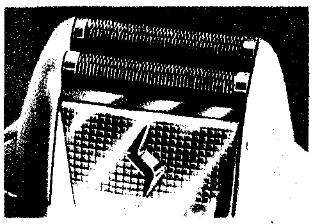
So all you do is — press the button, move the "20" around your face — and you've made a clean sweep from ear to ear. No fuss, no mess. Your face is at its smoothest since you were a beardless boy.

That Caddie Case goes with the smart convenience of the Schick "20," too. It's a handsome leatherlike cylinder, sized for bathroom shelf or suitcase, styled for proud showing on dressing table.

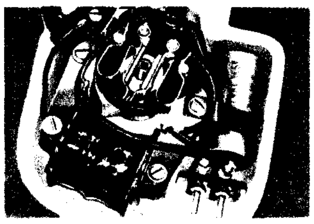
Come join the big swing to modern shaving — to the Schick "20." You can treat your eyes to it at your nearest dealer's, where it's now on display, along with the famous Schick Super and the Schick Colonel.

Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

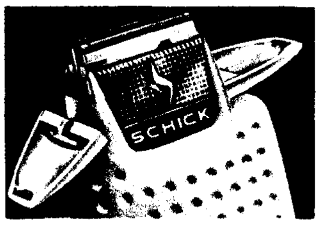
★ ***P. S.—Gift idea? What better?***



NEW HI-VELOCITY HEADS—Higher speed with longer cutter thrust. Sharpened and honed. Exclusive combing edges guide whiskers. Interceptor bar, in each head, stands up whiskers for close cropping.



NEW TOP-POWER MOTOR—A *real rotary motor.* Precision-built, smooth, a powerhouse — packs more power than any other we ever made. AC or DC. Snaps into action or stops when you press the Stop-Start Button.



NEW EASY-TO-HOLD SHAPE—Lightest shaver on the market, dimpled indentations for non-slip grip, compact form fits fingers. New larger Whisk-Its open to two positions for easy cleaning.

NEW CADDIE CASE—in a rich, leatherlike covering, saddle-stitched, lettered in gold. Handily sized for medicine cabinet, wash-basin shelf, dressing room—or for traveling.

Schick "20"	$24.50
Schick Super	$22.50
Schick Colonel	$17.50

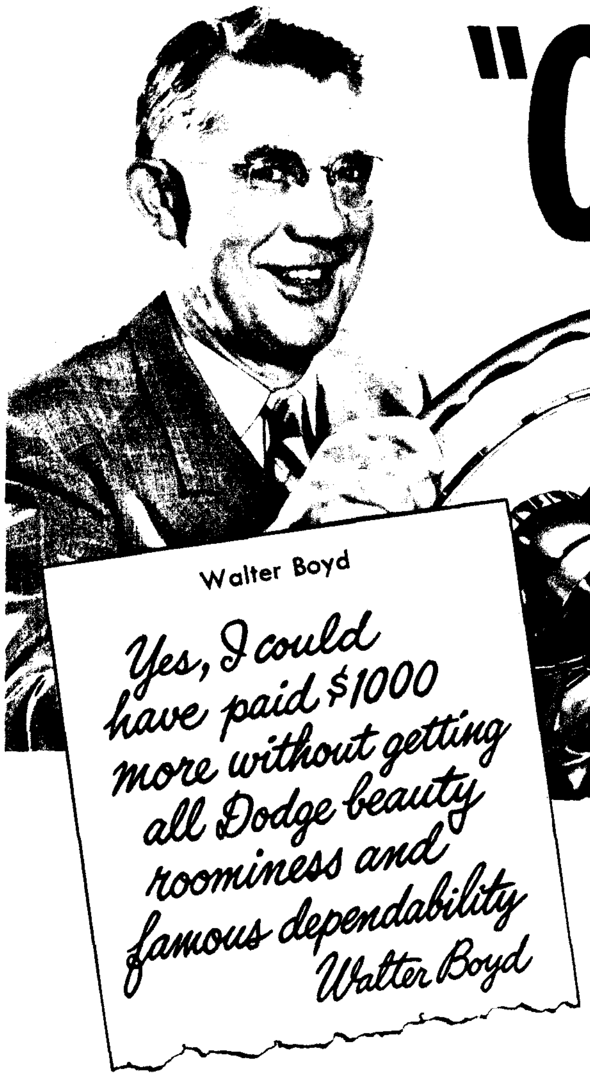
CELEBRATING 20 YEARS AS THE FIRST NAME IN ELECTRIC SHAVING

Schick "20"

ANNIVERSARY MODEL

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

"One 'Magic-Mile'



Walter Boyd

Yes, I could have paid $1000 more without getting all Dodge beauty roominess and famous dependability
Walter Boyd

DODGE
VALUE
DEPENDABILITY

EASY IN . . . EASY OUT—through full-size doors that open wide—and *stay* open until you close them. No awkward twisting, no inconvenient stooping! No bumping your head or hat!

SPACIOUS BACK SEAT gives you the comfort of ample head room, shoulder room, leg room for three people. You ride relaxed, arrive *rested!* Deep knee-level seats provide full support.

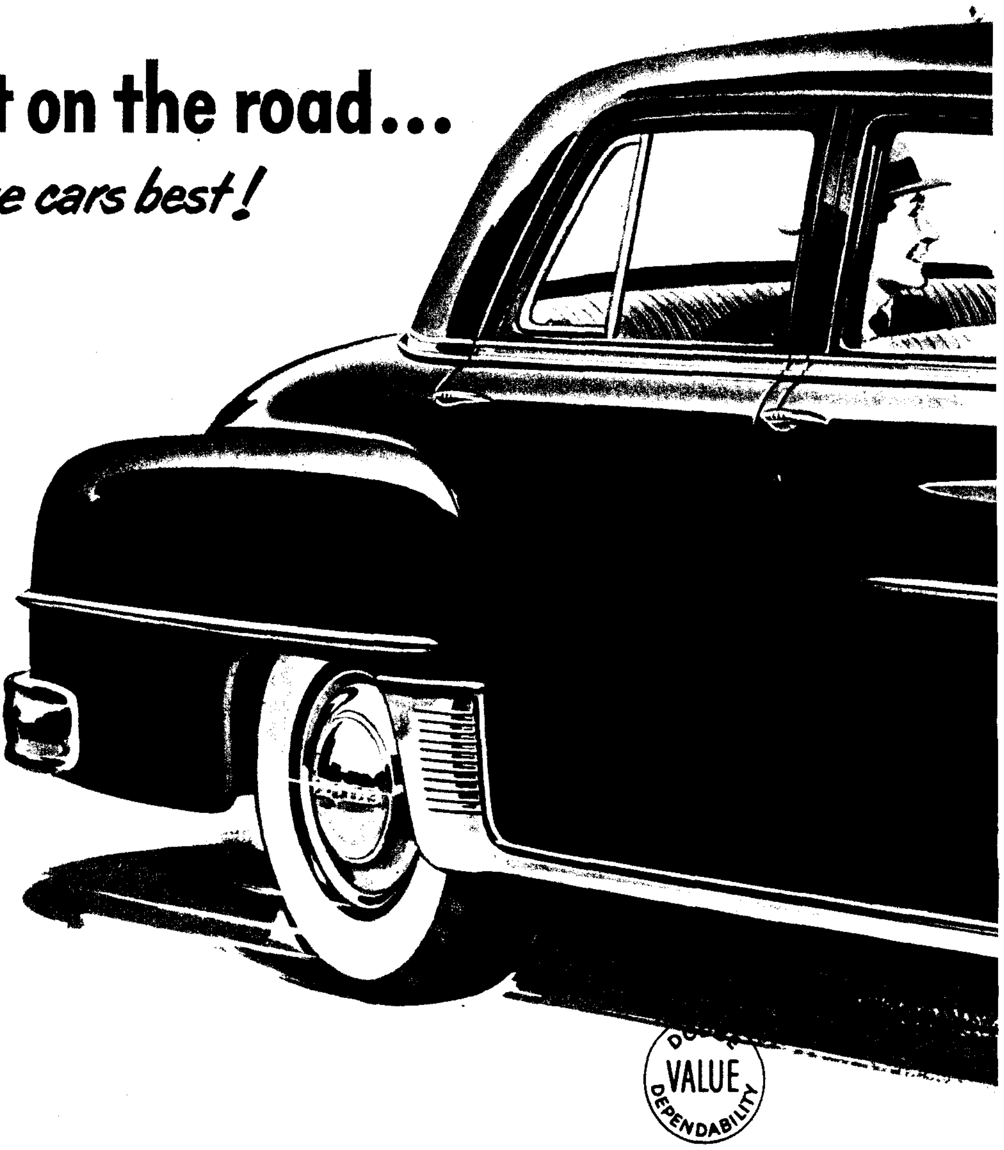
Out of the Showroom...Out on the road...

...that's where you can test and judge cars best!

We urge you to get behind the wheel of the new Dodge . . . and let her go. Feel the surging power of that high-compression "Get-Away" engine! See how smoothly she rolls along . . . straightens out the curves and levels the bumps. Take this Dodge into the toughest traffic . . . and see how wonderfully easy she is to handle! Then pick out a parking space . . . one you'd ordinarily pass by as needing too much maneuvering . . . and slide in with ease.

Let a "Magic-Mile" Ride Prove Dodge Bigger Value

Here is a car *built around people*—giving them the room they need to ride in real comfort. Leg room . . . shoulder room . . . head room—that you thought you'd never see in a car again. Dodge has it—and plenty of it plus picture window visibility all around—for extra driving safety and enjoyment. See and prove this bigger value for yourself. Take the Dodge "Magic-Mile" Ride. You'll be convinced Dodge is the biggest dollar value on the market today!



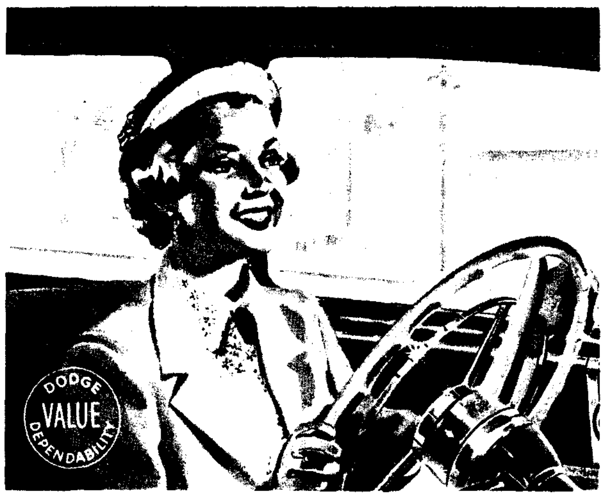
NEW BIGGER VALUE

DODGE

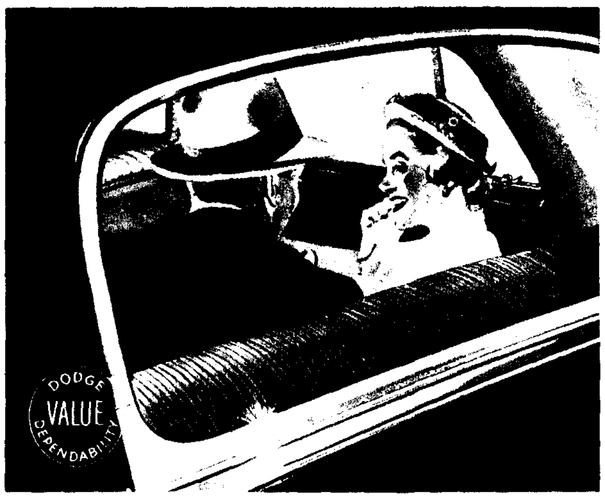
Just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

Ride saved me $1000"

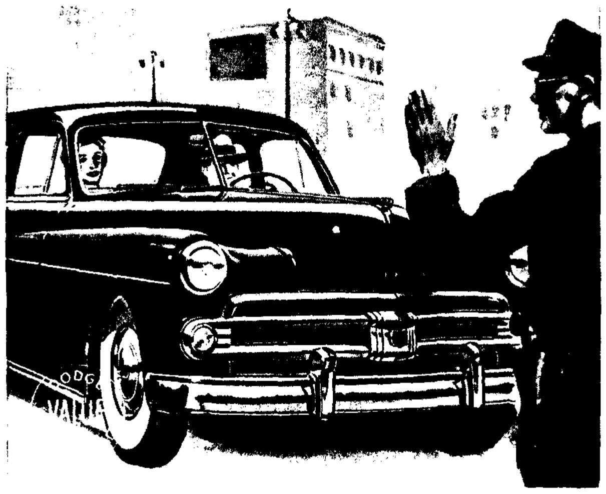
Says Walter Boyd, Los Angeles, Calif.


DODGE
VALUE
DEPENDABILITY

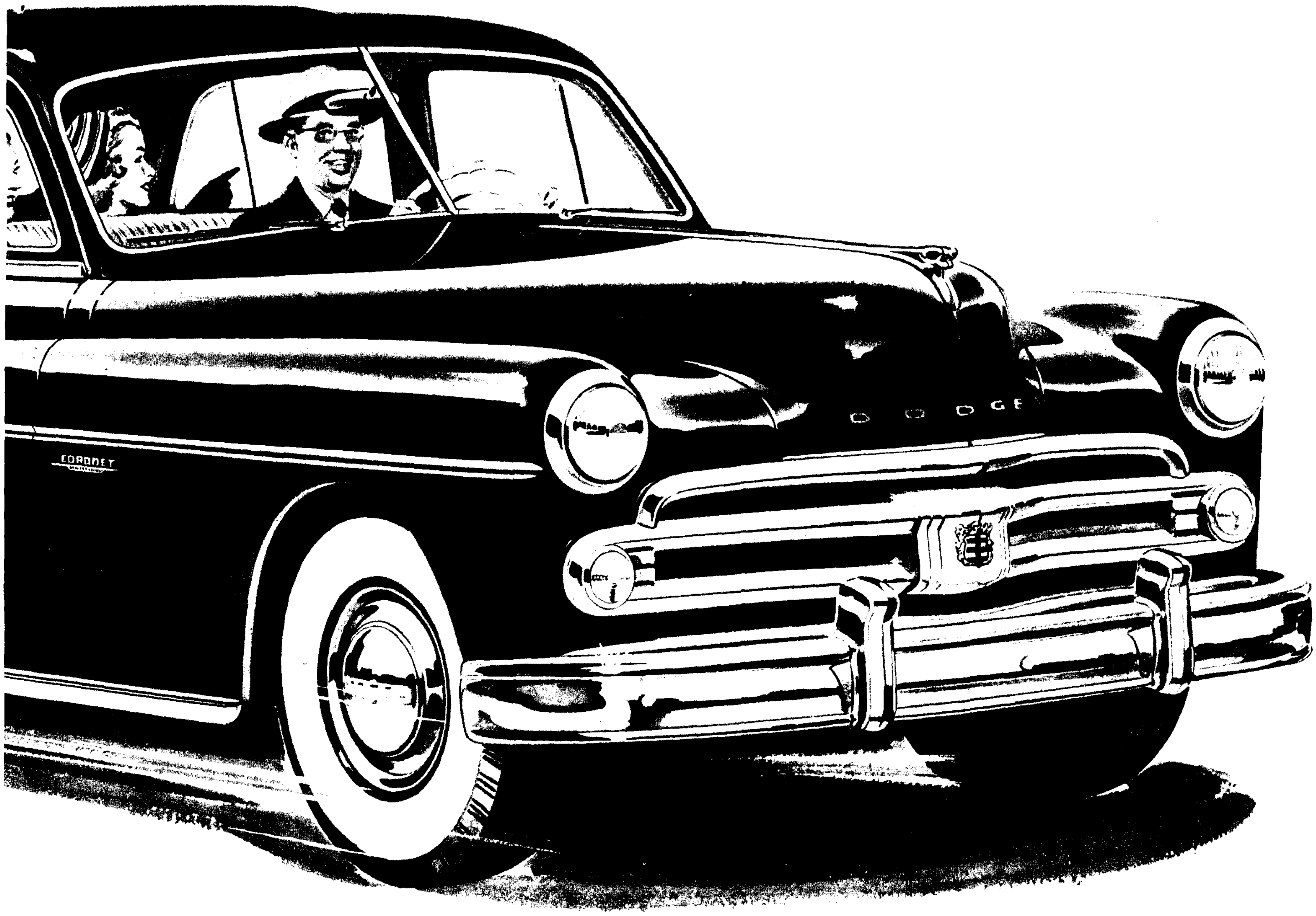
DODGE GYRO-MATIC frees you from shifting—gives you a new kind of driving ease. Rugged, trouble-free, yet it's the lowest-priced automatic transmission offered on any car today!


DODGE
VALUE
DEPENDABILITY

HUGE REAR PICTURE WINDOW—plus full-size eye-level windows and landscape windshield . . . gives you unexcelled visibility for safer driving. Makes roomy interior seem even more spacious.


DODGE
VALUE

SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES give you swift, safe, pillow-soft stops every time. You'll be convinced—for driving ease and smoothness, you can't beat the new, bigger value 1950 Dodge!

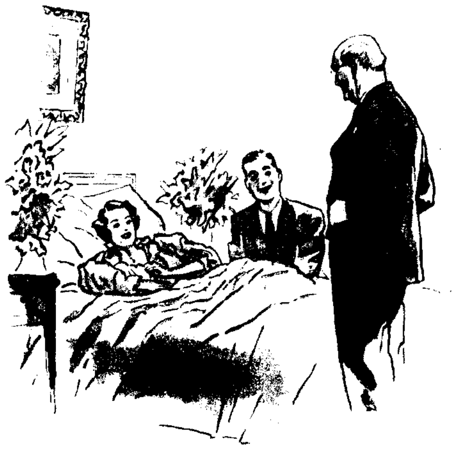

DODGE
CORONET

THE word "responsibility" is a funny one. It means different things at different times. Once it meant putting Dad's tools back when you were through with them. Or seeing that the younger kids didn't wander into the street.

1 Later it had something to do with the family car, getting in at a decent hour, and a few odd jobs around the house. In college it was writing home regularly, passing most of the examinations, and making the allowance last.

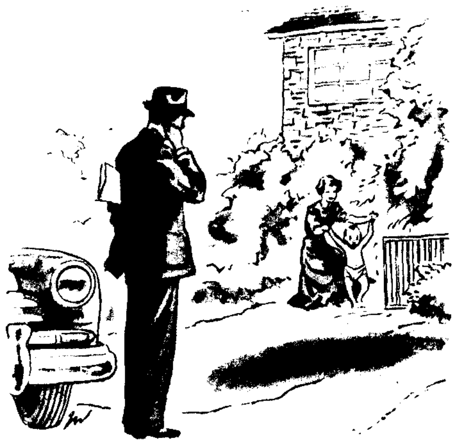
2 During the war, responsibility got pretty personal. Besides your own skin, you had to think of a lot of guys around you. Our generation got that lesson thrown in for free.

3 Even after the war, you didn't know much more about the word than how to spell it. Then, you're the Number One Guy at a wedding and a lovely pink mist moves in and shuts out the rest of the world. It drifts around till someone bangs you on the back and says . . .



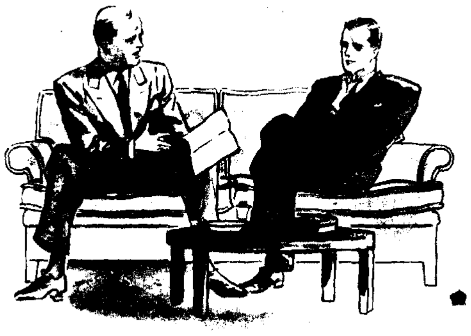
4 It's a boy—or a girl. After the commotion dies down, the soft, pink mist suddenly lifts and you get your first confused, uncertain look ahead. And what you see is responsibility—immense, scary responsibility.

5 At first sight, responsibility for a family's well being *is* a big, frightening job. Today, however, there is no need for the young father to shoulder the whole load. Trained, experienced help is available in nearly every community.



6 A young family man can begin an insurance program carefully laid out to fit his present-day needs at a cost he can afford. At the same time, skillful planning enables him to provide for future expansion as family requirements and income change.

7 Which kind of life insurance should you have? How about accident, fire, or other kinds of insurance? How can you get full protection at a minimum cost? You need expert counsel to solve problems like these—the kind you get from The Travelers agent or broker near you. Why not call him in today?



MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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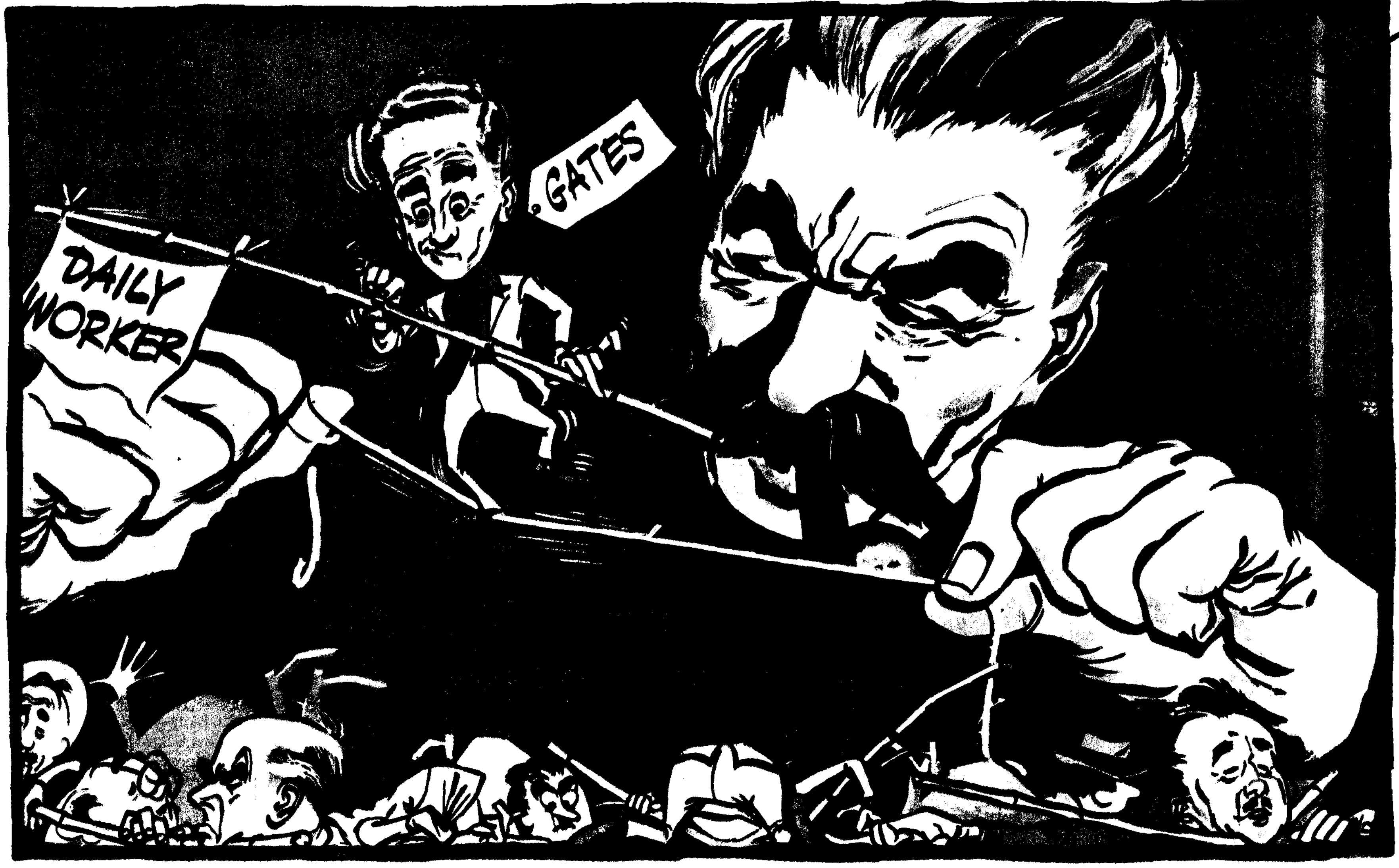


HARRY DEVLIN

The Kremlin leader pulls the string on the Daily Worker as if it were Moscow's Pravda. Editors who don't toe the party line are fired

PRAVDA, U.S.A.

Daily Worker

Stalin's American Mouthpiece

By FREDERICK WOLTMAN

LAST August, a three-man federal court spent a week studying a handful of clippings from an insignificant-looking tabloid newspaper which few people ever read and relatively few—up to the time, at least—had ever considered dangerous. But now the United States had introduced the clippings as evidence that the 11 top leaders of the Communist party constituted a menace to the nation and should be imprisoned immediately (they already had been found guilty of conspiring to teach the violent overthrow of the government, and were awaiting the outcome of their appeal). When the judges had completed their deliberations, they held that the government was right; by a 2 to 1 decision they revoked the bail of the 11 Red leaders, but gave them 30 days to seek further action from the Supreme Court.

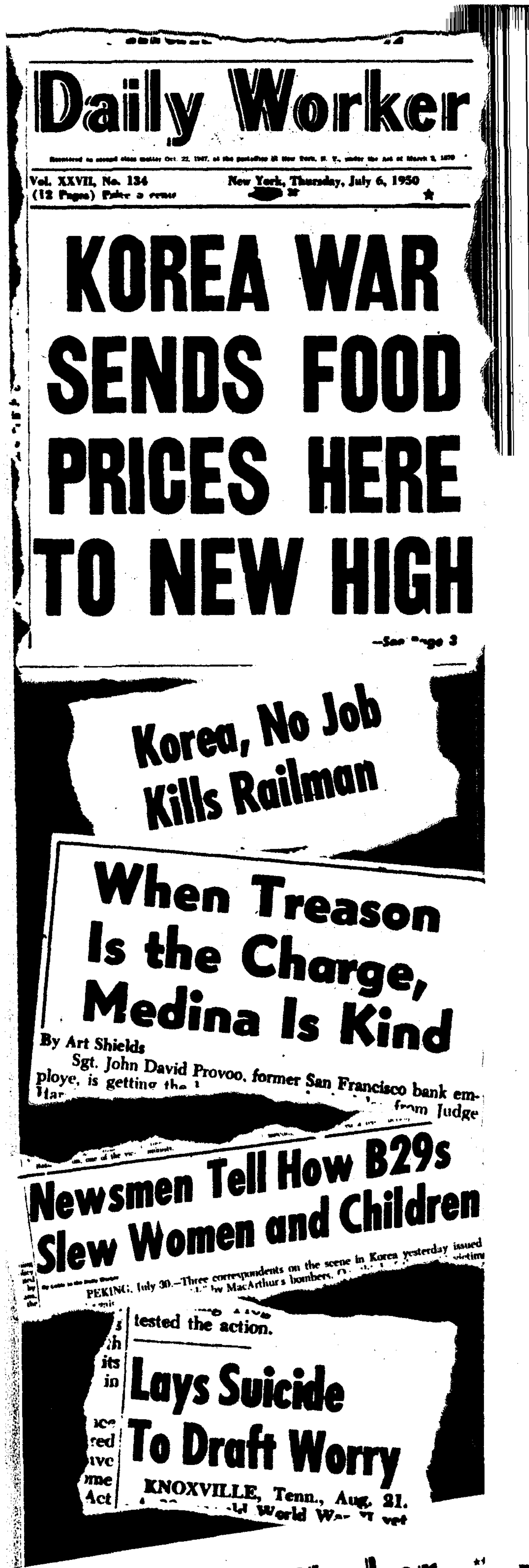
Until that time, the tabloid Daily Worker, mouthpiece of the Communist party in America—and source of the courtroom evidence—had been to many people little more than a sort of crackpot house organ. To the judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and to U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol, it was clearly something else: a directive to Reds all over the country, telling them how to help further the aims of Communism from day to day.

"A reading of the Daily Worker since the invasion of Korea," Saypol said in his successful argument, "justifies the conclusion that, with the welfare and security of the United States and its armed forces at stake, appellants' loyalty to the Communist forces in Korea and throughout the world is undivided and unquestioned."

For an example of what Saypol had in mind, take a look at the Worker and the Korean war.

The initial cable bulletin announcing the invasion of South Korea by the Reds arrived in U.S. newspaper offices Sunday afternoon, June 25th. The Worker's first edition next morning led off with this page-one headline: "REPORT FIGHTING IN KOREA. North Said to Rebuff Rightist Aggression." The news itself was sketchy. But on the bottom half of page one the Worker started a five-piece reprint series on Korean politics by Pak Hen En, deputy chairman of South Korea's Communist party. Thus, less than 24 hours after hostilities broke out, the propaganda started rolling in behalf of the forces of world Communism.

By the second day, the Daily Worker had it all figured out: John Foster Dulles, the Republican foreign affairs adviser, was the "triggerman who started war in Korea" in a "carefully laid plan to embroil America into the trap of an atomic


Daily Worker

Vol. XXVII, No. 134 (12 Pages) New York, Thursday, July 6, 1950

KOREA WAR SENDS FOOD PRICES HERE TO NEW HIGH

—See Page 3

Korea, No Job Kills Railman

When Treason Is the Charge, Medina Is Kind

By Art Shields

Sgt. John David Provoo, former San Francisco bank employe, is getting the

from Judge

Newsmen Tell How B29s Slew Women and Children

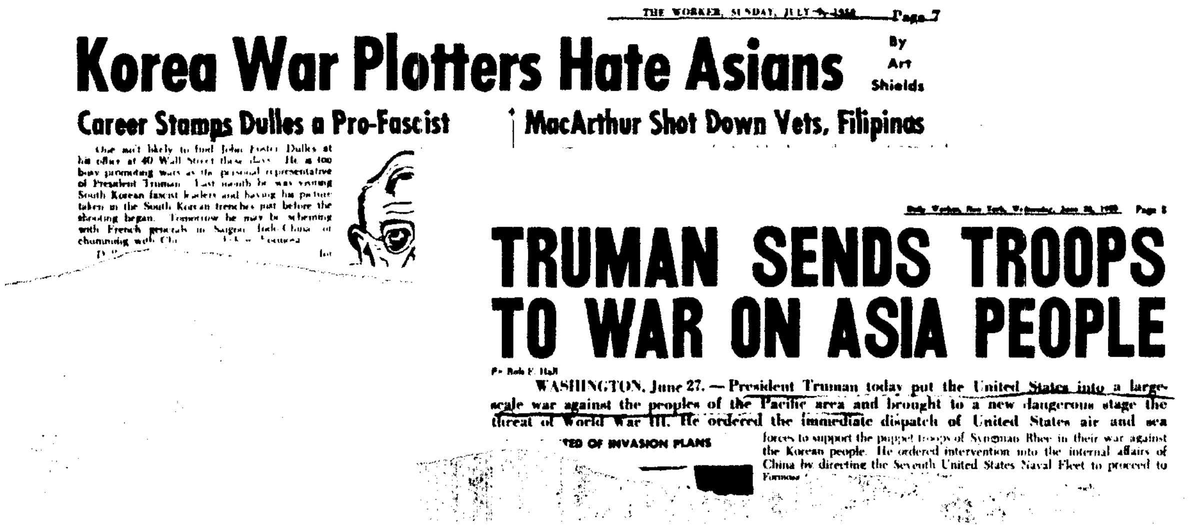
PEKING, July 30.—Three correspondents on the scene in Korea yesterday issued by MacArthur's bombers.

tested the action.

Lays Suicide To Draft Worry

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 21.

World War vet


THE WORKER, SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1950 Page 7

Korea War Plotters Hate Asians

By Art Shields

Career Stamps Dulles a Pro-Fascist

One isn't likely to find John Foster Dulles at his office at 40 Wall Street these days. He is too busy promoting wars as the personal representative of President Truman. Last month he was visiting South Korean fascist leaders and having his picture taken in the South Korean trenches just before the shooting began. Tomorrow he may be scheming with French generals in Saigon, Indo-China, or chumming with Chi

MacArthur Shot Down Vets, Filipinos

TRUMAN SENDS TROOPS TO WAR ON ASIA PEOPLE

By Rob F. Hall

WASHINGTON, June 27.—President Truman today put the United States into a large-scale war against the peoples of the Pacific area and brought to a new dangerous stage the threat of World War III. He ordered the immediate dispatch of United States air and sea forces to support the puppet troops of Syngman Rhee in their war against the Korean people. He ordered intervention into the internal affairs of China by directing the Seventh United States Naval Fleet to proceed to Formosa

TED OF INVASION PLANS

war which could and would hit our biggest cities."

By the third day the Worker reported: "President Truman today put the U.S. into a large-scale war against the peoples of the Pacific . . ." By the fourth, the paper was able to boast of a Red victory: KOREAN TROOPS FREE SEOUL. DRIVE SOUTH. On the fifth, the U.N.-approved intervention was just "a bloody military adventure cooked up" by General Douglas MacArthur.

The morale-shaking articles started, with such headlines as: KILLS SELF FOR FEAR SON MIGHT BE DRAFTED FOR WAR ON KOREA and WALL ST. WAR BRINGS DISASTER AT FRONT.

Soon the Daily Worker turned on General MacArthur: MACARTHUR'S BOMB-LADEN PLANES SPEED TO ATTACK KOREAN PATRIOTS; MACARTHUR'S SECRET TACTICS: SLAUGHTER OF KOREAN CIVILIANS. Its editors dredged deep for this one: THE BANKERS PLOT TO MAKE MACA U.S. 'FUEHRER.'

The problems of the Negro were quickly exploited to further Stalin's over-all strategy of convincing the Asiatics that this was a war of the white race against all others. This served local Communist strategy, too.

When the Ku Klux Klan terrorized a Negro dance hall in South Carolina, the DW blamed "the racist war against the colored people of Asia." "The connection between 'a police action' against the Korean people," it said, "and the terrorist activity against the Negro people at home becomes apparent."

Under the headline, JIM CROW IN UNIFORM, it declared: "The Truman-MacArthur invaders of Korea have rushed in Negroes as shock troops to dam with their bodies the human Korean stream surging toward freedom."

It hardly seems possible to relate our Korean policy with an accident in Harlem in which a boy fell down a sewer. The DW did. The accident occurred near Yankee Stadium around East 161st Street. About 147 blocks south at Union Square that same day the Communists were to stage their phony peace demonstration "to protest U.S. aggression in Korea." They had no meeting permit so the police kept them out of the square. Here's how the DW angled the story:

"While over 1,000 police in Union Square August 2d were clubbing workers demanding hands off Korea, a ten-year-old Harlem boy fell into an open, untended sewer."

The Daily Worker is strategically located to cover events in Union Square, which is a famous meeting place of radicals. The paper's city room is on the eighth floor of a nine-story, ratty-looking loft building of red brick and stone at 50 East Thirteenth Street, just a block from the Square. This uninviting structure is Communist party headquarters; on the floor above the Worker—the famous ninth floor which figured so prominently in the trial of the 11 party leaders—sits the all-powerful Politburo, the policy-making branch of the American party. In the basement are the presses which print the paper.

The Worker is a clean-looking, 12-page journal, disarmingly similar in external appearance to any small-town American daily. Its make-up is easy to read; its typography modern. In addition to stories from several little-known news services (most of them supplying leftist papers only and some suspected of supplying the Worker alone), the DW receives the news report of the United Press. It is the U.P. according to the Worker's editors, which provides the bulk of its Korean coverage. The wire stories apparently are rewritten—and the U.P. logotype dropped—before going into the paper. The result, as seen, is considerably more in keeping with the party line than anything likely to be transmitted by an American wire service.

For the Worker, handling the Korean war has been simple. It followed a set pattern.

But it's not easy to keep up with Stalin when Stalin doesn't stay put. On world Communist strategy Russia's premier doesn't take the American branch of the party into his confidence. So the Worker's editors wake up in the morning never knowing whose head is to come off.

The second World War made the job a nightmare.

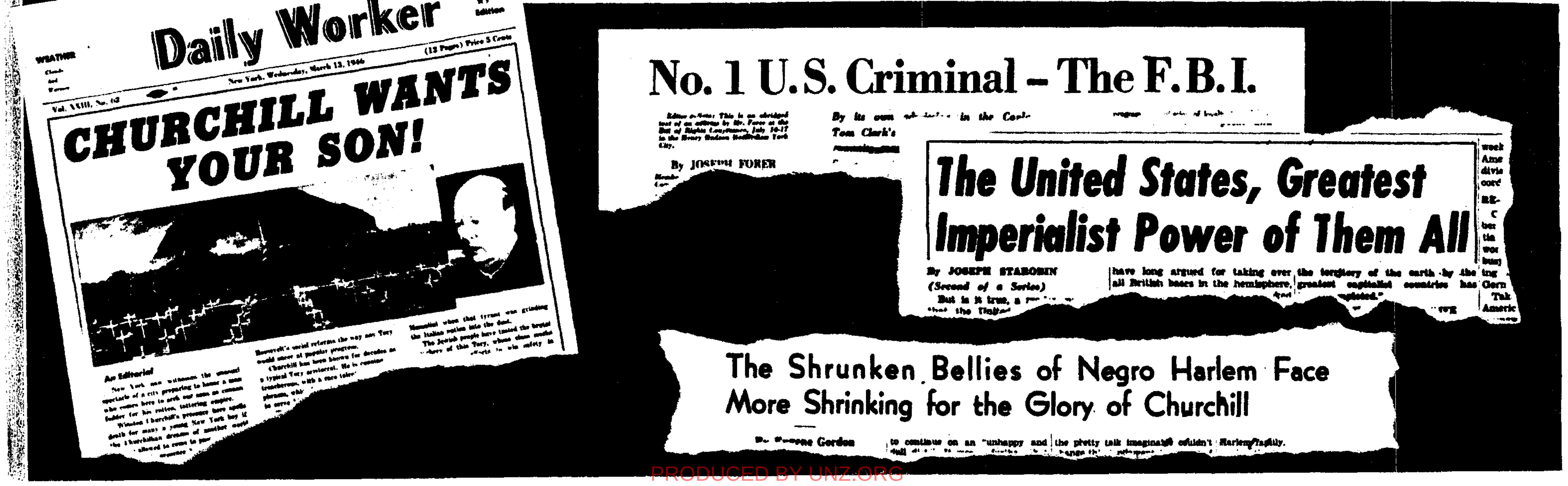
When giant Russia invaded tiny Finland there were no misgivings around the Daily Worker office. The paper grew lyric: "The cracking of the Mannerheim line will go down as one of the greatest acts of heroism and military skill . . . This monster could not stop the Red Army."

Thereafter, the party's official organ began a now well-known series of flip-flops that must have started Karl Marx turning head-over-heels in his grave.

"Whispered lies to the effect that the Soviet Union will enter into a treaty of understanding with Nazi Germany," warned the DW in May, 1939, "are nothing but poison spread by the enemies of peace and democracy . . ."

On August 22, 1939, Stalin entered into a nonaggression, mutual-aid treaty with Hitler.

The Worker that day missed the story. But a page-one editorial assured the Polish people of the Soviet Union's "uncompromising support for their freedom and independence." Confronted later in the day by the


Daily Worker

Edition

WEATHER

New York, Wednesday, March 13, 1946

(12 Pages) Price 5 Cents

CHURCHILL WANTS YOUR SON!

An Editorial

No. 1 U.S. Criminal – The F.B.I.

By JOSEPH FORER

Tom Clark's

The United States, Greatest Imperialist Power of Them All

By JOSEPH STAROBIN

(Second of a Series)

But is it true,

have long argued for taking over all British bases in the hemisphere,

the territory of the earth by the greatest capitalist countries has

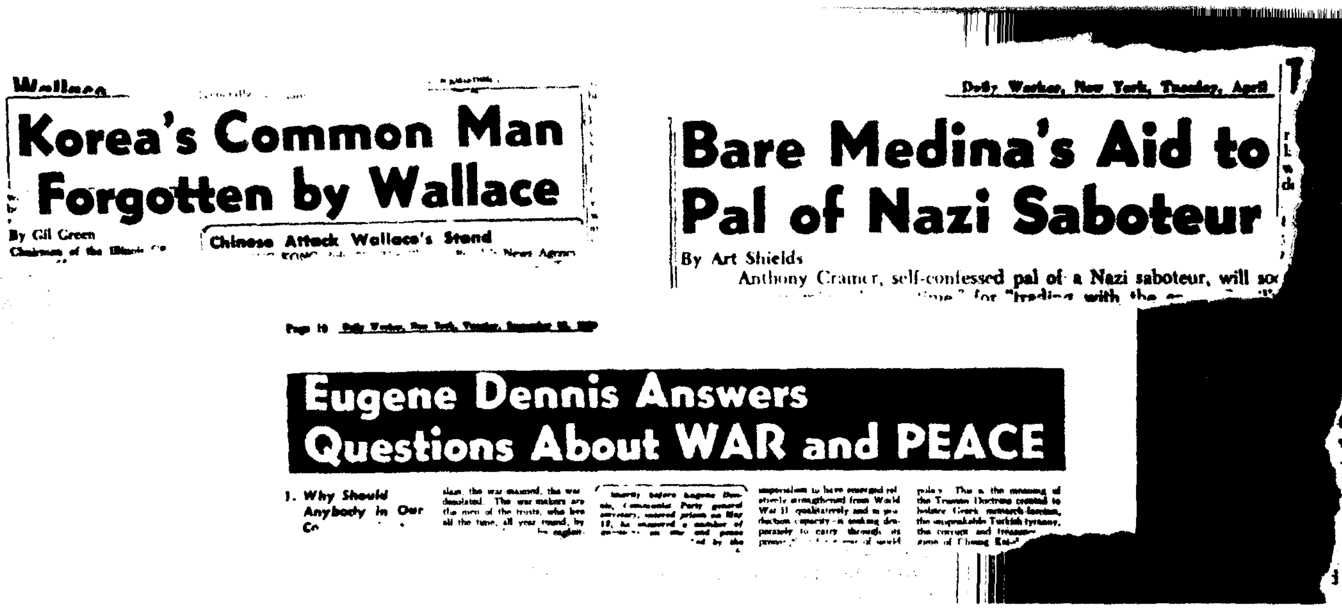
The Shrunken Bellies of Negro Harlem Face More Shrinking for the Glory of Churchill

Gordon

to continue on an "unhappy and

the pretty talk imagination couldn't

Harlem



Wallace

Korea's Common Man Forgotten by Wallace

By Gil Green
Chairman of the Illinois C

Chinese Attack Wallace's Stand

Daily Worker, New York, Tuesday, April

Bare Medina's Aid to Pal of Nazi Saboteur

By Art Shields

Anthony Cramer, self-confessed pal of a Nazi saboteur, will so

Page 10 Daily Worker, New York, Tuesday, September 10, 1950

Eugene Dennis Answers Questions About WAR and PEACE

1. *Why Should Anybody in Our Co*

slain, the war-maimed, the war desolated. The war makers are the men of the trusts, who live all the time, all year round, by

imperialism to have emerged relatively strengthened from World War II qualitatively and in production capacity—is seeking desperately to carry through its

policy. This is the meaning of the Truman Doctrine credited to bolster Greek monarch-fascism, the unspeakable Turkish tyranny, the corrupt and treasonous regime of Chiang Kai-

Communism Is His Beat

Frederick Woltman

Few American reporters have been subjected to more scathing denunciations in the Daily Worker than has Frederick Woltman, author of Pravda, U.S.A. To the Worker, Woltman is "Freddie the Fink"—a "Red-baiter," "rat" and "stooge." Woltman likes to think that he merits the Worker's enmity. As a reporter on the New York World-Telegram and Sun, he has been exposing the subversive activities of this country's Communists for years. He received the 1947 Pulitzer prize for the year's best reporting, the most coveted award in American journalism, for a series of articles he wrote revealing Red infiltration into the nation's institutions.

Woltman is forty-five years old and a native of York, Pennsylvania. A graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, from which he has a Bachelor of Arts and a Master of Arts degree, he taught philosophy and ethics there for a year before joining the staff of the old New York Telegram in 1929. He has concentrated since on stories requiring journalistic detective work—as his article on the Worker shows. Most of the material in it came from his own files

newspapers, Earl Browder, then editor in chief of the paper as well as general secretary of the party, kept his silence. Not, however, before answering one question: "Will the Hitler-Stalin Pact be a blow to Poland?" "That, of course, is nonsense," he replied, "and the kind of nonsense which is very valuable to Berlin. The agreement will actually strengthen the Poles."

Less than a month later, on September 17th, the Red army marched into Poland. On the 29th Stalin split the conquered nation with Nazi Germany.

In the next 21 months, while Russia was supplying essential war material to Germany, the party's American mouthpiece whipped itself into a frenzy. President Roosevelt became a "self-professed dictator," "warmonger," "Wall Street puppet"; his defense program was a "fraud and deception."

Hitler invaded Soviet Russia on June 22, 1941. With the U.S.S.R. in peril, the Communist party overnight scrapped its sabotage strikes in war plants and its campaign to weaken America's entire defense program. And the Daily Worker did one of the quickest and most fantastic turnabouts in newspaper history. Among other things, it dropped its "Irish desk," created during the Hitler-Stalin Pact to stir up Irish sentiment here against Britain. The paper's own headlines immediately before and after the Nazis moved into Russia tell the story:

Before June 22d

F.D.R. WAR DRIVE ASSAILED BY DETROIT NEGRO PRESS

After June 22d

WAR DEPARTMENT BALKS F.D.R. ORDER AGAINST JIM CROW

Before June 22d

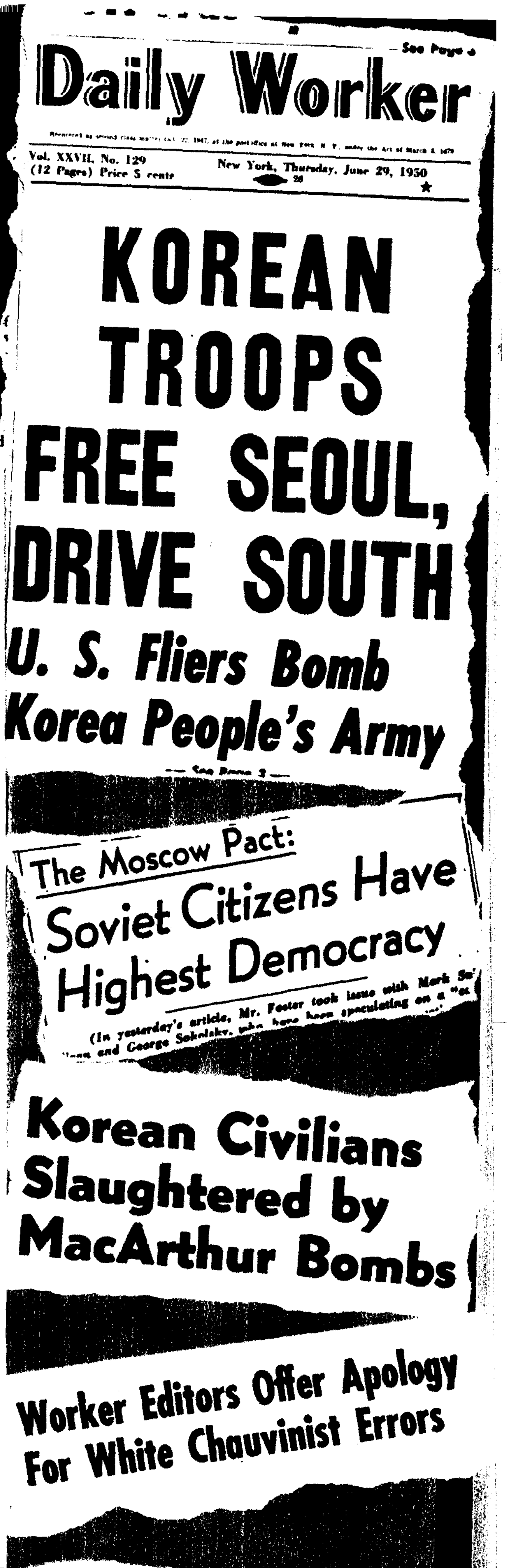
SPEEDUP KILLS AIRCRAFT WORKER

After June 22d

MASS PRODUCTION SPEEDS UP AT CALIFORNIA PLANE FACTORY

Before June 22d

THE SHRUNKEN BELLIES (*Continued on page* 80)



— See Page

Daily Worker

Vol. XXVII, No. 129
(12 Pages) Price 5 cents

New York, Thursday, June 29, 1950

KOREAN TROOPS FREE SEOUL, DRIVE SOUTH

U. S. Fliers Bomb Korea People's Army

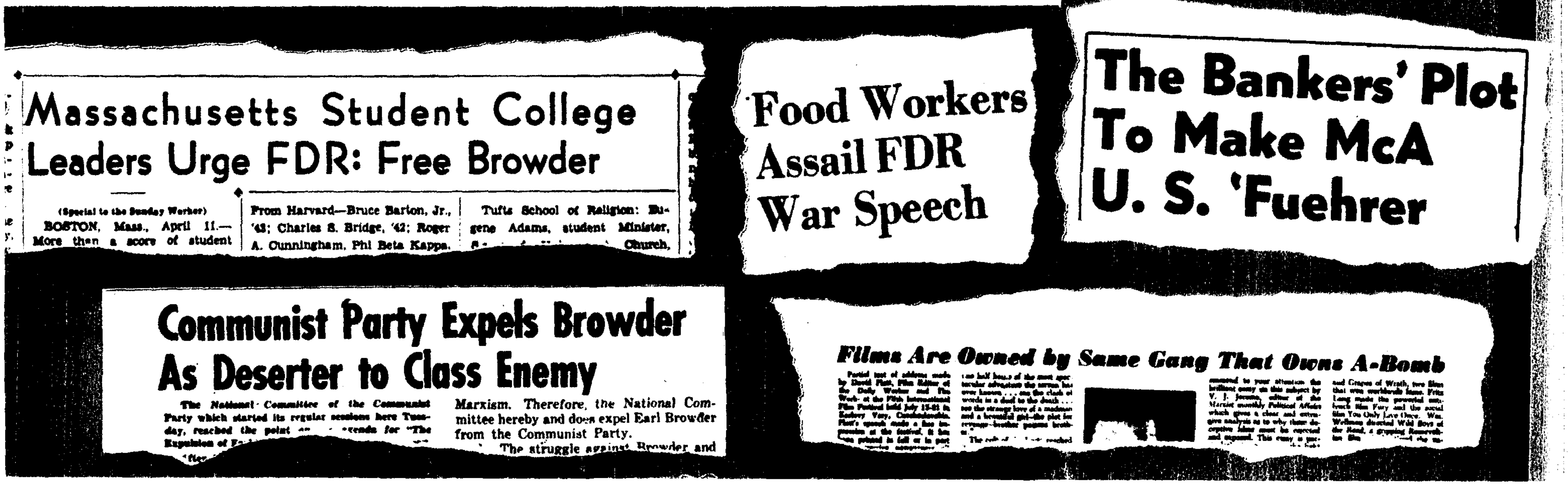
— See Page 3 —

The Moscow Pact: Soviet Citizens Have Highest Democracy

(In yesterday's article, Mr. Foster took issue with Mark Su... and George Sokolsky, who have been speculating on a

Korean Civilians Slaughtered by MacArthur Bombs

Worker Editors Offer Apology For White Chauvinist Errors



Massachusetts Student College Leaders Urge FDR: Free Browder

(Special to the Sunday Worker)
BOSTON, Mass., April 11.—More than a score of student

From Harvard—Bruce Barton, Jr., '43; Charles S. Bridge, '42; Roger A. Cunningham, Phi Beta Kappa.

Tufts School of Religion: Eugene Adams, student Minister, Church,

Food Workers Assail FDR War Speech

The Bankers' Plot To Make McA U. S. 'Fuehrer

Communist Party Expels Browder As Deserter to Class Enemy

The National Committee of the Communist Party which started its regular sessions here Tuesday, reached the point

Marxism. Therefore, the National Committee hereby and does expel Earl Browder from the Communist Party.

The struggle against Browder and

Films Are Owned by Same Gang That Owns A-Bomb

TORTURE CHAMBERS o

At Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, aviation's heroic guinea pigs submit to all kinds of dangers as they test for the devices man needs to fly jet-age aircraft

ONE morning in the summer of 1946, Lieutenant Colonel H. M. (Mike) Sweeney settled uneasily into a chair at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. He took a deep breath and squeezed a trigger bolted on the right armrest of his seat. Sweeney and the chair took off with an ear-splitting roar and zoomed 80 feet into the air.

The nervous circle of eyewitnesses jerked their heads back in time to see the flying chair reach the end of its vertical tracks and catch in a safety ratchet with a sharp jar. An attending flight surgeon waited with other officers for some signal from the motionless figure in the ceiling of the hangar. Was he conscious?

Sweeney provided the answer. Stiffly, he leaned out to one side of the seat and circled his thumb and forefinger in a mute signal of success.

But personally he didn't feel so well. Paralyzing pains in his stomach almost bent him double. Intense internal bleeding had cut his blood count from a normal 5,000,000 to less than 3,000,000 units. For the next five days the continued hemorrhaging was carefully measured by a physician, and blood donors stood ready in the event that any immediate transfusions were needed.

Although that particular hell-ride gave Sweeney the worst bellyache he ever acquired in line of duty, he and a small group of brave practical scientists punish themselves one way or another every week of the year in the Aero-Medical laboratory at Wright-Patterson Field. Fortified with enough college diplomas to paper a hangar wall, the 40-odd civilian and uniformed members of this Air Force branch have become the real stunt men for the Atomic Age.

The Air Force has handed the lab the job of deciding whether man is flexible enough to keep pace with the flying machines in the air and on the drawing board today. While thousands of other workers assigned to Wright-Patterson are primarily concerned with the performance of Air Force planes, Lieutenant Colonel A. P. Gagge, operations chief of the Aero-Medical outfit, and his handful of experts work with something quite a bit different—the human element. They help devise mechanical aids that make it possible for human beings to fly modern aircraft and survive.

The job is not an easy one. Long-distance 10-mile-a-minute jet fighters, cruising at eight-mile altitudes and ranging from the tropics to the cold-weather belt, demand instruments that can be read in split seconds—as well as foolproof emergency escape hatches, pressurized cabins, oxygen equipment, survival and flight rations and body protection for the pilot against blood-boiling high altitudes.

Most of the experimental apparatus, custom-built to investigate these needs, is housed in a row of flat, functional buildings on a ragged hillside near the south end of the huge Dayton, Ohio, air base. Here, Sweeney and the other members of the lab work as a matter of course with the sort of equipment that might very adequately stock a nightmare.

Among the more interesting devices, there is a mechanical arm that can spin human guinea pigs in aching circles until blood vessels burst, tracks that shoot them up or down at paralyzing speeds, chambers that produce artificially the rarefied air of altitudes up to 23 miles, great iron rooms that can induce freezing, unconsciousness or the bends, terrifying sirens that can rip open eardrums and coops that whisk subjects from the atmospheric pressure of 5,000 to 35,000 feet in less time than it takes to turn this page.

Mike Sweeney, a sandy-haired former college professor from Sutherland, Iowa, is typical of the scientists who are experimenting with this equipment in their cold, practical search for information. Mike was living a comfortable life on the faculty of the University of South Dakota's medical school in Vermillion, when World War II pulled the strings on his reserve commission and landed him at Wright Field.

"The university upped my ante considerably when the war was over," he says now, "and several other schools made appealing offers as well. But my interest in the work we do here reached the point where I simply could not pull out."

Other members of the unit are no less dedicated to their work. A sampling of recent experimental tests conducted by the lab gives an idea of the engrossing jobs that are available.

One afternoon late last year Abe Plotkin, a chubby, nearly bald New Yorker who had designed a fireproof glove to be used for jet fires, decided to see if it was effective. It was: Plotkin found out by slipping his right hand inside the glove, reaching into a furnace and picking up several live coals.

A few weeks before, Captain Randolph Briggs, Dr. Harry Dyme and Dr. Kaare Rodahl, engaged in mathematical studies of survival rations and subzero gear, named themselves as members of a 14-man test team which spent 10 days in the arctic only 600 miles from the North Pole. Laboratory speculation was reduced to hungry, shivering fact out there in the glaze. The men existed on daily diets of 850 calories. They wore experimental parkas and boots, and kept

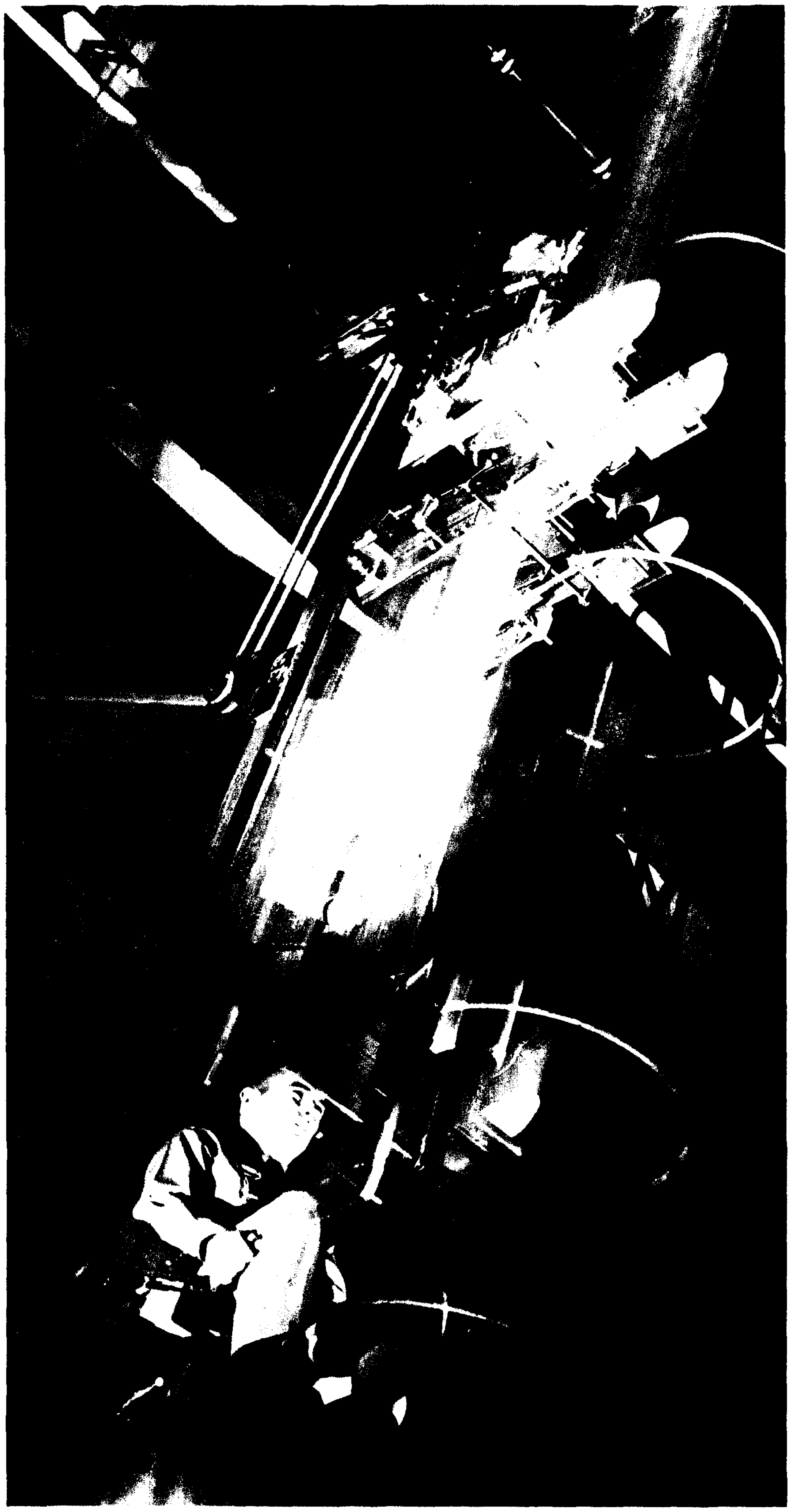
(Continued on page 89)

A lab staff conference: (r. to l. counterclockwise) H. P. Savely, Lt. Col. H. M. Sweeney, Col. W. A. Carlson, Col. Robert Blount, Major J. P. Stapp

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

the AIR FORCE

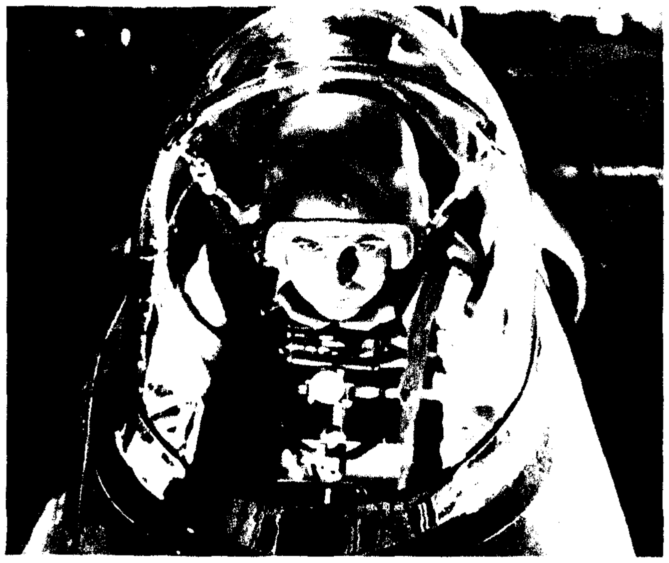
By BOB DEINDORFER



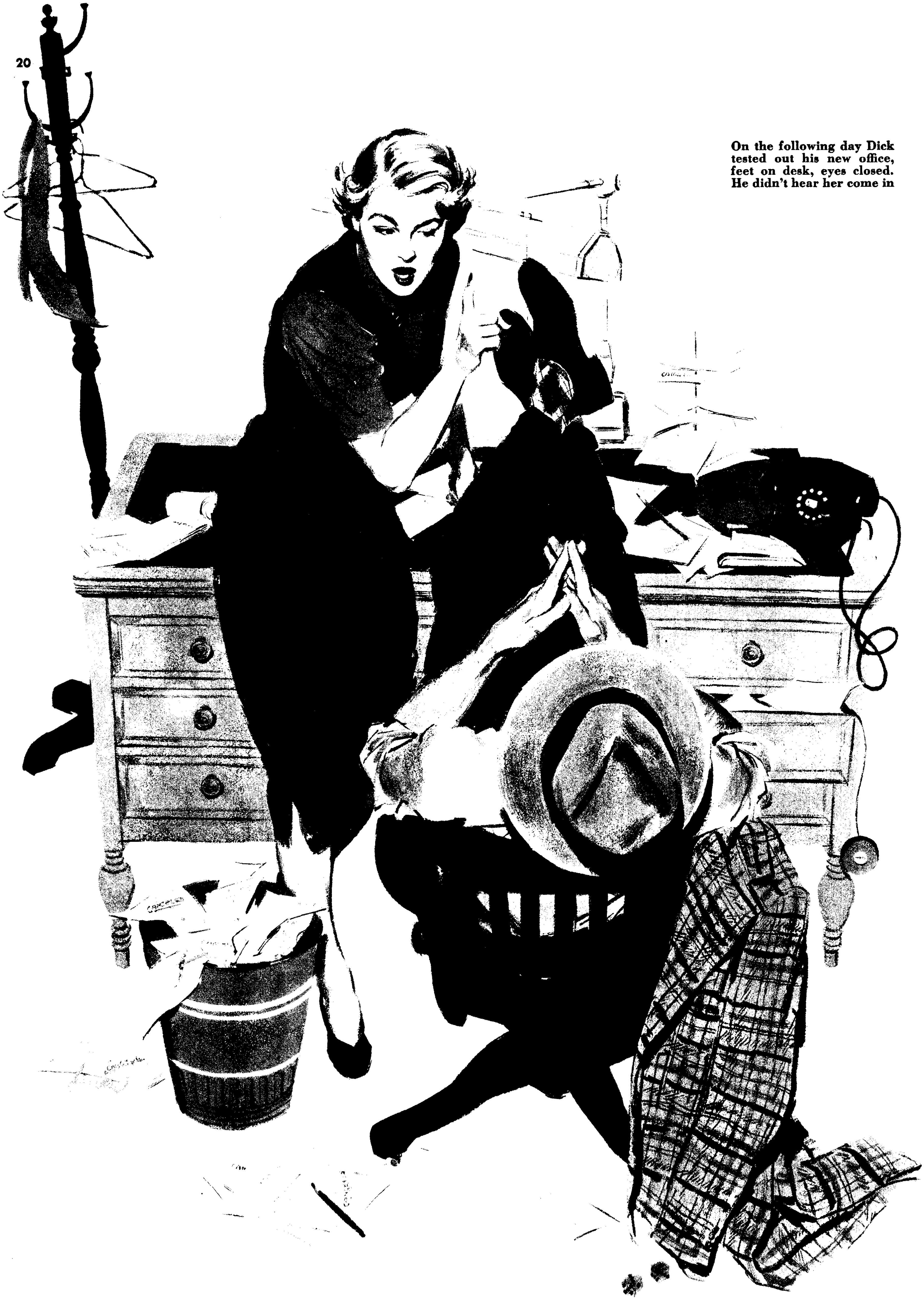
Captain Vince Mazza takes a trigger-start ride on the 80-foot tracked catapult. It was on this machine that Lt. Col. Sweeney survived the biggest jolt on record, equal in shock power to a punch 33 times his weight striking all over his body

Dr. Horace O. Parack, the lab's high-frequency sound expert, once stepped into a cork-walled room where a siren screamed 200 times louder than the human voice

More routine than most Aero-Med lab work is the duty that requires personnel, like John Hall here, to enter a 140-degree-below-zero cold room to check air currents



To help overcome gravity, F-80 pilots fly in a prone position, using foot controls located at the rear and instruments in front of them. Capt. Mazza demonstrates



On the following day Dick tested out his new office, feet on desk, eyes closed. He didn't hear her come in

Not Heavy Enough

By HERBERT DEPEW

Dick Chase had a pocketful of gadgets and a hatful of tricks. Helen didn't think they'd get him the sales manager's job—or her

LIKE other good salesmen, Dick Chase assumed that whatever he wanted he could get. This sophisticated innocence had made him the most successful ice-cream salesman in Westron, a town of nearly a half-million ice-cream consumers in eastern Pennsylvania.

Buttercup Dairies, a million-gallon ice-cream plant, glittering with cleanliness and sanitation, and smelling of sweet cream and pure flavors, had become a jousting place for Dick's advances toward the boss's lovely secretary, Helen Widener. At Helen's age (twenty) and with her appearance (ravishing) she could afford to parry all advances.

Alone in the salesmen's room with its double row of desks, Dick used the telephone to remind the company president, David Browder, of his candidacy for the job of sales manager, which had gone unfilled for weeks. Browder's reply made Dick wince.

The sight of Helen Widener in the doorway restored his spirits. "You're looking at the next sales manager of Buttercup Dairies," he told her.

"That I question." Her voice was beautiful but dubious.

"Boy!" Dick warmed to his subject. "Sales manager at triple my present pay—well, then, double."

"Is that what Mr. Browder said on the telephone just now?"

Dick winced again. "Well, he admits I'm a first-class salesman but says I'm too light for sales manager. Lucky you're in love with me. You can change his mind."

"I'm not. I won't. Besides, Mr. Browder is a great admirer of Frank Garch."

"Garch, Garch, Garch! A lofty, dignified second-rater. Look how his territory has been losing to Stanley Dairies."

"But he isn't a lightweight and he doesn't always act like a little boy with a nickel to spend."

Dick had heard this sort of talk before. Garch was big, Garch was serious. He had a deep voice, a moose jaw, a superior attitude, and had to shave twice a day. He'd look good even while he was wrecking the company.

"You'll have to see," Helen added, "that the job needs an administrator, a strategist who can plan and scheme, not a jaunty, devil-may-care— Look, you haven't a prayer."

Waving a forefinger, Dick said, "I haven't? Who is the best salesman in this company? Me. Who never loses a good dealer, while others lose 'em like feathers off a loose goose in a high wind? Me. Who keeps his dealers sold on Buttercup, his point-of-purchase material in use, his special deliveries down? Me. Are you and Browder going to ignore such values?"

"I don't make Mr. Browder's decisions," Helen said. "Amazingly enough, you're going to get a chance at the job. The boss is seeing you and Garch at three. Now, Dick, don't act like a schoolboy. Don't snare him in a bet or dazzle him with a trick cigarette lighter. Just listen gravely and make judicious comments. Between now and three o'clock, see if you can grow up."

"Grow up? By three I'll have a bald spot."

At three, as he was on his way into the president's office, Dick's path was barred by Helen. "Come on," she said, "your pockets." She made inside-out motions. As he emptied his pockets, she examined each trinket.

"Just as I thought," she said. "Dice; a pencil with a lighter on top; a key holder that lights up; a knife with bottle opener, pipe reamer, corkscrew; and your chime watch—wouldn't you just let the thing go off during a serious discussion?" She slid the articles into her desk drawer. "Now," she said, "perhaps Mr. Browder won't get the impression he's talking to a clown. I wish you luck."

David Browder, big and gray, greeted Dick with evident pleasure. Frank Garch, bulky and wavy-haired, said, "Hi, sonny boy."

As usual, Browder was brief. "You two men have offered your services for the vacant sales-management job. I'm giving you a chance because I don't want to import a man if I can grow one. Dick Chase has done an outstanding job in his territory, while Frank Garch, whose results aren't quite—"

"I've explained," Garch said quickly, "that my territory has been the sole target of our competitor's obscene tactics."

Browder was patient. "True, perhaps. Consequently I'm equalizing any element of luck by switching your territories. In your new areas your performance will be indicative, but not necessarily conclusive. Merely kidding a dealer into liking Buttercup is not enough. I need evidence of planning and administrative ability."

Garch grinned. With himself in Dick's expertly cultivated territory it would be a walkaway, a direct gift from the boss. Dick said, "It's fair. I'll show what I can do in Mr. Garch's territory."

"I'm choosing this particular time," said Browder, "because Stanley Dairies has just started a price war. They're desperate for business and will buy or steal it if they can't get it otherwise. Their bank credit has been shut off, but somehow, somewhere, they're finding the money for price cutting, donating and rebating. The future sales manager of Buttercup must show that he can whip such competition without copying it. You will each get a private office. One of you may retain it. I'll try to choose in about three weeks. That's all."

On his way out, Dick gazed with mature judicious fondness at Helen. "Want your trinkets back?" she asked, producing them.

"Indeed, no." He picked them up with thumb and forefinger and dropped them disdainfully. "I shall have no use for this sort of thing now."

Helen was beautiful even when she gagged. She said, "I think I liked you better the old way. The boss is right—we're going to ruin our best salesman and get no manager."

"Thank you, thank you," Dick said, and left her staring at the symbols of his former jauntiness. In a second he was back. "I asked you out tonight and you were to let me know. I just wanted to say—"

"Sorry, Dick, but I'm going out with Frank Garch."

"—that I'll be tied up and can't make it."

"Oh."

"Yes. I'll be at work while you cavort. Of such stuff"—his voice became deep, like Garch's—"are sales managers made."

"I think I'm going to be sick," Helen said, but Dick was gone. He went to the plant office and saw the creamery supervisor, Doc Smith.

"Doc, tell me; if we chose to cut our price way down, where could we save the money on our manufacturing operations?"

"Only thing," Doc said, "would be to cut down on our cream, cream being our biggest single expense. Our butterfat content runs fourteen per cent. The legal minimum in this state is ten. If we went below that the Board of Health could make us label our product 'frozen custard,' or something like that, instead of ice cream."

"Suppose we dropped to eight per cent, how much less cream would we use?"

"Thousands of gallons less. But what the hell are you driving at? Buttercup isn't going to cut quality while I'm here."

"Right. I'm only trying to figure where Stanley Dairies is going to find the money to support a price war."

"So," Doc said, pensively.

"Yes. Where are we getting our cream, since the Dairy Farmers' League quit us and went over to Stanley Dairies?"

"From Wisconsin."

"Would you like to buy from the league again?"

"Of course, but there isn't a chance. We had a price row with them and Stanley Dairies saw their chance to hurt us, so they stepped in and paid the league's price. Then they raised a hue and cry about home-town industry and local patriotism, which—"

"Yeah, I remember. It hurt, too. Who's president of the league?"

"Sam Purdy. Decent guy, but tough. Won't budge an inch. Why?"

"Just trying to parlay a notion into an idea. Does Stanley Dairies pay the league promptly for their cream?"

"I wouldn't know," said Doc Smith.

"Doc, if Stanley Dairies drops its butter-fat content below the legal limit, I don't want you to say anything until I give the word. Okay?"

"Okay, Dick, but all this is beyond me."

ON THE following day, Dick tested out his new office, feet on desk, eyes closed. He didn't hear Helen Widener come in.

"Sleeping, the first day of your new job," she said.

Dick's feet came down and his eyelids went up.

"The price war is on," Helen said. "Do you realize how many dealers we have lost to Stanley so far this morning?"

"No. How many?"

"Twenty! You'd better get out on the street and get them back."

"Who, *me?*"

"Oh, Dick, be serious."

"But my place isn't out on the street. To quote you, sales management requires planning and scheming. Now that I have a private office, I'm going to scheme in it." His feet went up and his lids dropped.

"Up all night," she accused. "Don't you dare deny it."

"You're right. First, I phoned every one of my dealers who was open last night and asked them all to support Frank Garch."

"Dick! What a splendid, unselfish—"

"Not exactly. If that big tub of unset jelly has it easy, he won't see that this

(*Continued on page* 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

The show's named Call Me Madam, but Ethel becomes a Dame when male lead Paul Lukas presents a state honor

Smile When You Call Merman

In her latest Broadway smash, she's a lady by Presidential appointment, but don't let that fool you. Fabulous Ethel promptly takes command—and sings louder than anybody

HARRY S. TRUMAN is probably blithely unaware that he has just made the happiest contribution to the theater of any head of a nation since the day Good Queen Bess persuaded Shakespeare to write another play about Falstaff, thereby sponsoring The Merry Wives of Windsor.

When bouncy, trumpet-voiced Ethel Merman opens the new musical comedy Call Me Madam singing,

Entertaining vodka drinkers
Is a job they give to me.
Making nice guys out of stinkers
Seems to be my cup of tea.
What they really need behind the Iron Wall
*Is the hostess with the mostes' on the ball!**

it is hard to believe that an official act of the President of the United States can be held responsible for such goings-on. But, if the President had not appointed Perle Mesta as envoy to Luxembourg, Ethel Merman would not, today, be romping through the role of Sally Adams, Madam Ambassador to the Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg, kicking her shoes off in the presence of royalty and, in general, raising merry hell with the romantic and political traditions of that delightful mythical kingdom.

Thanks to our chief executive, the pangs of mid-twentieth-century living can be forgotten for a few brief hours as one watches this generation's greatest musical-comedy star—memorable for Annie Get Your Gun, Girl Crazy, Anything Goes, Panama Hattie, Take a Chance and other hits—perform joyously and raucously in a role that has been tailored to her uninhibited personality.

Although the ultimate success of Call Me Madam, scheduled to open this week at New York's Imperial Theater, will depend upon that unpredictable creature, the ticket buyer, the show's star seems to have no qualms about the running ability of her new vehicle.

In a scene in which Ethel is presented formally to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Lichtenburg she wears a gold-and-silver lamé court dress with a nine-foot train which, she points out, requires as much handling as the Super-Chief. During rehearsals Ethel wore a white muslin replica of the train, so she could get accustomed to maneuvering it. After the first wearing the muslin was black with dirt from the stage floor and the show's director said, "That's what is going to happen to your lovely dress, once we open."

Ethel grinned and said, "Aw, that's all right. For the first five years of the show's run I'll wear a lining in it."

Ethel's colleagues would probably be content with a piddling two-year run. Irving Berlin is responsible for the show's music and lyrics. The dances were created by the brilliant young choreographer Jerome Robbins. Veteran George Abbott directed the spectacle. And the producer is Leland Hayward, who brought in Mr. Roberts and coproduced South Pacific. Raoul Pene Du Bois has mounted the show with sets and costumes of rich sienna and gold, purple and orange, chartreuse and lavender and old lace.

Credit for the book goes to those theatrical Siamese twins, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The first product of their now historic collaboration was the still-remembered musical Anything Goes (You're the Top, I Get a Kick Out of You), written for Ethel in 1934. They went on to write,

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*From The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball.
Copyright 1950 by Irving Berlin

Merman, ambassador to Lichtenburg in the musical, drinks tea with Lukas, the finance minister of that mythical grand duchy, as they watch a rehearsal from a box of a New Haven theater

Ethel and Mainbocher look over a gown he designed for her to wear at a garden party for stage congressmen

Merman, the new ambassador, has just promised Lukas to present her credentials. Scene is in the U.S. embassy

By JAMES POLING

among others, Life with Father and State of the Union, and to produce that fabulous item, Arsenic and Old Lace—possibly the only play in which 13 corpses take a bow at the final curtain.

In 1949, the appointment of Perle Mesta to the court of Luxembourg proved to be a heaven-sent catalyst for their idle but smoldering genius. Next to poker, Lindsay and Crouse love Ethel best. They regard her as the most American American they know; as indigenous a product as the chewing gum she loves. They had long suspected that if they could ever find a gimmick for presenting her rambunctious earthiness against a backdrop of Old World plush and panoply, the box office would be overjoyed. Mrs. Mesta's appointment was that gimmick.

"We got our beautiful idea," they say, "and life immediately became hell. We had to write the damn' thing."

Ethel's attitude toward the "damn' thing" is, "I'm so happy Senator McCarthy should investigate me." She seems to feel that the role of Sally Adams—an Oklahoma oil millionairess who is appointed ambassador as a reward for giving parties at which the Veep sings Wagon Wheels, senators imitate birdcalls, and Cabinet members mimic Winston Churchill—is ideally suited to her. And Ethel is a knowledgeable gal around the theater. In 20 years she has played to 5,000,000 customers in 10 shows, give or take a few thousand standees, for an average of 48 working weeks per show—a record that no other star of her time can challenge.

Any old reactionaries who recoil at the thought of Ethel in a role so tony that it involves her being addressed as Madam Ambassador can relax. Ethel may be playing a lady for one of the few times in her stage career, but it must be borne in mind that she is a lady by Presidential appointment only. Ethel is still Ethel.

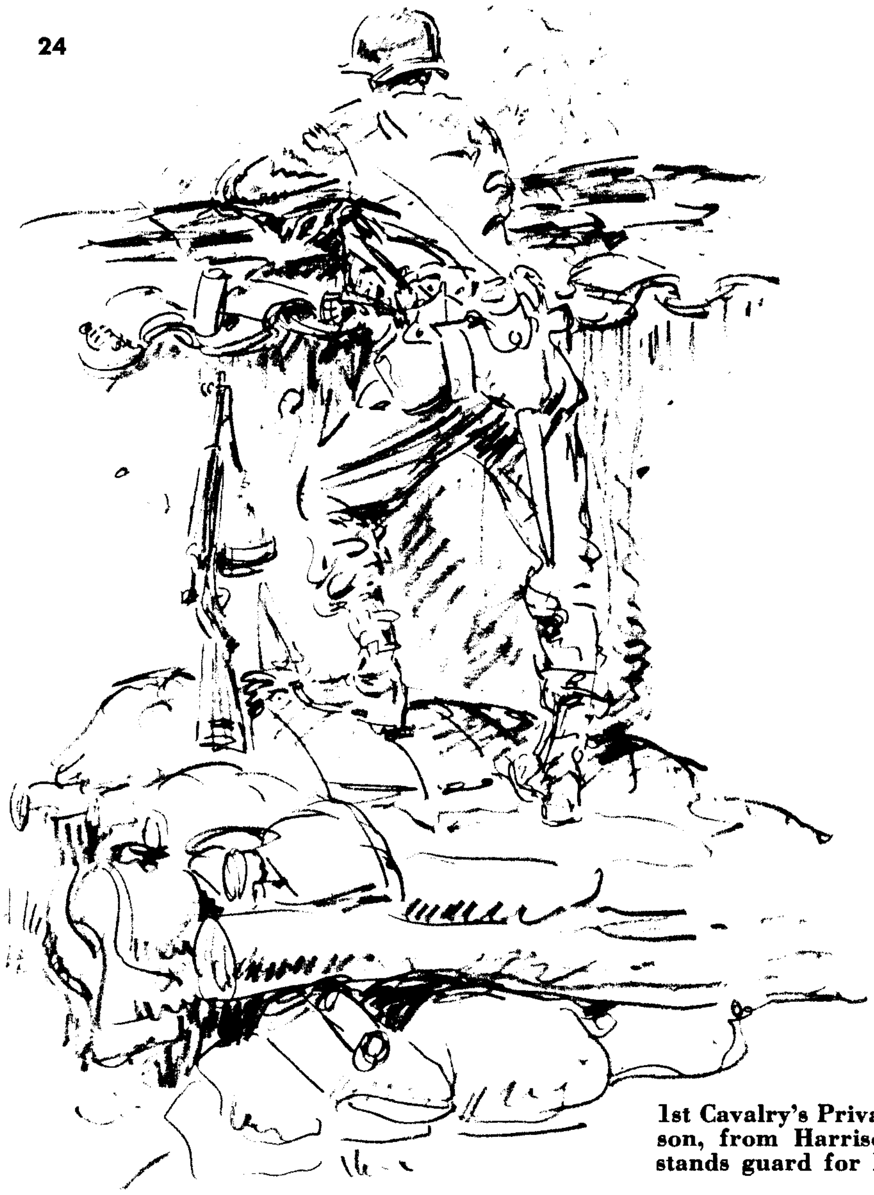
She proved this at a fitting which took place during the rehearsal period. For this show Mainbocher—couturier to the great and wealthy ladies of four continents—ran up nine little numbers for Ethel at a cost of $11,700, with no charge for alterations.

These masterpieces run the wardrobe gamut, from a simple suit to a point d'esprit pink negligee embroidered with paillettes; from a traveling dress to a *bouffant* dinner gown of red lace and taffeta that consumed 60 yards of material in the making and which displays for the first time on any stage, it is said, the truly impressive Merman décolletage; and from a gold lamé party number to a beige wool going-away dress. For the fashion-curious, this last has a deceptively trim skirt with an artfully concealed peacock that pops out when Ethel bends over.

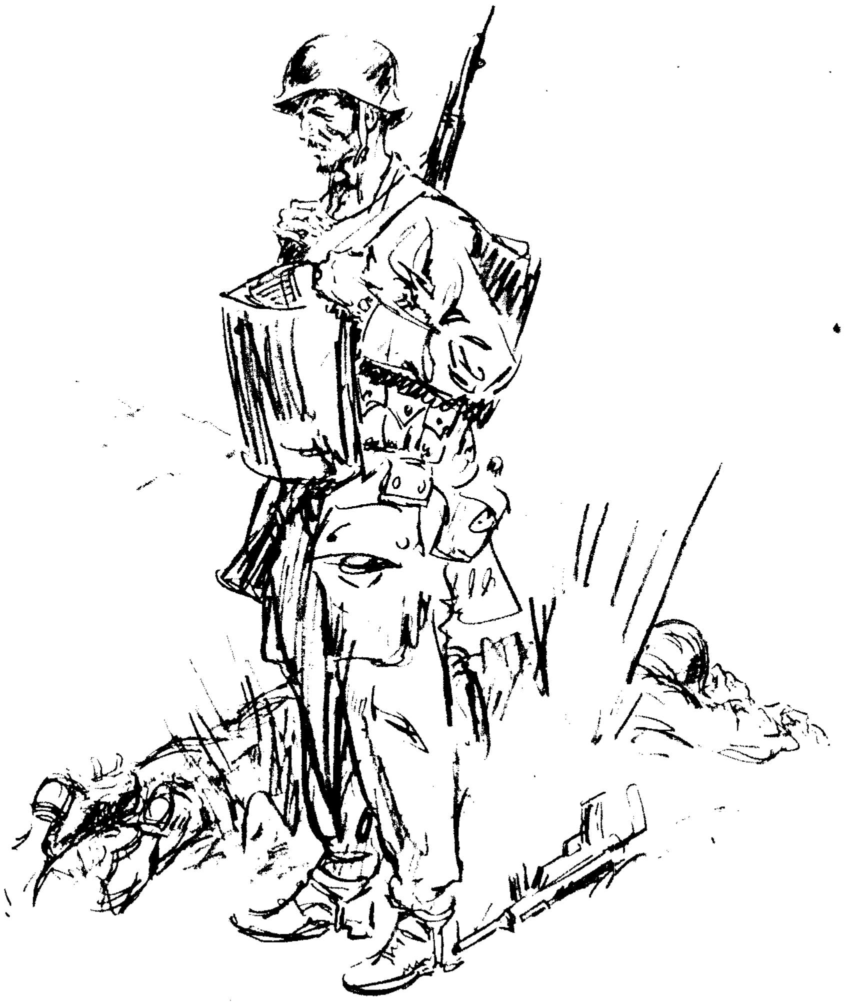
When Ethel first saw this array she was, in turn, awe-struck and ecstatic. *(Continued on page 92)*

Watching their creation (l. to r.): composer Irving Berlin, producer Leland Hayward, director George Abbott

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

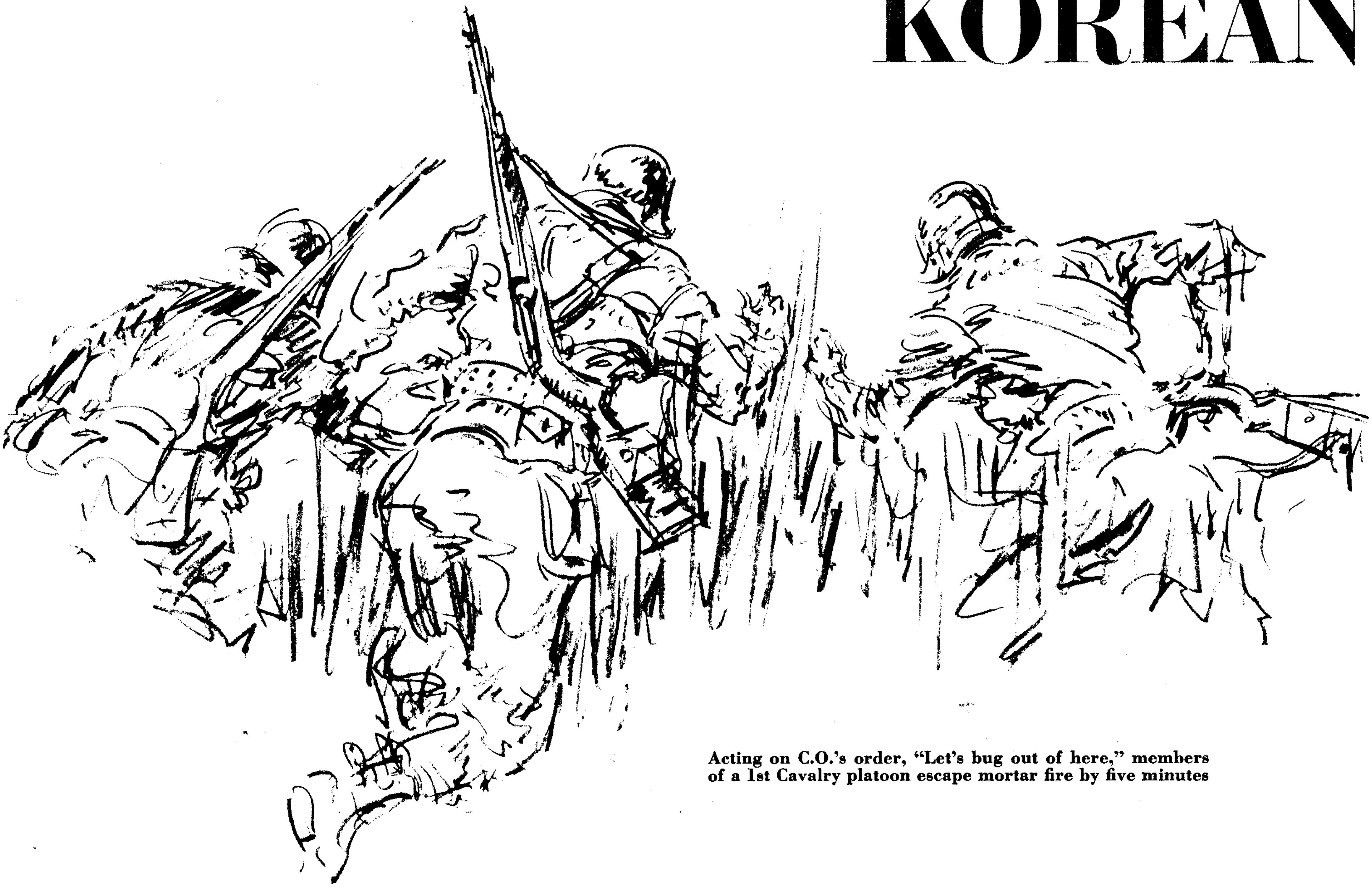


1st Cavalry's Private Fred Gibson, from Harrisonburg, Va., stands guard for his company

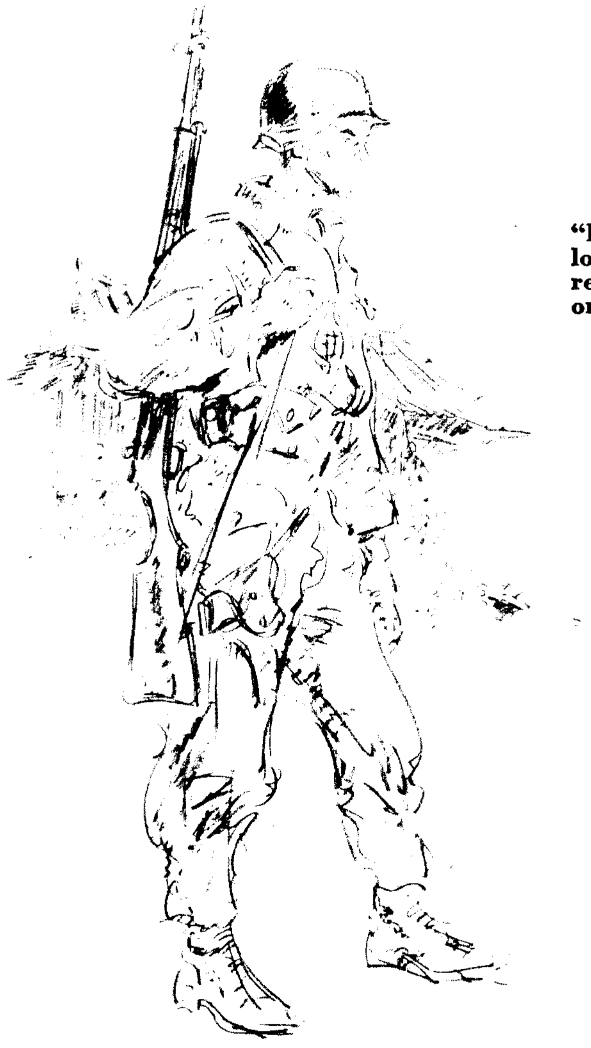


A red-bearded machine gunner, Sgt. Roy Schoenrock, of the U.S. Marine Corps, is from Everett, Washington

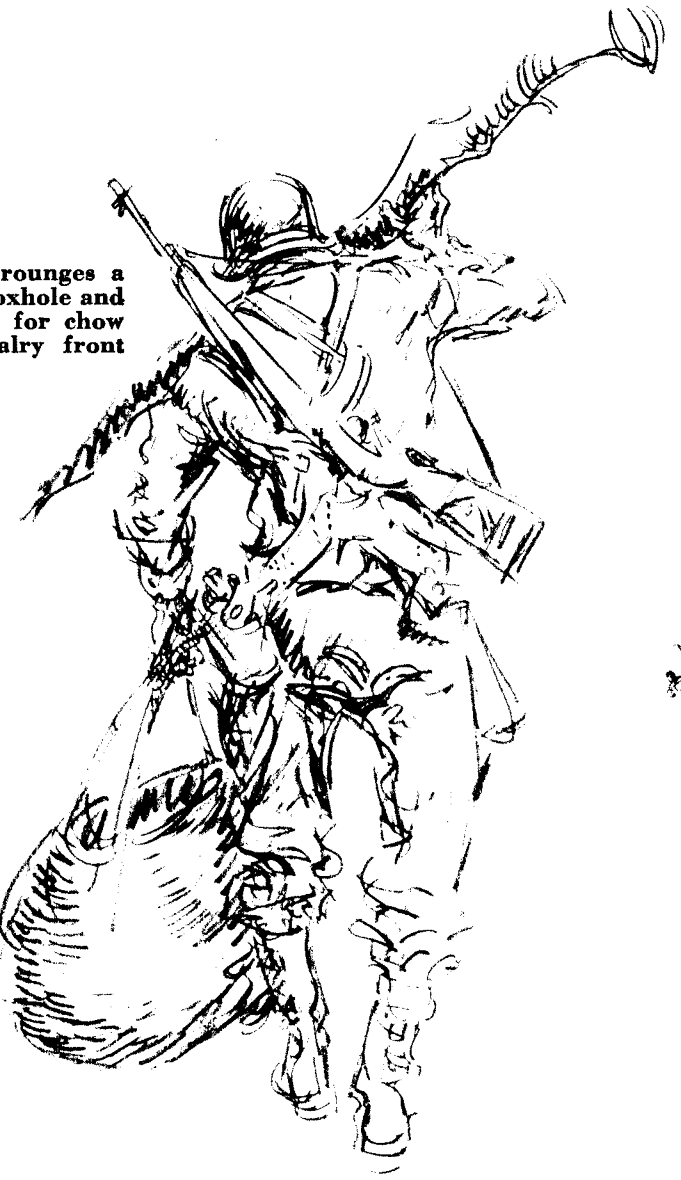
KOREAN



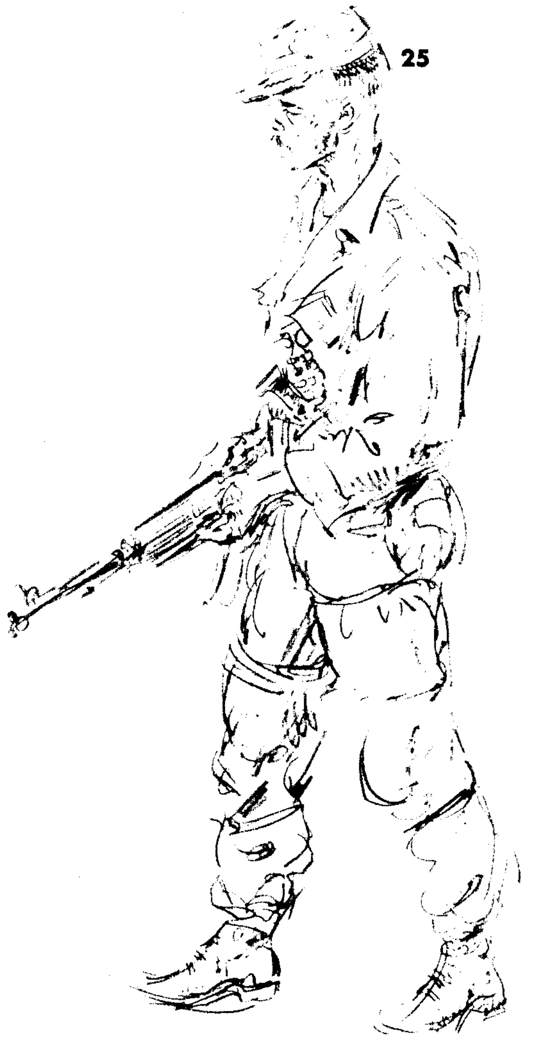
Acting on C.O.'s order, "Let's bug out of here," members of a 1st Cavalry platoon escape mortar fire by five minutes



Sgt. Robert D. Williams, of Marianna, Arkansas, is moving out on a 1st Cavalry patrol



"Doggie" scrounges a log for his foxhole and red peppers for chow on 1st Cavalry front



His pant legs wired for silence, Sgt. Glenn Collins, of Baltimore, is set for a 1st Cavalry night patrol

SKETCHBOOK

By HOWARD BRODIE

Collier's **COMBAT ARTIST**

Howard Brodie

COMBAT artist Howard Brodie is back at the front—this time for Collier's. Famed for his World War II drawings in Yank, The Army Weekly, Brodie was sent to Korea by this magazine to report the war with his masterly sketches of GIs and Marines in action.

Since he draws only what he sees, Brodie makes it his business to be where he shouldn't be. By his own choice, it will be his job to go with the infantry soldiers and draw them while they fight, wait and die. It is his assignment to catch the mood and the spirit that the glass eye of the camera misses.

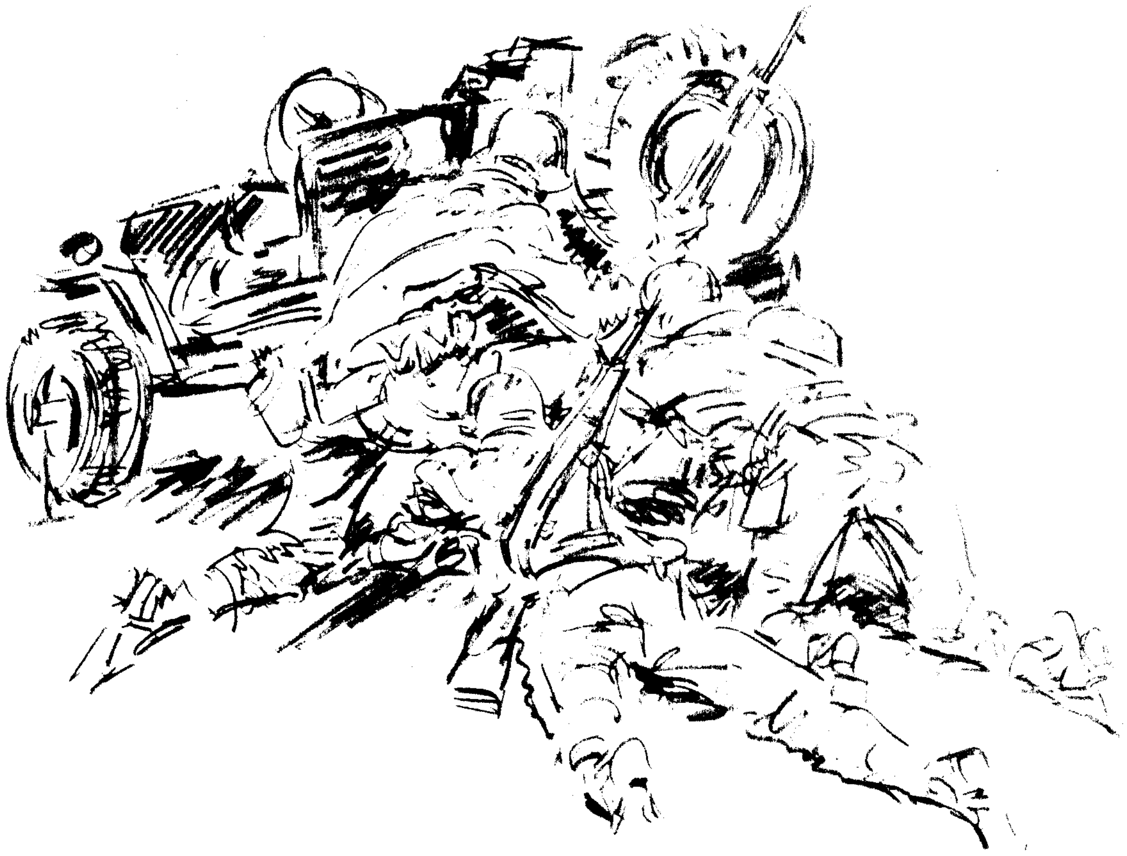
Brodie writes that the first of these sketches came from a trip to the 1st Cavalry front; that he followed a guide through the smoking ruins of a village to a company CP and then on to the platoon holes overlooking the Naktong River. Brodie stayed through the night; watched a three-man patrol charcoal their faces, go out to count the dead and observe, and then slip back into the platoon hole after meeting a strong enemy force across the river.

Leaving the Heroes of Taegu, Brodie went south and joined an attack being launched by the Marines and GIs of the 2d Division. He followed the advancing infantry through the flattened village of Yongsan and soon after he had met the red-bearded Marine machine gunner, sketched on the opposite page, a burst of machine-gun fire whistled in and everybody adjourned to the nearest shelter.

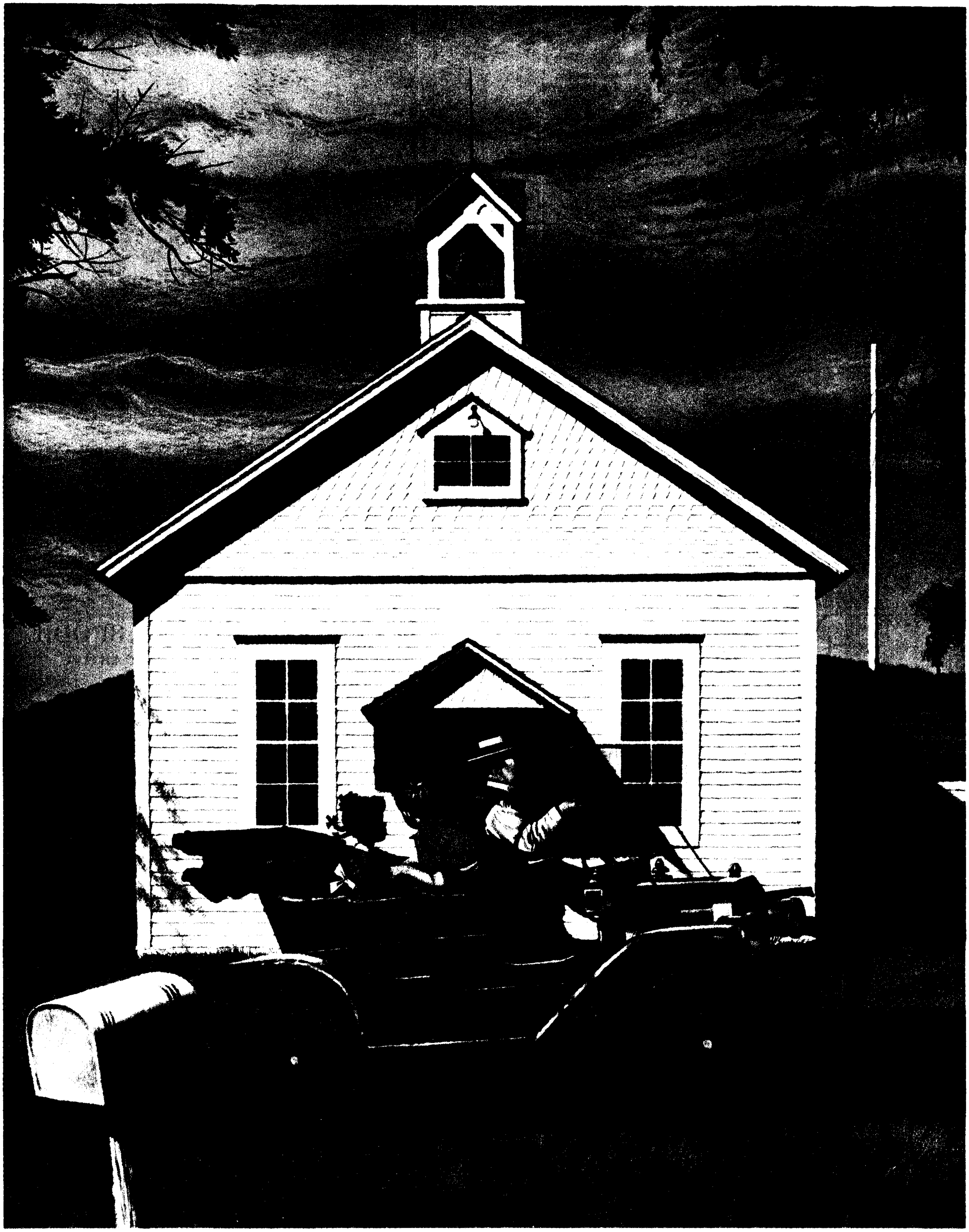
Born in Oakland, California, in 1915, Brodie worked on the San Francisco Examiner and then the Chronicle before going overseas as a staff member of Yank from '42-'46.

Remembered by combat GIs and fellow members of Yank as a courageous guy who made his sketches in observation posts and on patrols, Brodie got "pictures" nobody else got anywhere near.

Collier's will regularly complement its reporting on the Korean war with Howard Brodie's sketches. Watch for them.



Marines dive for cover when a sudden burst of machine-gun fire scorches the road west of Yongsan on the 2d Division's front



As they passed the school, Tucker looked around at Teaberry, envying her; *she* never had to go to school a single day

Afternoon in Deer Meadow

It is hard to tell who really won the battle that afternoon—Tucker, who found the courage to face his worst enemy, or the explosive Teaberry, who just tagged along and was suddenly there when he needed her

FATHER had driven the top-down Model T on up to the public road and Tucker had hopped out to open the big rusty iron gate when from behind them, whizzing across the meadow toward them, came Teaberry, looking less like a little Negro girl than, from that distance, a hornet trying to fly out of a skimpy checked dress, or a blackbird set flying with the injunction that periodically it must touch the ground as a guarantee it would not fly away and be seen no more.

Before Tucker could close the gate after Father had driven through, the figure had sailed across the quarter-mile of meadow and, with neither leap nor spring, had simply soared up into the back of the car and was sitting there; she was not even breathing hard.

"How do you do, Miss Teaberry," Father said broadly. "I gather that you're goin' with us."

"Yassuh," she said. "Kin Ah?"

Tucker climbed back into the front seat beside Father.

"Do you suppose," Father said to Teaberry, "that you could look after my son and heir up there in that big town?"

"Yassuh," she said.

"All right," Father said. "Stay put."

Tucker was a little annoyed with Teaberry. They were on their way to the upper farm at Deer Meadow and he wanted to make the trip alone with Father. He was ten years old—that age when a man likes to be with other men—but Teaberry who was only nine, still tagged at his heels, just as she had done since the day her mother had come to cook for them, six years before.

The clay-and-gravel road skirted the irregular base of Dunlap Mountain. As the car wormed over and around hills and low ridges, it left behind a yellowish column of Virginia dust. Now and then they passed a shanty with its log stable and two or three pieces of broken-down farm equipment standing out in the sun. That part of the valley was poor-man's country and moonshiners' country.

As they neared the village, Tucker looked around at Teaberry. She sat immobile on the seat, legs stretched out beyond the edge of the cushion, her left fist clenched upon something.

"What you got in your hand?" he asked.

"Ain't got nuthin' that 'mounts to nuthin' much."

"You have too. What you got—a cricket?"

"Ain't got no cricket. Ain't got nuthin' much." She looked a little like a slightly oversized cricket herself. Her eyes had that wide-open but guarded, buggy stare, looking toward the excitement and mystery of the village to which she had been no more than a half-dozen times in her life.

"Tumblebug?"

"Ain't got no tumblebug neither. Doan 'mount to nuthin'."

Tucker knew by her extreme innocence that it was something important.

"All right, don't tell me," he said, turning back. "I'll get a secret from you too and I won't tell you for a couple of years."

Deer Meadow consisted of twenty-five or thirty dwellings, the flour mill, Mr. Walter Lange's store, the schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, Baptist church, colored church, and the big shed that the Holy Rollers used as a church. The village lay in the shape of an elbow, part of it along the Colonial Springs Pike and the other part along the Valley Road. A creek wandered down through the middle of it. At this season the creek was dry except for a stagnant pool here and there.

They passed the school. Immediately Tucker envied Teaberry; she had never had to go to school a single day. He hated school, and hated the impression it gave him as they passed. His very first day at school had been cruel. Even now it hung obnoxious in his memory. He had a Teddy bear. He carried it with him a good deal and at night he slept with it.

He had gone to school with the Teddy bear stuffed in his shirt. When the bell rang for the first recess and he went into the schoolyard with the others, the very first thing he was aware of—as his initiation into play with his fellow pupils—was the shock and indignity of his face hitting the hard-packed earth. A burly, stumpy older boy named Pudge Mapes had jumped on his back, thrown him down, and pulled the Teddy bear from his shirt and committed upon him a series of indignities. During the next five days Pudge caught Tucker and pinioned him to the earth eight times. And Tucker, helpless and bewildered at the uneven terms nature had arranged, had to lie there in a kind of wilting and raging sickness.

Father turned into the pike and they drove a quarter-mile southward to the big frame semi-colonial house and high white fence that marked off from the ordinary world another possession of the Englishes'.

WHEN Father stopped before the front gate, the children hopped out and went through the broad, unmowed yard. Tucker conducted Teaberry around to the shed that contained the acetylene lighting plant. He opened the door and tried to get her to look at the complicated drumlike apparatus filled with acrid-smelling carbide. She would do no more than peek; she said it smelt bad and looked like it was going to blow up. They went on around to the side porch and climbed the outside stairs to the upper floor of the house, which was of unusual interest since it was absolutely bare because Mr. and Mrs. Gaylor, who looked after this, "the upper place," could not afford to buy carpets or furniture for it.

As they went along the bare upper hallway, an odd feeling came to Tucker. This house had once been his home—he did not know when or for how long. His memory of life in it was chaotic. There was an air, a faint echoing strangeness, about these barren rooms, the whole place, his previous existence there. He remembered he had been frail and ill and without friends. He remembered having made a practice of wandering off to a back field alone and watching and listening to the killdee birds with their weird, unsociable screeching.

Now he pushed open a door and immediately he remembered Miss Hudson, who had been his first teacher in school and who had lived at his home that year. Frail, like himself, and lonely amid the mountains, she had been very fond of him; he had often come to this room and she had read to him from Alice in Wonderland; at times she had cried all of a night without apparent cause.

"You know somethin'?" he said to Teaberry.

"What?"

"Somethin' terrible happened right here in this very room."

"What happen?"

"My teacher went crazy right here in this room. She's in the asylum."

VERY slowly her head turned in inspection of walls and corners, as she looked for marks of violence, traces of catastrophe. The fireplace was empty and bare except for a little soot that had dropped into it out of the chimney. The small white roses on the wallpaper had almost faded out of sight. It was almost as if the room had never been lived in, as if Miss Hudson had been a shadow, an abstraction.

"Whuffor?"

"I don't know what for," he said soberly. "God just made her go crazy."

Teaberry's eyes came back from the cautious inspection.

"Ah doan like it in here," she said. "Le's us go down't that store."

"What for? We haven't got any money."

"Ah got some," she said mysteriously.

"You haven't got any money." He looked at her closely.

She nodded solemnly.

"Where'd you get any money?"

"Ah got some," she said.

"Is that what you got there'n your hand? You got some money in your hand?"

She nodded.

"Show't to me."

She shook her head.

"Come on—open up your hand and lemme see it!"

She held the hand tightly clenched. "Ah got it."

"You swear?"

"Hope t'die!"

"All right," he said incredulously, "but we get in the store and you haven't got any money you'll drop dead right there on the spot. You know that, don't you?"

"Ah knows it."

"All right then, come on. Beat you!" He ran through the hall and down the porch stairs and lit out around the house for the gate but she had overtaken him and passed him before he reached it and he did not catch up with her until he was at the blacksmith shop, where she had stopped and was watching Mr. George Barlow pounding a red-hot piece of iron into shape on the anvil. Mr. George was shirtless and the sleeves of his long union suit came to his wrists and he wore a dirty leather apron; he hit the hot iron with strong shaping blows that sent out strings of crimson and amber sparks like those from a Roman candle and made the anvil itself dance and sing. He twisted his head this way *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Concluding: NEXT TARGETS FOR STALIN?

Showdown in the

ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION ADMINISTRATION PHOTO

In Turkey, American tractors and road-building equipment, obtained through ECA appropriations, are replacing the camels used through the ages

On Russia's southern flank Communist Yugoslavia and republican Turkey and imperial Iran form a bulwark against the threat of Soviet aggression. What must we do to protect our stake?

II

THE United States has a vital strategic stake in a trio of nations which may well be the strangest bedfellows ever produced by the threat of war. Grimly aligned along the southern rim of the Iron Curtain, standing virtually shoulder to shoulder—through no wish of their own—against the threat of Soviet aggression, are Communist Yugoslavia, republican Turkey and imperial Iran. All three are preparing desperately for a conflict they fear they cannot avoid.

Behind this forward echelon of the free world's Mediterranean defenses lie some of the richest prizes a war-minded nation could hope for: the oil of the Middle East; control of critical trade routes; a strategic strangle hold on a vital corner of the earth.

In an on-the-spot survey of these three countries Collier's European Team—Seymour Freidin, William Attwood and David Perlman—found much good news for America and its allies: a tough, united, alert Yugoslavia; an equally spirited Turkey; an Iran striving desperately to build up its strength for the coming test. They also saw major shortcomings: a grave lack of war materials in Marshal Tito's stronghold; a worrisome shortage of time in Turkey; deep-rooted internal unrest in ancient Persia.

Our country and its friends have an interest in this part of the world which is hard to exaggerate. What are we doing to protect that interest, to make the most of our advantages there and to remedy the defects? Here is what Collier's Team learned.

BELGRADE

By Seymour Freidin

Americans don't like dealing with Communists; they're trying to prevent the Soviet Union from forcibly imposing its system on the free world. Why then should they be even remotely interested in the fate of Communist Yugoslavia? I asked that question of a man high on Moscow's black list who is as important as Tito in shaping Yugoslav policy.

"We're not threatening you," he replied tersely. "Stalin is. He also threatens us. If he attacks us, we'll fight him every inch of the way."

A veteran American diplomat, conservative in his views and wise in the ways of European diplomacy, sipped his Martini thoughtfully as we discussed the plight of Yugoslavia.

"This country is on our first line of defense," he said finally. "These people must fight and they will fight. With help from us they'll fight with fury." He paused. "It's a strange thing, but two of our biggest victories in the cold war have occurred only because a Communist government—Tito's—broke with Stalin." He listed these victories as:

1. Closing of the Yugoslav borders to Greek Communist rebels—which American military men in Greece termed a decisive factor in ending the civil war there.

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By ***Collier's*** EUROPEAN TEAM

2. Spreading of the Tito heresy in Communist parties throughout the world, resulting in mass purges by Stalin's hatchet men, many of whom don't know today who beside them may be a deadly enemy.

Yugoslavia's strange role in the East-West conflict is perhaps best exemplified by its policy toward the Korean war—a policy which strongly condemns the North Korean attack as Soviet-inspired, yet reserves some criticism for the nations helping South Korea as well.

In broader fields, the same lone-wolf attitude exists—still with a decided anti-Russian slant. For example, although Tito's combat-wise army is in sore need of arms, he feels he cannot seek outright military aid from the United States. The marshal and his advisers are firmly convinced, rightly or wrongly, that accepting weapons from America would weaken their position in the ideological war with Stalin for support among Communists the world over.

They do want and need credits, hard cash to buy tools and machinery for the factories Tito is pushing to completion in the Five-Year Plan to industrialize Yugoslavia. In keeping with their doctrine of "national Communism," as distinguished from the international Communism of Moscow, the Yugoslav governing hierarchy believes the new industries will make the nation not only militarily stronger but economically more self-sufficient.

Confronted by Dwindling Resources

In the last two years, Tito has obtained only $55,000,000 in credits from Great Britain and the United States, and his resources are getting slimmer. What would he do with additional American credits if he got them? (His government supporters talk hopefully of $300,000,000, but they would be overjoyed with $100,000,000.)

The money would buy the turbines and machine tools, cranes and bulldozers, and a thousand types of building supplies to meet the industrialization program. A significant portion of that program is being carried out in the mountains where factories will maintain production even in the event of invasion.

American credits would also partially relieve the plight of the Yugoslav people who are going hungrier than usual because of this summer's fierce, crop-withering drought. Tito must feed his large standing army, for security comes first. Without loans, he is forced to siphon off as much of the remaining food as possible to meet export commitments for desperately needed machinery from Western Europe.

Yet the exhausting work schedule continues without pause or sabotage in Yugoslavia. You can see—as I did—tens of thousands of men and women toiling by hand, building factories and houses. You can watch stolid peasants giving up drought-decimated harvests, leaving little for their families. They're performing amazing production feats for a people who started from scratch. The Yugoslavs are doing it not primarily because they love Tito, but because they love their country. And Yugoslavia is in danger.

Then, too, the shrewd, calculating realists in the government have given the people a sop unprecedented in the history of Communism: The Yugoslavs can let off some steam now without a fearful glance over the shoulder to see who's listening. A psychological device? Yes, for after being throttled so long, it's good for a man or woman to gripe. They're griping, but their work hasn't slackened.

Peasants still constitute the vast majority of Yugoslavia's population. So I went around to the farms of Croats and Serbs to sound out the peasants—the people who generally balked at collectivization and whom Tito didn't press to collectivize.

They welcomed me warmly when they heard I was an American, for "America" is a magic word in this part of the world. This doesn't mean, however, that Yugoslavia's 17,000,000 people have lost any faith and hope in their native land. On the contrary, you'll find their pride eloquently summarized in the words of Josip Milcevic, a fifty-five-year-old peasant:

"I have fought for my country in three wars. I am ready to fight again if invaders come. I have seen many governments. They are gone. We are still here."

Back in drab Belgrade, I went window shopping with Maria Krolic, a forty-year-old mother of three grown sons. The nationalized shops were pretty bare. The textiles were shoddy and the prices shocking, unless you had coupons. And you can't get enough coupons because there aren't enough consumers' goods to go round.

"Life for us is hard," Maria reflected as we ate a tasteless ice at a crowded sidewalk café. "I lost my husband in the mountains *(Continued on page 70)*

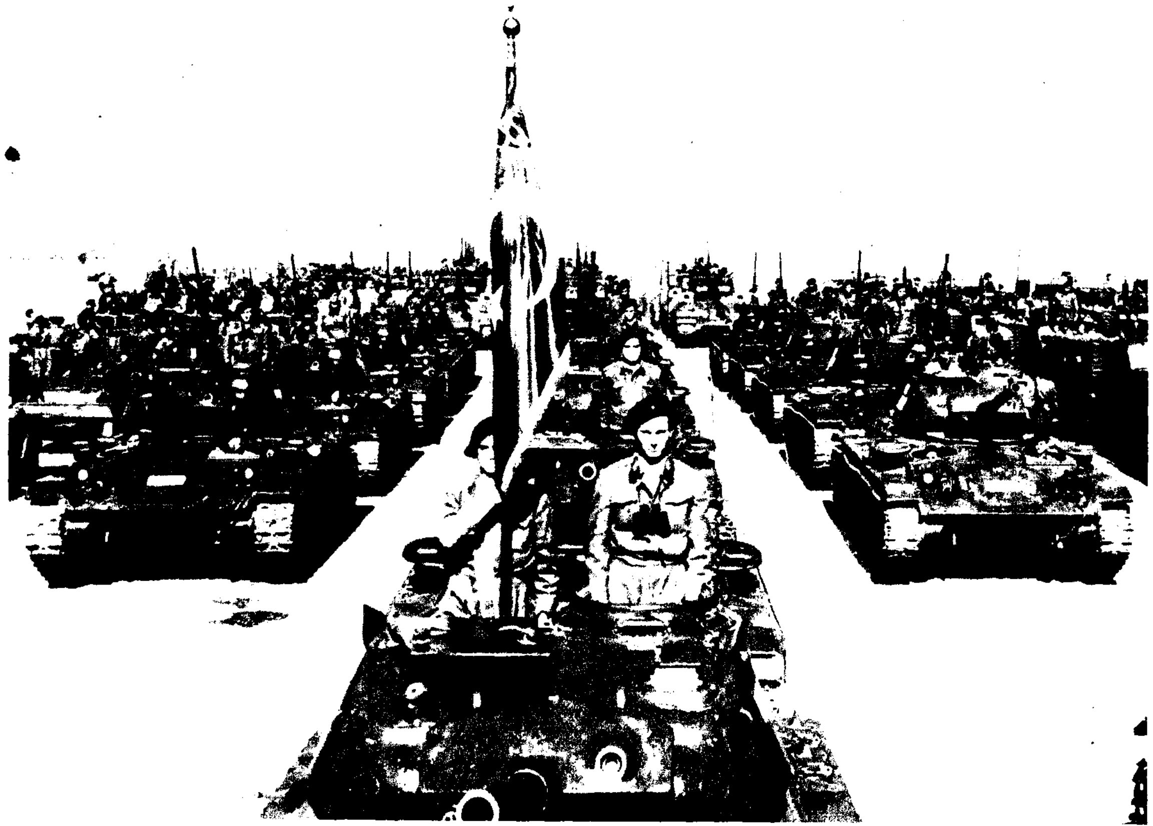
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO.

Magnet attracting Soviets to Iran is this Abadan refinery. Below: Tito's anti-Stalin Communists on parade with an American-made jeep leading the way

THREE LIONS

Armored rows of evidence indicating timely and effective military aid to Turkey by the U.S.

ACME



I fumbled around on the floor and found my cap. The bill had been broken, and it almost broke my heart to look at it. I'd had it since the war

This was a decision that only Bart Rogers could make. It was a man's life versus Bart's career. And Suzy's volatile affections weren't making the choice any easier

THE FIFTY-MISSION CAP

The Story: My friends call me Bart, but at the time I'm telling you about—when everything started going straight to hell up near the Arctic Circle—I was known officially in the Air Force as COLONEL BARTHOLOMEW ROGERS, commanding officer of the 376th Fighter Squadron, stationed on Baffin Island. At thirty-six, I had my eagles and was therefore a chicken colonel, though I tried not to be any more chicken than the tradition of the service demands. The outfit was on a special experimental assignment, testing jet planes and gathering engineering data under subzero conditions.

The squadron had been out on a test flight, and when they got back I was told that one of the pilots, LIEUTENANT BEN SCHROEDER, had spotted a Russian transport, a Tupolev-70, and had taken it into his silly head to give chase, though our orders strictly forbade us to make contact with Russian aircraft at all. Schroeder didn't catch the Russians; he left the flight formation and got lost. Our operations officer, LIEUTENANT COLONEL DENNIS, was unable to contact him by radio; and the strong presumption was that Schroeder's plane had gone down at some point unknown out in the icy wastes.

Two people were needling me to use the squadron in a search for Schroeder. One was SUSAN GATES, one of the two Army nurses attached to the outfit. Tearfully, Suzy—who was very young and very pretty—told me that she and Schroeder were engaged to be married. Then to make things more confusing, she told me she was in love with me. I figured she was kidding—trying the old Army game in the hope that I'd start the search for Ben. The other needler was Dennis, who hated my guts and was bucking to become C.O. himself. Dennis wanted me to act against my orders, which were to alert the 13th Rescue Squadron, stationed at Goose Bay, for all such emergencies. I notified our Wing headquarters at Goose, and that, for the moment, was all I could do.

I was puzzling over the business with old MAJOR (DAD) HOWE, my executive officer, when the telephone in my headquarters rang and the unspeakable Dennis told me that the same Tupolev-70 Schroeder had chased had just landed at our base. It had run out of fuel.

II

I COULD tell from the unsounded chuckle in his voice that Dennis enjoyed handing me this nice piece of news. "Russians—that's all we need," I said. "I'll be right down." I broke the connection and told Howe what had happened. "What the hell am I going to do with them?" I said. "This can cause all kinds of trouble. International complications—"

"Now, wait," Howe said. "Maybe this is the best thing that could have happened. Not that it's good. But you can make it look good, Bartholomew. If you handle this right, you can make something out of it. Think what the newspapers back in the States can do with a story like this."

I was getting into my parka. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Why, they're Russians," Dad said. "What is more important than a Russian, to the newspapers back home? You can send in secret reports in six copies. No matter how they got here—even if it's only an accident—they're Russians. And it *sounds* important. That makes you important too, because you're in charge here. Don't you see?"

I wasn't really listening to him. I was thinking about the Tupolev-70—it was as heavy as a B-29—and I was wondering what it had done to our strip when it had landed. What did the Russians have on board? Had anyone checked their ship? "Listen, Dad," I said. "Find Price. Ask him if we have a man here who speaks Russian or German or even French."

"Immediately, Bartholomew. Immediately." Howe always talked like that; it came from a lifetime of reading military orders.

I went down to the operations hut. Dennis was sitting behind his desk smoking a cigar and grinning. He was the only person in the hut.

"We're in, we're really in," he said.

I unfastened my parka. "How're the strips?"

"What do you mean?" he said.

It had been a long day and that was too much. "You mean you haven't checked? What the hell's the matter with you? Didn't it cross your mind that that transport could have damaged them coming in?"

"Well, I hardly think so," he said.

"Did you search the ship?" I asked.

"What for?"

"What for? My Lord, they could have anything on board. Anything at all—including stuff Intelligence would like to know about. What the hell's the matter with you, Colonel? You aren't a kid. I thought you had *some* brains."

"They were just lost," Dennis said, angry.

"Oh," I said. "You speak Russian. Good." He couldn't ask his way to the bathroom in Russian.

"Hell, they landed here with dry tanks," he said. "Anybody could figure that out. They were making a routine polar flight. They got lost. That's easy enough to do. They're not up to anything."

"I want a thorough inspection made of that ship. I want someone to check the strips."

Dennis looked sore. "Is that all?"

"For now."

"What do we do with the Tupolev-70?"

"Tie it down. Cover the wings. What's the matter? You know the routine. Do I have to tell you everything?"

His face was red. "What're you so worried about?"

"What do you think?" I said.

"Well, you don't have to worry about Schroeder," he said. "We've got that Russian ship now."

"What're you talking about?"

"We use the Tupolev to find Schroeder and rescue him. We can carry men in it and drop them—"

"Oh, listen, Dennis! Use your head."

"I'm just trying to show some initiative," Dennis said. "I'm just thinking about the squadron and the record. You talk like I want something out of this. I'm thinking of that boy, that's all. You can't refuse to let the squadron search now. I won't let you."

"The hell you won't," I said.

HOWE came in the door and hurried over to us. "Nobody in the squadron speaks anything but English," he said.

"The Russians don't speak English?" I asked.

"They say hello, that's all," Dennis said.

If they couldn't talk to us then they certainly couldn't tell us what had happened to Schroeder—even if they knew. "Where are they?"

"In Briefing with one of my sergeants," Dennis answered.

I went outside, with Howe and Dennis following me. We went into the briefing hut. The Russians were sitting at the far end of the room at the big table with the sergeant. There were four of them. A package of cigarettes and a lighter were on the table and the Russians were all smoking. They looked around as we came in, but they did not get up. They were dressed in rather shabby gray uniforms, their big overcoats hanging open and their tunics unfastened at the throat. Two of them wore one hell of a lot of medals, and I figured that these two must be the pilot and copilot. One was a tall dark lank man, and the other was short and stout and had no front teeth. The other two Russians had their heads shaved. They were probably the radio operator and navigator.

I went up and smiled and said, "Hello," and they said, "Hello," too and the one without any front teeth grinned. I saw that they were all tired to the point of exhaustion; they had made a hell of a long flight from somewhere.

"Do you speak English?" I said.

They looked blank.

"En-glish. En-glish."

They shook their heads; either they didn't understand me, or they didn't speak English.

The tall Russian held up his hand beckoning to me to catch my attention. I looked at him and he made the gesture of eating, chewing, swallowing. He rubbed his stomach *(Continued on page 53)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

MONEY GROWS ON

In the best reforestation program since Johnny Appleseed hit the road, the More Trees for America movement is showing landowners the way to new income

ONCE, in Lee County, Alabama, there was a vast growth of virgin timber. To the first settlers, trees were largely an impediment to agriculture. What the pioneers didn't clear away, the sawmill men did, and Lee County was left with some nice farms—and 45,000 acres of wasteland.

Fires swept unchecked through the wasteland, killing young growth. Erosion ate away at the farm land, and cattle, finding little in their pastures, browsed on the seedlings in the wasteland. Men whose backs were strong forced the soil of the farm land to yield up crops of cotton and peanuts. Those men whose backs were not strong went away.

But today, something is happening in Lee County. There are stirrings of hope in the hearts of the generation that inherited the weary clay from the pioneers and the early settlers.

It started a couple of years ago when advertisements sponsored by the More Trees for Alabama Committee appeared in Lee County. The committee was made up of foresters and civic leaders who, working in co-operation with a Washington organization called the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., had undertaken to bring back the state's timber resources.

This was no project for amateurs. It was a large-scale, hardheaded program tailored for the farmers and small landowners who control 70 per cent of Alabama's timberland. The More Trees committee was prepared to show the county people how they could grow a cash crop of trees on land that was considered almost a liability.

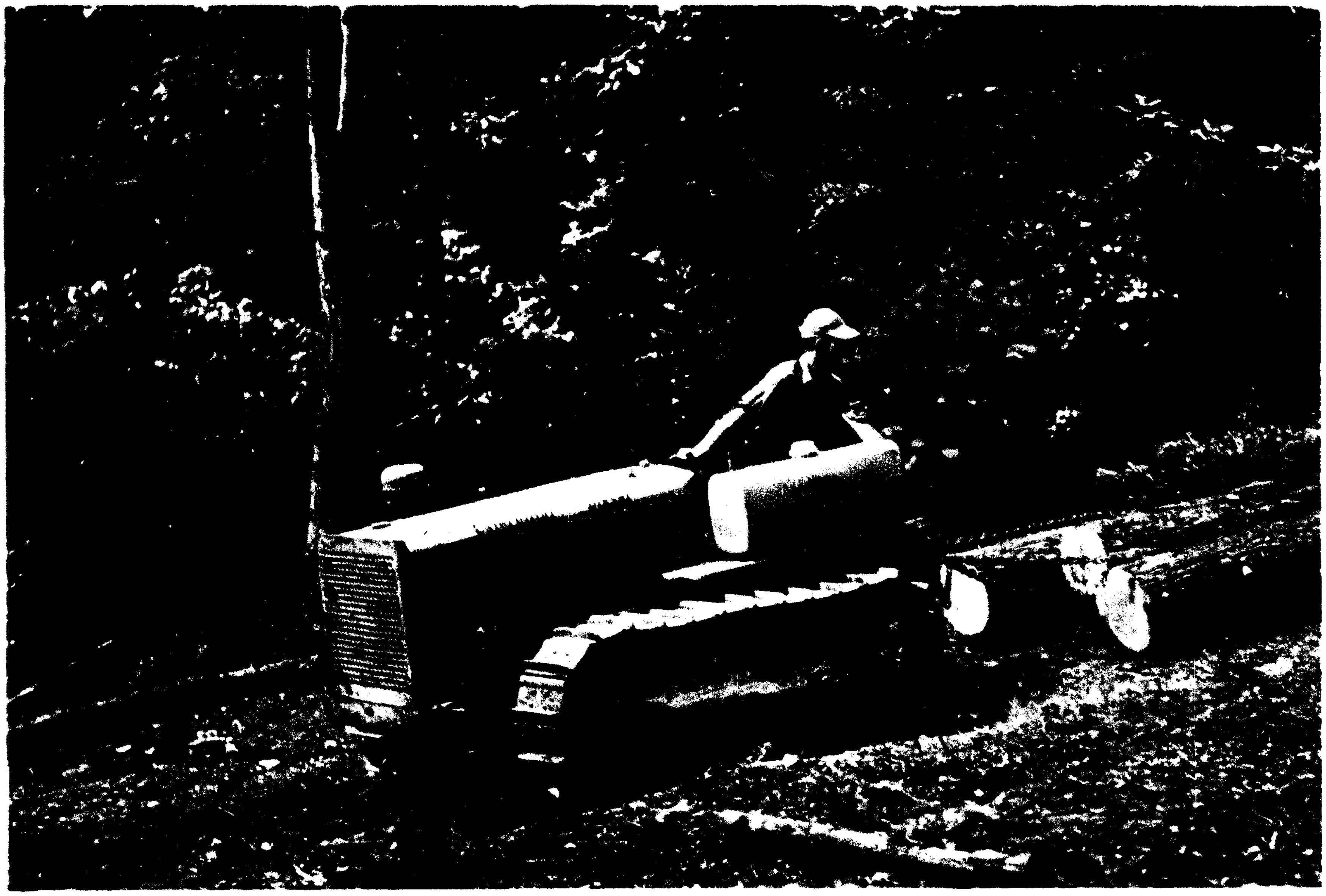
A few Lee County men became interested in the program spark-plugged by E. A. Screws, a building supply dealer and a woodland owner. He raised some money for advertising and proposed a program so ambitious that no one would take it seriously—at first. He wanted to plant 45,000,000 trees in Lee County, 1,000 on every acre of wasteland.

But by the time Screws had made speeches before every civic organization and in every school in the county, he found he had plenty of support. His most successful speech he delivered before the Opelika Rotary Club, which afterward voted $850 to buy two mechanical tree planters.

Within a year, over 1,000,000 trees were planted and a five-year schedule was set up which called for landowners to plant 44,000,000 more. Within 20 years, Lee County expects to have an additional annual income of $3,000,000 from its forest products. It is this prospect—along with the certainty that improved soil conditions will result from the plantings—that has brought bright hope to the county.

What has been done in Lee County is being done in other places. As a result, the More Trees for America program has become the hottest thing in reforestation since Johnny Appleseed hit the road. The doctrine which farmers are being taught is simple—money grows on trees. Plant a crop of trees on your idle acres—or take care of the trees you have—and you will earn a small, steady income for yourself, your children and your children's children.

It is possible today to raise a cash crop of trees, just as a farmer might raise corn or cattle or cotton, because of the recent shift of economic balance in the wood-using industry. The pulp and paper industry has had phenomenal growth, particularly in the South. An increasing number of uses are being found for wood that was once wasted. And, since the era of an overabundance of timber is past in this country, the value of wood has increased.



Logging on a Virginia tree farm. A tractor is used to skid timber to the loading area

TREES

By ALFRED TOOMBS

In almost every state, the new concept of tree farming is an established reality. In Washington, Oregon and California, where the last great stands of virgin timber are being cut, hundreds of thousands of acres of cutover land are being brought back into production for the future.

South Carolina, Georgia, Vermont and New Hampshire bristle with seedlings that have been set out by farmers who intend to raise a cash crop of trees. In Pennsylvania, Louisiana and other states, there are communities which have staked their entire economic life upon their ability to grow and reap a perpetual harvest of trees. In Texas and Virginia, the new idea in forestry has worked so well that these states are now growing more timber each year than is being cut.

The big lumber companies, which have received the brunt of the blame for ruthless woodcutting, long ago discovered that it was not always possible to chop and move on. There simply was no place to move. One of the first companies to settle in one place and grow the timber it needed was the Great Southern Lumber Company.

This company amazed the industry back in 1920 with the announcement that it was planting trees on 57,000 acres of cutover land in the vicinity of Bogalusa, Louisiana. The Gaylord Container Corporation, a successor, is now operating this vast area as a tree farm, where cutting will never exceed the rate of growth. Some 50,000 cords of wood are cut annually. Bogalusa, which might have become a ghost town like many other lumber villages, now has a population of 17,000—half of which is directly dependent upon the woods for its livelihood.

But while much of the woodland owned by the big operators is now under model management, this has by no means solved America's forestry problem. For most of the potential commercial timberland in the country is owned by farmers or other small holders. The U.S. Forest Service reports that 71 per cent of this land is poorly managed. It is to these timberland owners that the concept of tree farming is being carried by the More Trees program.

Near Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, there is an outstanding example of what the new kind of tree farming can mean to a farm community. The heart of this operation is the P. H. Glatfelter Company, which has been doing business at the same stand since shortly after the Civil War. The company owns 10,000 acres of woodland, which has been managed carefully for years. The company cannot, without ruining its forests, cut enough wood from these acres to support its pulp and paper operations. So it has encouraged neighboring farmers to grow trees.

Instead of cutting everything in sight, the Glatfelter people buy the trees which should be cut, from farmers who follow practices that will insure steady production. The company keeps a staff of four foresters who advise farmers on the proper management of their wood lots. Within 75 miles of Spring Grove, there are 350 farmers—engaged in general agriculture—who, as a side line, earn about $600 a year from 35 to 40 acres of woodland.

Hartzell Spence, a writer, is one of many small landholders who have demonstrated that trees can make the difference between profit and loss on a farm. When Spence bought an old farm near Orange, Virginia, his neighbors predicted that his literary output would have to be high indeed to cover the annual loss that earlier owners had suffered for years.

Spence found himself with a couple of hundred acres of woodland, which a sawmill operator volunteered to chop down to stumps. The sawmill man's offer of $2,700 didn't impress Spence. He got a forester to mark off the trees that should be cut. For these, Spence received $6,000, and for firewood that he cut and sold he was paid another $6,000. The trees he left standing on his farm will yield another crop of like value in 10 years and still another crop in 20 years. Trees alone will come close to paying for what looked to his neighbors like a white elephant.

The organization behind the More Trees movement—American Forest Products Industries, Inc.—is purely educational and is backed by some of the largest wood-using companies. Although tree farming has been a familiar concept in Europe for years, the idea and its wide acceptance in this country came as a result of a *(Continued on page 86)*

Scaling a black oak log are (l. to r.) Charles Gillett, director of the drive, Virginia State Forester George Dean, Comer Smith, lumber mill manager

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOUIS SIMON

A football coach between halves? No, just Goldstein scaring one of his students to death. Budding young lawyers and nervous old-timers pay good

HECKLES

Attorneys seeking a cure for those courtroom jitters flock to Irving Goldstein's Chicago

IN a busy Chicago courtroom the young lawyer was trying his first case. He fidgeted uneasily, as his opponent, a seasoned barrister, maneuvered him into a hopeless maze of legal technicalities.

Finally the judge rapped his gavel and tartly announced, "There will be a brief recess." As the litigants moved away from the bench, he motioned to the unhappy novice.

"Young man," the judge said quietly, "if I were you, I'd go see Goldstein."

Three blocks away in one of the city's largest law offices, the partners were meeting to discuss the important cases scheduled for trial that year.

A dignified elderly man turned to his associates, and said, "I'd like to handle this breach-of-contract suit myself, but maybe someone else ought to do it. I still shake in my boots every time I get before a jury."

"That's going to be your case, John," one of the others replied. "I used to have the same trouble, but I found the answer. Go see Goldstein."

"Go see Goldstein" isn't a gag. For 16 years Midwest lawyers have been beating a path to Irving Goldstein's door and enrolling in his unusual classes, where practicing lawyers learn something that is rarely taught in law schools: how to try a lawsuit.

Goldstein, himself a lawyer and a former assistant state's attorney, is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered individual—when he is not in the classroom. To his pupils, he is perhaps the nastiest, most insolent character for miles around.

If for any reason you happen to dislike lawyers, and if you would like to see a group of them humiliated until their collars wilt, just attend a session of Irving Goldstein's course on "Trial Technique." His method for turning bumbling barristers into future Clarence Darrows includes large doses of carefully calculated sarcasm. And he drives his points home by heckling his students in a manner they never forget.

The verbal barbs are very important, because what Goldstein teaches is the know-how of trying a lawsuit—the actual rough-and-tumble of the courtroom. In law school, students don't learn enough about impatient judges and sharp-tongued opponents. They have little opportunity to get the feel of courtroom psychology. As a matter of fact they are usually so busy just absorbing legal principles that in most schools there is no time to become acquainted with even the legal technicalities of a trial. Medical students attend laboratories and clinics where they bridge the gap between theory and practice. But the young lawyer's schooling comes entirely from books and he approaches his first trial with a headful of knowledge and a heartful of anxiety.

Many old-timers are in precisely the same boat when they go to court. For most of the average lawyer's work is done in his office; unless he specializes in trial work, the chances are he will have little courtroom experience.

Goldstein's method, worked out over years of experiment, is simplicity itself. The students learn by doing. In a classroom arranged to resemble a courtroom, the pupils play the roles of judge, jury, witnesses and opposing counsel.

There are no conventional textbooks, no lectures and no recitations. Each session is devoted to acting out some phase of a trial. The class problems, assigned in advance, are based on real-life situations. Goldstein studied the records of thousands of important lawsuits in order to get realistic material. And for the final touch he sits on the side lines and heckles his students as they go through their paces.

The classes meet at night, since the pupils are all practicing lawyers who are busy during the day. The average attendance is about 35 persons—including youngsters just out of school and veteran attorneys whose law licenses are wrinkled with the years.

A typical session goes like this: "Tonight," Goldstein will say, "we'll have a little workout on qualifying a witness as an expert. You all know the facts. Plaintiff was injured in an auto accident and suffered two broken legs. He was treated by an orthopedic surgeon. It's the medic's opinion that plaintiff will be crippled for life. The doctor is on the witness stand and we want to establish that he is an expert in such matters and competent to state this opinion."

Goldstein nods at a member of the class. "You're the doctor, Mr. Jones—take the witness stand. You're the plaintiff's attorney, Mr. Brown."

A Lesson in Courtroom Behavior

Mr. Brown, who may be a prominent corporation lawyer during the day, or a young fellow with nary a case in his office, stands up and prepares to take over.

Mr. Brown clears his throat. "Now, Doctor," he starts.

Then the heckling begins. "Are you afraid somebody's going to steal that ring?" Goldstein sneers. Suddenly everyone in the class notices that Brown has been toying with the signet ring on his finger. The culprit blushes, the spectators laugh, and Goldstein takes over. "You want the jury to concentrate on your questions!" he shouts. "Don't take their minds off what you are saying by some little thing you do with your hands."

Brown answers with a sheepish grin, but you can bet your bottom dollar he'll never play with that ring again when he's in an actual courtroom.

The make-believe trial continues. "Did you go to medical school, Doctor?"

"That's a silly question," Goldstein interrupts. "Of course he went to school. What we want to know is when did he graduate, and where was he licensed." Then follows a warning against unnecessary questions which might bore the jury.

Before Brown sits down, happy only in the thought that "the boys in the office" weren't present at the hazing, the class has seen an object lesson in both the technique and the psychology of qualifying an expert witness.

money to undergo this racking experience. When they're finished they have nerves of steel. Some travel from other cities to be hazed by Goldstein

Lawyers

By CHARLES KOMAIKO

classroom. The treatment may be drastic—but no judge will ever look terrifying again

Goldstein's method is not confined to mere verbal comment. He appears to stop at nothing short of mayhem in order to get results. When sarcasm fails to move a student who has been doing his assignment with the grace of a wooden Indian, Goldstein will slap him on the back and scream, "Let's get some action!" This he calls the "football-coach technique." Occasionally the coach finds that a quarterback resents being manhandled. Not long ago an ex-GI trained in jujitsu could stand the pummeling no longer. "Lay off me!" he snarled, and instinctively threw a hold on the amazed Goldstein.

There was a brief recess.

Some students get so nervous under this combination of mental and physical torture that they become temporarily speechless. Newcomers in the class frequently refuse to perform when called upon; they say that they are merely present as spectators. But time and Goldstein eventually bring them into the fold. On the other hand, Goldstein has had blind students who have insisted on getting their fair share of manhandling. Once when Goldstein grabbed a blind lawyer's arm to correct a gesture, the student's Seeing Eye dog barked angrily and prepared to attack him.

There was another recess.

When a student rushes through the procedure of questioning a witness, failing to engender that feeling of sincerity so important for a trial lawyer, Goldstein has a novel approach. "I just put the best-looking girl in the class on the witness stand, and say, 'Now, try it over again, O'Gronsky.' Boy, how the O'Gronskys sweeten up in a hurry!"

Female lawyers, incidentally, are not uncommon in the course, and they sometimes exercise the female prerogative of tears. On one occasion a young lady was called on to demonstrate the proper method of proving the signature on a certain document. It was necessary for Goldstein to interrupt frequently, and sharply, because she repeated the same mistake.

Finally she reached for a handkerchief and sobbed, "You're simply horrid, Mr. Goldstein. I'm quitting!"

"I may lose a student," came the retort, "but if you don't learn this point now, someday you may lose a case!" The young lady dried her tears and went back to work.

For 10 months Goldstein leads the class through imaginary trials covering every phase of courtroom procedure from the subtleties of how to smile at the jury to the rigid technicalities of introducing evidence. At the conclusion the student has learned most of the tricks of the trade. And what is more, he has been conditioned to think on his feet.

A substantial percentage of all the lawyers in Chicago have taken Goldstein's course, and he has been invited to lecture at leading law schools throughout the country. (His full curriculum lasts three years and includes a wide range of subjects. The tuition charge for the course in Trial Technique is $100.)

Loss of Voice Changed His Career

His novel career as pedagogue and heckler had a strange beginning. As a matter of fact, it was launched by misfortune. In 1930, Goldstein, then a successful lawyer who had previously established an imposing record in the county attorney's office, was taken ill with a serious throat ailment. As he puts it, "When I lost my voice, I got an idea." The idea was to write a book on trial technique which would contain practical illustrations on how to handle any situation which might arise in a courtroom. Many volumes had been written on trial procedure, but they all emphasized *what* to do; Goldstein's happy thought was to outline not only what to do, but *how* to do it.

In the three years during which he was a semi-invalid, Goldstein ransacked the libraries, and his own experience, for illustrative material. Eventually a thick brown volume called Trial Technique came off the press. Health restored, and savings exhausted, he then encountered a second bit of misfortune, which turned out to be the proverbial blessing in disguise.

In need of employment, and with a family to support, he approached the dean of John Marshall law school—from which he himself has a diploma—and asked for a job as an instructor.

"What do you want to teach?" the dean asked.

"I have a new angle on how to teach trial technique."

"Nonsense," said the dean. "No one can teach that . . . it has to be learned!"

That ended the interview and began Goldstein's career as a teacher. For as he walked down La Salle Street from the dean's office, he met a lawyer friend.

"What are you doing these days, Irving?"

"I'm teaching a course in trial technique," Goldstein heard himself say. "Why don't you sign up?"

The friend was delighted and so were five other lawyers Goldstein happened to meet in the next few blocks. Within a week he had rented an office and the first sessions were under way. Word of the new venture made the legal rounds and before long, staid old practitioners and judges were dropping in to catch an earful of the novel procedure. Within a year, "Go see Goldstein" was the standard prescription for lawyers suffering from courtroom jitters.

Today, the fifty-three-year-old Goldstein numbers among his graduates, a cross section of all the lawyers in Chicago. And it's not uncommon for men to come in from other cities for his schooling-by-sarcasm. Frequently law offices foot the bill so that junior members can toughen up before they take to court. His book has gone through more than a dozen printings and is widely read in law libraries throughout the country.

Goldstein is understandably proud of this record, although there is one phase of the matter which he finds disconcerting at times.

In his own practice he frequently tries cases against lawyers who have taken his course . . . and they're tough competition. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB NATKIN

The vicar had the bemused expression of a man who had seen a vision. And the curious tale he told showed that he had

The Mimosa Blight

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

EARLY last June as I was driving up to Washington, I made a short detour to stay overnight with my old friend, Caro Graham, who lives in a pleasant, hilly part of southern Virginia. I didn't let her know I was coming and I hadn't seen her in a long time, but I was confident of my welcome. I found Caro just setting out to a cocktail party at the country club; she told me to slick myself up fast, put on a pair of white gloves, and come along. The road to the club ran through nice country. The gentle, unspectacular contours of the landscape were glossy and green, and everywhere—in low, grassy meadows and in rolling woodlands—there were masses of mimosa trees in full, feathery bloom.

I remarked upon those trees—I had never seen so many of them, gone wild like that—and Caro said she was passionately fond of mimosas and doubly so that season when their beauty was a kind of swan song. There was a new disease attacking them, she said, striking first at their roots in a mysterious way, and within a year or two, perhaps by next year, they would all be skeletons like the ghostly chestnut forests in the mountains. That melancholy prediction didn't chill my pleasure in the scenery and I'd have been content to idle away the whole afternoon, just looking at things we passed. However, we arrived, in due course, at the party, and there I heard a curious tale.

The tale was so very curious, so palpably improbable, that it wouldn't have impressed me as it did except for the quality of the man who told it. He was a little old gentleman in clericals, with an Oxford accent and a delicate build, who reminded me of one of the saintlier parsons in a Barchester chronicle. He had a pink, almost translucent complexion and white hair that curled up at the temples giving his general appearance an effect of thistledown lightness so that his small, elegant boots seemed merely paying their respects to the ground, not fixed there, willy-nilly, by the force of central gravity.

His eyes held a perfect tranquillity; not the limpid tranquillity of a child's eyes, but something that seemed reflected from the outer world, like a peaceful upland pasture mirrored on the surface of sky-blue valley water. He looked like a man who had seen a vision. And, as it presently turned out, he had.

The party was one of those milling affairs that give me, once my first impulse toward panic flight has subsided, a sense of anonymity. I had a Manhattan and a whirligig thing of pastry and fish paste and then, while Caro's back was turned, I drifted off into the crowd. Weaving my way between knots of jovial guests, I progressed the length of the big lounge room.

Now and then some friend of Caro's put out a hand to detain me, but never for long. Floating wisps of conversation didn't engage my interest. "Scratch a liberal," a florid, horsy-looking gentleman declared, "and you'll—" but I didn't tarry to learn what one would find. "Can't we ever be alone together?" a thin girl in a picture hat inquired plaintively of a man who was gazing over her head at another girl with a lot of meat on her bones and the air of wearing vine leaves in her hair.

Going out into the foyer, I saw a group of well-corseted matrons dropping coins in a slot machine. How refreshing my situation was, I thought. Like most family women, I am generally surrounded by people who have every right to my attention. Clean socks, they demand of me, home permanents, moral example, and omelets for breakfast; but here I was among two hundred souls brought together through no fault of mine. I was neither their mother nor their hostess, and whatever they might desire—love, money, or a Republican in the White House—I couldn't fairly be expected to provide it. I didn't owe them so much as a salted almond. In this flouncy frame of mind I stepped through the French doors that opened on the terrace.

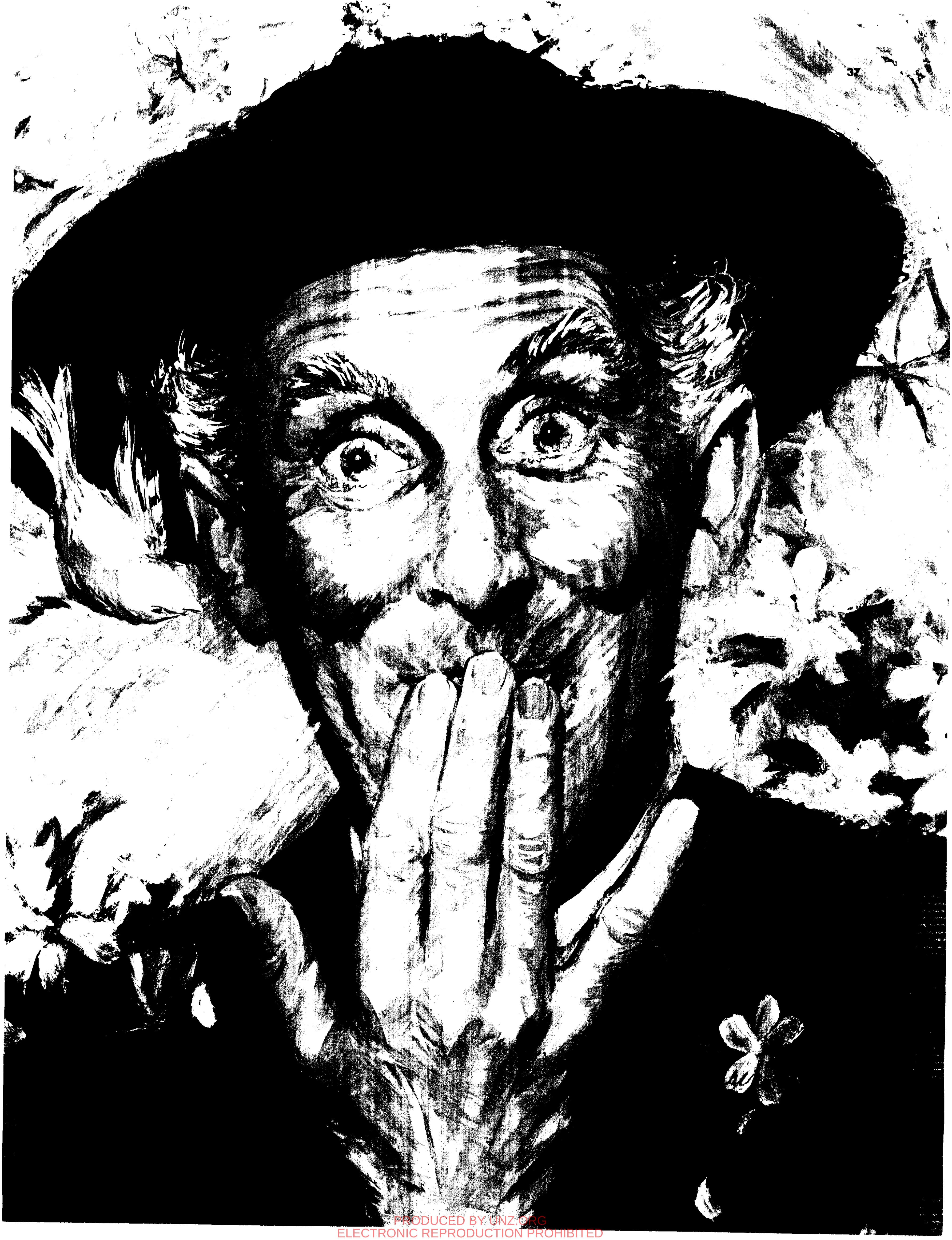
THE party hadn't reached the stage at which everyone would feel a sudden need for air; the terrace was all but deserted. There was only this one man—the clergyman—in sight. He was standing at the balustrade, rising rhythmically on his toes like a person doing breathing exercises. I was about to retreat, not wishing to intrude upon his calisthenics or his reveries, when he turned to me with a smile. We exchanged comments upon the weather and fell into conversation. He told me he was vicar in an English village with a name I didn't quite catch. It was something like Plumsby-over-Duff, but I thought it couldn't have been that.

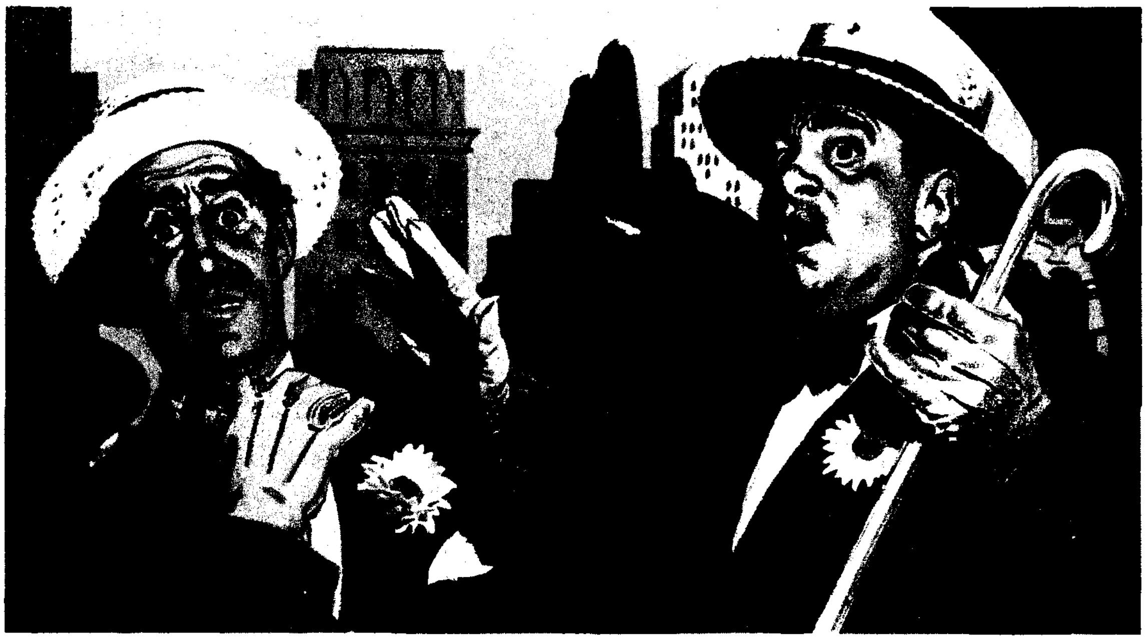
He said that he was "out here" in the States visiting his daughter who had married an American. His physician, he explained, had thought him rather knocked up by the war and the peace and had prescribed a change of scene. That was great nonsense of course—he was fitter than the doctor—but medical men were apt to be prigs at heart, seeking to reduce natural pleasures, like digestion and travel, to the low estate of therapeutics. The vicar chuckled to himself, drummed his long, ecclesiastical fingers on the stone railing, and seemed lost in contemplation of the view.

The view, on that clear afternoon, was charming. The clubhouse was built on a hillside overlooking a golf course, and from the terrace we saw a long stretch of fairway bordered along the rough with mimosas, like a hedgerow of rosy cumulus cloud.

"Jolly trees," the vicar said. "Natives of the tropics, I believe."

I said yes, I believed they *(Continued on page* 94)





ROBERT BUGG

His eyes were fixed on the audience and his mouth worked valiantly. But nothing came out

Big Moment

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

MY FATHER was a tremendous, if reluctant, advertising man back in the days when advertising was a tentative and mildly renegade art. He preferred to spend most of his time dreaming up jokes and vaudeville routines to satisfy his innate desire to become a comedian. But back in Boston, where we lived, they still talk about the ad campaigns my old man whipped up.

He worked for a chain of furniture stores, and I believe he was the first ad man who realized that a firm profitably can enjoy more than one birthday a year. He ran a birthday sale in February, an anniversary sale in March, a silver-wedding sale in June, a midsummer birthday sale in August and an anniversary sale in November. He ran a special three-day sale in which he urged all customers to stay away the first day, "so you don't get trampled to death," a technique that usually provided an extra three thousand customers the first day. He had a thing called a George Washington Sale, where the copy ran: *"We cannot tell a lie. We thought these brooms would sell at $1.49. They didn't. Somebody will get a bargain at 69¢."* And so forth. Tremendous.

But he wanted to be a comedian. He used to attend all of the vaudeville shows in Boston and memorize the routines. Then he would come home and practice on my mother and me in the dining room of our two-family house on Orkney Road. He used my Uncle Leon for a stooge.

My Uncle Leon did not particularly love vaudeville, but my father overwhelmed him. Uncle Leon wanted to be a saxophone player, and he owned a fine saxophone and about twenty pounds of sheet music. But he did not like to take lessons and practiced only rarely. The only thing he could play was Dardanella, in two sharps, slowly.

What happened was that my father and Uncle Leon would push the dining-room table against the wall and seat me and my mother in chairs on either side of the table. Then they would go out of the room through opposite doors.

At this point, it was my job to clap furiously, as for a preceding act, and then sing several notes of fanfare.

"And now," I would cry, "that bright new team of a hundred laughs—Harvey and Leon!"

Then I clapped some more while my father and Uncle Leon came racing through the doors from opposite sides, the way all the comedy teams ran out from the wings at Keith's.

My father would punch my Uncle Leon two times and cry, "Hello, Paleface!"

"Paleface?" Uncle Leon croaked.

"Yeah," my father told him. "You got a face like a pail!"

"Wasn't that funny?" my father would ask my mother, panting as he held on to Uncle Leon's vest.

"Scream," she would say.

"You got to give in to the humor of it," my father would say. "Here—" he turned and punched Uncle Leon two times—"how do you spell cat?"

"I don't know," Uncle Leon said in the unnaturally loud voice my father made him practice. "How do you spell cat?"

"Cat," my father said. "P-u-s-s-y. Kitten. Chicken," my father said. "H-e-n. Rooster."

My mother hid her face in her hands. Uncle Leon giggled. My father looked sharply at him and punched him again.

"Tell me something," he said. "Is that a face, or did you just block a punt?" He reached out and massaged Uncle Leon's lapels. "Nice suit you got here. Too bad they didn't have it in your size. Is this what the well-dressed man will throw away this year?"

"Lord shield us," my mother said.

There was also the topical joke, based upon current happenings. If there had been a political uprising in South America, my Uncle Leon would say, "I hear the people are revolting."

"I don't care if they're disgusting," my father would say.

That was how the routines went.

Sooner or later it had to get on the stage. Thursday nights at Keith's were amateur nights, and one day my father announced that Harvey and Leon were scheduled to go on that Thursday at Keith's, right behind a unicyclist. No audition. . . .

We all went, my mother and myself and my grandfather. My grandfather had never seen one of the practice routines at home, not so much because he disliked vaudeville as because he dreaded being home when Uncle Leon was home. One time he gave Uncle Leon a flat ultimatum: Either sell the saxophone or go live at the Y.

So we were in the audience at Keith's. The guy on the unicycle was pretty good. Once he skidded and nearly fell off, and went through a lot of business to make it look like it had been part of the act, but nobody laughed.

Then he went off and we all clapped, and the M.C. came hurtling out in his tuxedo. "And now," he cried, "that bright new team of a hundred laughs—Harvey and Leon!"

It was just like being in the dining room at home, except this time they wore identical brown suits. They came racing out, stopped in front of each other, and then took the three-quarters stance you take when you are talking to somebody on the stage and facing the audience at the same time.

My father punched my Uncle Leon three times and cried, "Hello, Paleface!"

Uncle Leon opened his mouth to cry, "Paleface?" in return. But nothing came out. His mouth was working valiantly, but his eyes were fixed on the audience in the winking darkness, and he was terrified.

My father socked Uncle Leon again. Desperately. "I said, *Hello, Paleface!*"

Nothing. My Uncle Leon looked like a petrified fish. The audience held its breath.

Then, all at once, I heard somebody begin to laugh. It was my grandfather. The laughs started slowly and then began building up. He bent over and shook. Somebody behind him took it up. The next thing, the whole joint was collapsing with mirth.

Up on the stage, my father had only a dim idea of what was happening. He kept socking my Uncle Leon.

Sock. "Hello, Paleface!" *Sock sock sock.* "Hello, Paleface!" *Sock.* "Hello, Paleface!" Every time it got funnier.

Finally, after three or four minutes of this, the orchestra leader caught my father's frantic eye. He struck two brassy chords, and my father took a deep bow. The audience clapped very hard. Uncle Leon still stood there. My father grabbed his hand and towed him off.

We met them at the stage door directly afterward. My Uncle Leon was rubbing his arm glassily, and my father looked ready to commit fratricide.

"I never laugh so much in my days," Grandfather said, and gave Uncle Leon a hug.

"Let's get out of here," my father said. "Where's a cab?"

Nobody said anything in the cab going home, until we were almost there. Then my father spoke, looking straight ahead.

"Leon, I will never forgive you for this. I don't want to talk to you any more. Between us, vaudeville is dead."

Uncle Leon bowed his head.

Ten minutes after we got home, the phone rang. My father answered, and when he hung up he looked more savage than ever. We were all in the room, but he talked to nobody in particular.

"It was the manager at Keith's," he said softly, looking at the ceiling. "We won third prize. Fifteen dollars. If we'd stayed to take a bow with the other acts, he thinks we would have won first prize." His eyes glazed over. "I'm going to bed."

THE next day he came home late from the office, with folded advertising proofs tucked under his arm. Usually he showed the proofs around, but this time he stuck them in the desk drawer.

"Here," he said, reaching in his pocket and turning to Uncle Leon. "I brought you something."

It was three new reeds for Uncle Leon's saxophone.

The ad was in the papers the following Monday. It was spread over a full page, but all it gave was the firm's name and the addresses of the different branch stores, like always. Then it said, in a big black heading:

"STAGEFRIGHT SALE."

Underneath, the copy ran:

"We were going to describe these articles in all the customary glowing terms. At the last minute, we forgot our lines. You'll have to come and see for yourself."

The rest of the page was just pictures of different pieces of furniture.

It was a good sale, one of the best Father ever had.

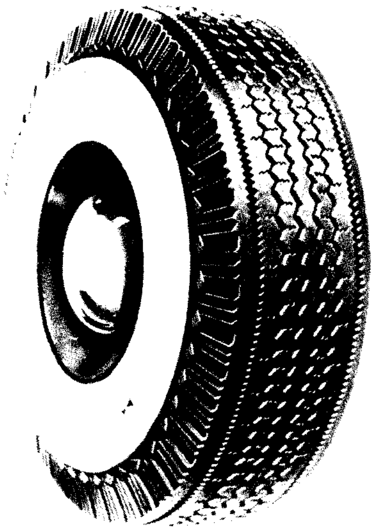
THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO BUY SOME LOW-PRESSURE TIRES. WHICH KIND SHOULD I GET?

WELL, CAR MAKERS TEST TIRES THEMSELVES—AND THEY USE MORE GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS THAN ANY OTHER KIND.

AND THE PUBLIC BUYS MORE GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS, TOO. THAT WAS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME!



Here's why leading car makers and the public prefer this great tire: It gives . . .

A SOFTER RIDE!
A SAFER RIDE!
FEWER CAR REPAIRS!
MORE MILEAGE!

Super-Cushion by

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

SUPER-CUSHION T.M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO only the

Van Heusen CENTURY shirt

has the patented soft collar that

won't wrinkle ever!

Secret behind Van Heusen Century! It's woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay . . . can't be ironed wrong.

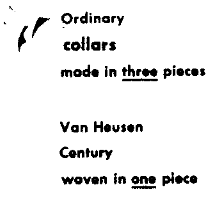
Two collar models, single or French cuffs.

Regular collar: Van Heusen Century 100, **$3.95** Van Heusen Century 400, **$4.95**

Wide-spread: Van Heusen Century 200, **$3.95** Van Heusen Century 500, **$4.95**

Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar of new Van Heusen Century keeps neat and smart round the clock . . . without starch . . . or stays.

Laundering won't hurt it! Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more comfort . . . more wear.


Ordinary collars made in three pieces
Van Heusen Century woven in one piece

Patented one-piece collar! Has no lining—just can't wrinkle. Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling always gives a neat look.

Van Heusen REG. T. M.

CENTURY shirts

A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! $3.95 and $4.95

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y., Makers of Van Heusen Shirts•Sport Shirts•Ties•Pajamas•Collars

Not Heavy Enough

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

is a man's job. Next, I located the City Health Commissioner at a certain roadhouse and made a fourth in a quartet he was organizing. I got him home at five this morning, and kept him from waking his wife up."

"What did you want with him?"

"Watch this plot unfold, Helen honey. Stanley Dairies can't cut prices and keep quality up, so they're bound to reduce their butterfat content, I learn from Doc. I asked the commissioner to watch it. Ten per cent minimum is law in this state."

"Unfold better than that, Dick. The commissioner will merely warn them, and by the time real action is taken Stanley will have all our dealers, and—"

"He won't warn Stanley if I can help it. I think I can count on him to be grateful to me for last night. I've sworn Doc to silence, too."

"But, Dick, *why?* Are you running a temperature?"

"No, merely converted—by you—from playboy to thinker." He closed his eyes.

THAT afternoon, Dick called on one of Garch's dealers who had just quit Buttercup. With his hat on the back of his head, like a salesman, he calmly watched the soda boy's motions until the boy discovered him.

"I'm from Buttercup," Dick said.

"Poor little Buttercup!" sang the boy, pouring liquid from one glass into another, two feet lower. "We just quit you, and am I glad! Price main-tain-ance! Qua-a-a-lity! Highest stannards! Gen-u-wine flaviss! Pfui on you people. Stanley Dairies has got anyways enough sense to let a dealer make a profit."

"Where's the boss?"

"Down at Stanley Dairies, ordering new signs we get for free."

"For free, huh? The more they give away, the sooner they'll go broke. Well, I was just curious. So long." Dick went out. He called on other dealers and got the same reception.

Back in his office, he found dozens of telephone messages marked "Urgent," all from his old customers in the territory Garch now had. He picked them up and started for Garch's office. Helen Widener stood in his doorway.

"Dick, I'm worried about those messages. Even your old dealers are beginning to weaken."

He brushed by her. "One second, honey, I'll be back." He put the messages on Garch's desk and returned.

"You aren't answering those calls?" Helen asked.

"No, they belong to Garch."

"But, Dick, you'll *have* to help him. Those dealers are your friends."

"I ought to help him just to keep him drugged, but I'd rather help Buttercup. 'Plan and scheme,' you said. 'Merely kidding a dealer—' "

"Dick, quit clowning. What are you going to *do?*"

"Give Stanley Dairies a trimming, become sales manager, get a raise, marry you, build a little house, raise a family, build a bigger house—"

"No," she interrupted, "it goes this way: Kid around, pretend you're a manager, lose your chances, get demoted, lose your job—oh, my!" In exasperation, she left him. . . .

Jumpy, troubled days went by. Buttercup lost dealers by the dozen. The straining salesmen were hurt and amazed when Dick offered no constructive ideas other than to relax and let Papa fix. These men, who would have voted him sales manager by acclaim, were beginning to wonder if Garch, after all, were not the man for the job. And the route men, who would have preferred Dick, now turned sullen eyes toward him, resenting his inactivity. Garch, who saw Browder often, was blithe. Dick's visits with the president were few and brief. Helen's attitude was icy.

Doc Smith, checking Stanley Dairies' butterfat content daily, reported a drop to ten per cent, then to eight. Finally he called Dick on the telephone and sputtered, "Dick, listen. Stanley ice cream is below eight per cent! We can't keep quiet any longer while we go on losing dealers. I've told Browder, and he's calling the Health Commissioner."

"Lucky that hole is plugged," Dick muttered. "Doc, the time has come. I'm off."

"Off? Where to?"

"Spend a few days in the country. You'll hear from me." He hung up, turned, and saw Helen standing there.

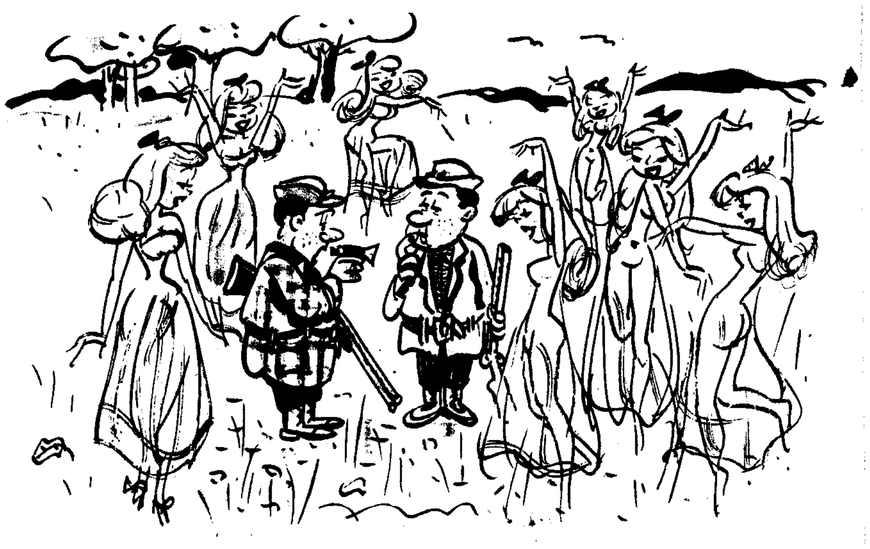
"Dick, you imbecile!" Helen said. "I heard that. When Buttercup is in this shape, for you to run off to the country—I can't figure you out, and neither can Mr. Browder. You haven't done one thing to help fight Stanley. Whatever can you be thinking about?"

"Giving Stanley a trimming, becoming sales manager, getting a raise—" But he was alone.

DICK CHASE drove sixty miles upstate to the town of Grant (pop. 355), headquarters of the Dairy Farmers' League. He found his way to the league president's farmhouse with its group of enormous barns. Not a person was in sight.

I'd at least have expected to find someone raking something, Dick thought, or a pretty girl in a hammock.

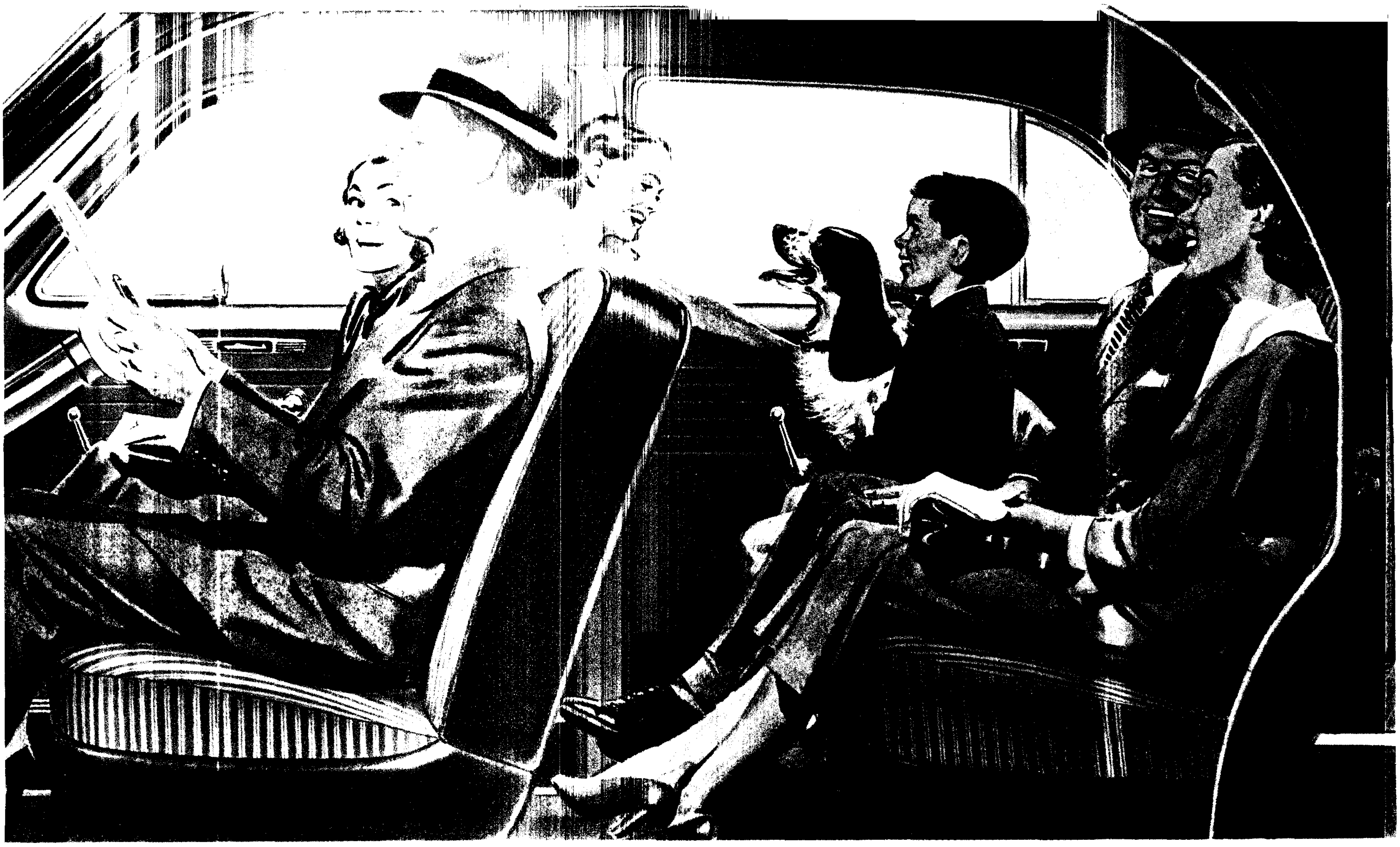
He knocked; a heavy tread sounded; the door opened: and a massive red-necked man stood before Dick and said, "Well?"



COLLIER'S

"All I know is it came in a box marked 'moose call' "

REAMER KELLER

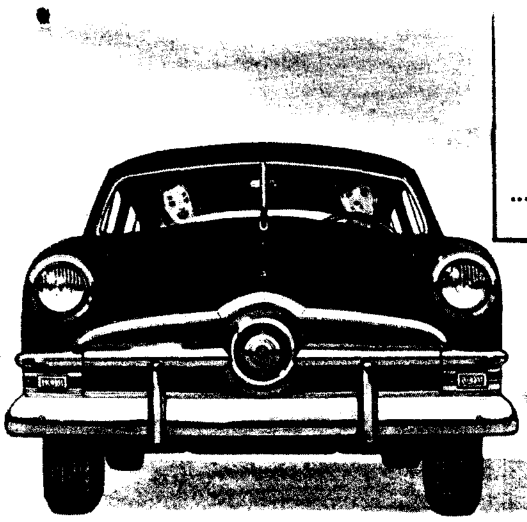


[illegible] LASS"
[illegible] EXTRA FARE"
in the big FORD

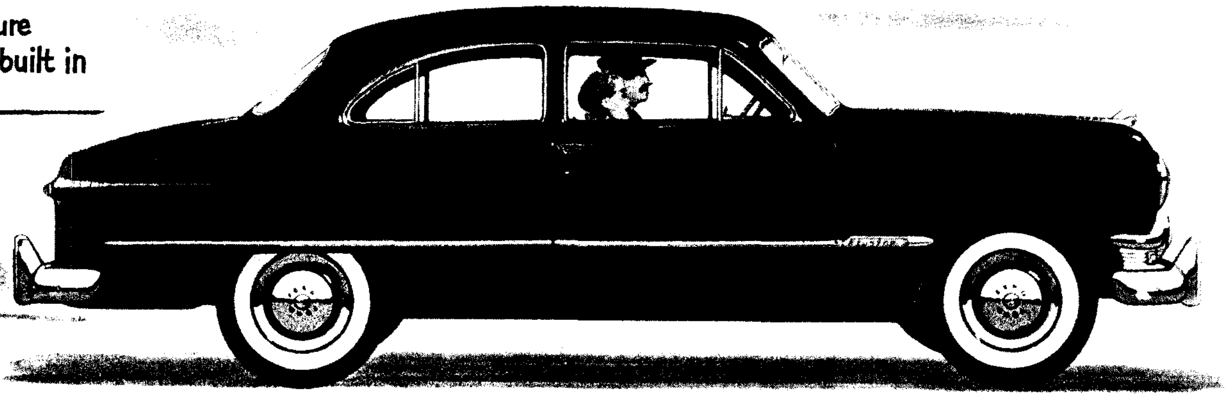
Your comfort is "First Class" with Ford's famous "Mid Ship" Ride—cradled between the wheels in the all-steel "Lifeguard" Body! It's a soft ride, a level ride—no jounce, no pitch, no roll! And there is more hip-and-shoulder room on Ford's Sofa-Wide seats than in many cars with upper bracket price tags.

You get "Extra Fare" power from Ford's "whisper-quiet" V-8 and you actually pay hundreds less than others charge for a six! And because of unique "Power Dome" combustion, you get high-compression performance on regular gas!

Ford gives you "Fashion Car" Styling! From the sweep of its lines and the soundness of its coachwork . . . to the last smart detail of its "jewel box" interior . . . it's America's best-dressed car!



There's a
Ford
in your future
...with a future built in



"Test Drive" the big new Ford! Discover the thrill of driving the one *fine* car in the low-price field! You'll see, hear and feel the difference!

NEW FACTS FROM DU PONT HELP YOU

SAVE MONEY ON ANTI-FREEZE

Instead of using expensive anti-freeze, most motorists can get complete winter protection from $1.25-a-gallon "ZERONE"

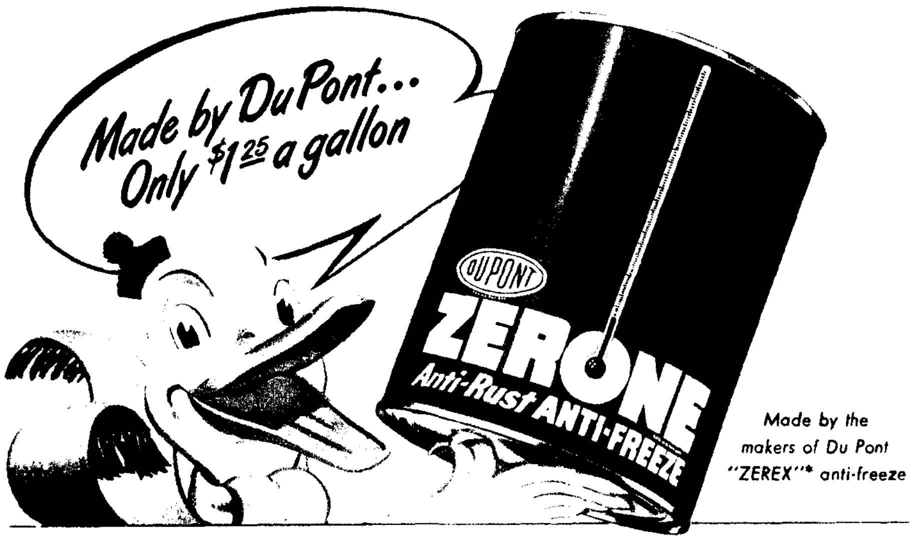
This may surprise you—but here's what exhaustive winter road and laboratory tests made by Du Pont now prove about anti-freeze performance.

Du Pont "Zerone"*—at only $1.25 per gallon—will provide efficient, proper protection against cold weather, rust and corrosion for four out of five cars on the road today. These are the cars with low-opening thermostats, operating at normal altitudes, and requiring protection no lower than -30°F.

If you've been overspending on anti-freeze in the past, you can save money with Du Pont "Zerone."

- With "Zerone," there is no evaporation problem—it needs only an occasional check-up.
- You buy less—3 quarts of "Zerone" do the work of 4 quarts of most other kinds of anti-freeze.
- "Zerone" has a *chemical* rust-inhibitor that helps keep a clean cooling system clean and won't attack rubber. Because it stays in solution, it can't clog the cooling system.

This winter, save good money on anti-freeze. Ask your service station attendant if you, too, can use inexpensive Du Pont "Zerone" in your cooling system. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Made by the makers of Du Pont "ZEREX"* anti-freeze

More motorists use Du Pont "Zerone" anti-freeze than any other brand

Cooling System Specialists
LET US CARE FOR YOUR CAR

The dealer who displays this emblem offers you a special winter service. Make an early date with him for anti-freeze and for a thorough cooling system check-up — before the anti-freeze rush jams his driveway.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Listen to "Cavalcade of America," Tuesday Nights, NBC Coast to Coast

"I'm from Buttercup Dairies," Dick said.

"Buttercup can't do business with us," Sam Purdy said.

"As a matter of fact, we don't want to."

"You don't? Why?"

"Because we get quality cream from Wisconsin at less than your price."

"Buttercup," Purdy said bitterly, "wouldn't give its own neighbors, the local dairy farmers, a fair price. They preferred to go seven hundred miles away to Wisconsin."

"That isn't true, and you know it."

"You're pretty rude," Purdy said.

"A shade less rude than you are."

Purdy's face got red. "I might be pleasanter if I knew why you're here."

"Merely stopped on the way through. Of course you know Stanley Dairies has recently taken several hundred thousand gallons of ice-cream business from us."

"I hadn't heard." Purdy looked pleased, then suddenly puzzled.

"You must have guessed something was happening, from their greatly increased cream orders," Dick said.

"But their orders haven't increased," Sam Purdy said. The toe of his big boot began to jerk sideways as he considered the implications.

"Buttercup would never cheapen its product and deprive the farmers of their rightful market for cream," Dick said virtuously. Then he hazarded, "Especially while using money they should be paying the Dairy League, to finance a cutthroat sales campaign. Well, I'll be going."

"Wait," Purdy said. "Don't—don't go. We're having a league meeting tonight. Why not stay over and meet some of the farmers? Long time since they've seen a Buttercup man."

THAT evening Dick sat with a group of farmers in the league warehouse, where the air was pungent from bags of oats and corn and bales of hay, and the voices of the men sounded quiet and restful. Purdy rose and made a serious talk, telling the men his reactions to what Dick had implied. "Mr. Chase," he added, "hasn't accused Stanley Dairies. But I do. I checked with Mr. Stanley by telephone this afternoon. He evaded my direct questions about lowering their quality and buying less cream and then, when I asked him about his overdue payments, he got downright abusive. I don't like it. At the first chance for us to get cream sales up, he cuts quality and leaves us with surplus cream which we have to sell for butter on a low market."

He turned to Dick. "Mr. Chase, what would Buttercup pay for cream if the league decided to sell to them?"

"What we pay Wisconsin, plus freight from Wisconsin," Dick said.

Purdy figured. "That would still be less than Stanley pays."

"Right. But you'd get your money and wouldn't have to churn butter in a bad market." Dick waited. He could feel the probing, appraising glances of the men.

Finally, Purdy asked quietly, "When could you start taking our cream?"

"Tomorrow morning." Dick could feel a light dew gathering on his forehead. Well, he'd chosen to represent Buttercup.

"By Golly!" the man closest to Dick said. "This man isn't kidding. Stanley's broken its contract by not paying us. What's holding us back?"

After more discussion, a vote was taken, and Dick found that he had obligated Buttercup to take cream which, added to the Wisconsin supply, was twice its needs. . . .

Dick woke up early in the morning. Farmer Purdy, explaining that his wife and beautiful daughter were visiting in Manitoba, prepared breakfast, and Dick left soon after. On the road back, he passed the long line of vans of Blarney's Circus, heading toward Westron. The circus was good for two thousand gallons of ice cream in hot weather—a circumstance which fitted Dick's plans rather well. He spotted the manager's car and waved him to the roadside. A little later he took the manager's order for two thousand gallons—of Stanley Dairies' ice cream.

Dick arrived at his office at ten o'clock and was instantly summoned into Browder's office. Doc Smith was there, looking put upon. Helen Widener was there, pretending to be coolly searching in Mr. Browder's personal file, but looking frightened. Garch lounged comfortably in a chair, looking every inch the winner.

Browder went into action. "Chase, during a critical point in Buttercup's career, you've been away from your sales job."

"Yes."

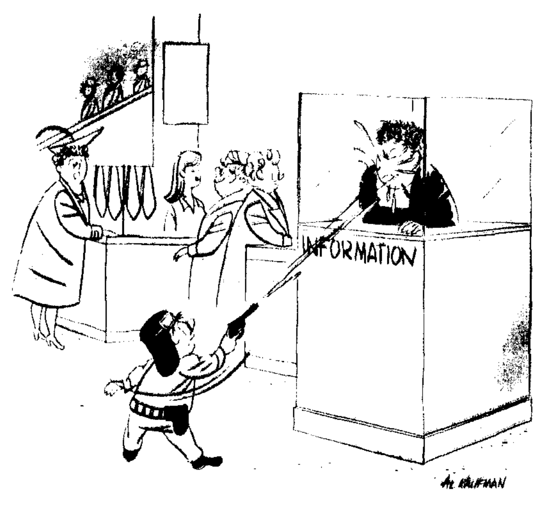
"You've been talking with the Dairy League, without authority."

"Yes."

"And I hear you've obligated us to take the league's total supply of cream."

"That's true."

Doc Smith took out a handkerchief, as though he were going to cry. A sound of regret came from Helen's throat. Garch looked smug.



"You know too much!"
COLLIER'S AL KAUFMAN

"Then we're broke," said Browder. "You're fired."

"Effective when?" asked Dick.

"Effective now," Browder said. "I'm sorry. You were a good salesman."

Dick left the room and was surprised when Helen followed him into his office.

"Dick," she said, "Dick, why did you do it? Wait—where are you going?"

"To see Stanley Dairies."

"No, Dick. Those people are not for you. I was really hoping—" Her eyes closed and she leaned against the wall. "Dick, I have to say something. Don't hurry off until I say it. It's this. I really *did* like you better the old way. What does it matter whether you become sales manager? You were happy, and I—it seemed to me that you and I were—"

"Of course, Helen." When he kissed her she offered about the same resistance as a hungry child accepting a lollipop. Helen, who couldn't abide him on his way to success, loved him now that she thought he was licked!

Walking on air, he went to the Board of Health. The commissioner, agonized over calls he'd been getting from Browder, wanted to publish his findings on Stanley's quality. But Dick reminded him of their evening in the roadhouse and enforced secrecy for another day. He went to Westron's daily paper, the Townsman, and gave the advertising manager copy for an ad to be released on subsequent notice. He gave the city editor, who was a friend of his, a pithy news release to be run only when Dick gave the word.

Dick went to Stanley Dairies, parked his car in the delivery area, and went into the shipping office. He told the shipping

PLAY SAFE

Who gets the black eye? The unprotected player.

Which engine takes a costly beating? The engine without an efficient oil filter.

Play safe! "Dirt-Proof" your engine oil with an AC Oil Filter or Element.

Dirty oil clogs piston rings and valves—wastes fuel and oil—wears out moving parts.

And dirt gets in your oil every mile you drive—so you can't *keep* it out by merely changing oil.

You can get "Dirt-Proof" protection from any AC dealer who displays the picture below—a better AC Element for your present filter—an efficient AC Oil Filter if you have none.

See him today—and "Dirt-Proof" your engine oil.

Dirt-Proof

YOUR ENGINE OIL

AC OIL FILTERS

AC SPARK PLUGS

AC FUEL PUMPS

preferred on millions of vehicles

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Don't hurry—
the toast will "keep"!

GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC TOASTER

See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's.

New Streamlined General Electric Automatic Toaster pops up toast, or keeps it down till you're ready for it!

Toast—*when* you want it!

Now—without any "timing" on your part you can have your eggs and toast ready at the same time! With the new General Electric Toaster, you can keep toast ready and waiting *inside!* For the prompt members of the family, just set it to pop up toast for immediate use.

Toast—as you like it!

This General Electric Toaster toasts every slice to taste—light, medium or dark. Just set the control, it won't matter if you toast one slice or twenty. You get every slice exactly the way you want it.

So quick to clean!

This new, slimmer, streamlined General Electric has a Snap-in Crumb Tray for quick, easy cleaning. It won't take you a minute to snap it out, clean it, and snap it in again.

"Toast to Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

clerk that Blarney's Circus would arrive that night and he wanted to buy two thousand gallons of ice cream.

"Cert'n'y. How ziz merchandise gonna be paid for?" asked the clerk.

"Spot cash." Dick took out his checkbook.

"Getcha the price." The clerk used the telephone, then said, "Make your check for two thousand six hunnert dollus. Two thousand gallons cleans us out but new cream is coming in tomorra from upstate and we'll have a fresh run. Business been rushy lately."

The deal left $11.09 in Dick's bank account. He listened to the clerk's radio while the huge refrigerated truck was loading. Then he had the truck padlocked and pocketed the key. He directed that the truck be sent to the circus grounds and left. He got the clerk's signature to a receipt giving him, Dick Chase, legal title to that particular ice cream. Then he went home and took a bath, and telephoned Helen.

"Helen, this is Dick. I love you. How about going—"

"Don't you ever speak to me again!"

"But I thought—why, only today you and I—I thought—"

"You thought! But you didn't think you'd be found out. One of our men visited Blarney's Circus and found that Dick Chase had sold them Stanley ice cream—and you working for Buttercup! You're repulsive!" She hung up.

With a heavy step he went to bed and, near morning, dropped off to sleep. Up early, he telephoned Doc Smith, from whose cold, monosyllabic answers he learned that the first shipment of the league's cream had arrived. "We hope to be able to cancel the Wisconsin order before we lose our shirts," Doc said cuttingly.

"Doc, please don't cancel yet. Wait a little, Doc. You'll hear from me."

"I most sincerely hope not."

THEN Dick went to Stanley Dairies. This time he entered the front door and was immediately shown in to the president's office. Mr. Stanley had a long nose, a filmy eye, a pale neck, and pink cheeks.

"Buttercup's demon salesman," he said.

"Yes," Dick said.

"You're looking for a job."

"No."

"Then what are you here for?"

"To offer Buttercup's terms. Here's a carbon copy of a news release now in the hands of the Townsman, based on a report to be released by the Board of Health. Here's copy for an ad claiming Buttercup is the only ice cream now being made commercially in Westron, your product being legally classed as frozen custard. To prevent publication of this material, our terms are—"

"Not impressed," Stanley cut in. "Not interested in your terms. We'll deny your stories. When the board acts we'll maybe pay a little fine, but we'll have most of your business. Get the hell out of here."

"But there's more. I'd advise—"

"Get *out!*"

Dick left, his buoyancy vanishing and his newly cultivated administrative genius wilting. He dragged himself to Buttercup's plant and stood, unbuoyantly, in the doorway of Helen's office.

"Just came by for my watch, my lighter, my—"

Helen looked up. "Well!" she said. "Mr. Stanley of Stanley Dairies has been burning the telephone wires for you. Apparently you were there just long enough to wreck their business too. Mr. Browder wants to see you." She motioned him in with a jerk of her beautiful head. Dick found Browder talking on the telephone.

"Hold on," Browder said into the telephone. "Here he is now."

His eyes like red lights, Browder covered the telephone and said to Dick, "Stanley on the wire, says you just spent a few minutes with him. How you could get him that mad, when you don't even work there, is beyond me. He just found out you undermined him with the league and stole his cream supply and then, knowing he couldn't make any more ice cream, you hijacked every remaining gallon out of his hardening rooms, and his dealers are howling for service. He's going to sue you and Buttercup for everything this side of the Rockies. Here, take the telephone, but keep us out of it."

DICK listened until Stanley's roar diminished, then said, "Mr. Stanley, you voided your own contract with the league by not paying them. You can't sue Buttercup for that. As for the ice cream I bought today, I told your clerk that Blarney's Circus was in town, thinking he'd like to see it. I didn't pose as an agent. The receipt will show the ice cream is mine, personally."

He listened as Stanley's roar lost more volume, and said, "Let's settle this now. Buttercup wants you to withdraw service from every dealer you've taken in the last three weeks, and to quit price cutting. In return we'll sell you our Wisconsin cream at cost plus a—uh—small handling charge, and extend you thirty days' credit. I'll sell back the so-called circus ice cream for your immediate dealer needs and Buttercup will supply the circus. Right?" Dick listened, then grinned happily. "Okay, Mr. Stanley. And I think I can help you if the Board of Health should act, provided you get your butterfat content up to par immediately." After running over a few more details, he hung up and sat back.

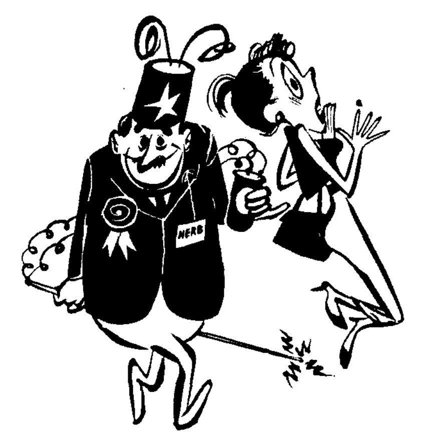
Browder's eyes had cleared and he was seeing Dick in sharper focus. Thickly, he said, "You aren't a lightweight and you aren't fired."

"Thanks. Is there any more?"

"Yes." The boss produced a cigarette and a pencil with lighter attached. "Clever little gadget," he mused. "Found it on Helen's desk—don't know who it belongs to. You are appointed Buttercup's new sales and advertising manager, with commensurate salary." He clicked the lighter. "And now, will you please go outside and patch things up with Helen, so she won't cry all over her shorthand pad when I try to get a few letters dictated?"

Dick went out. Helen looked up mistily and said, "I couldn't help hearing everything. I—why—oh—"

"Crying on shorthand pads," he said, and held out his arms. She gave one look toward Browder's office, then came straight into them. THE END

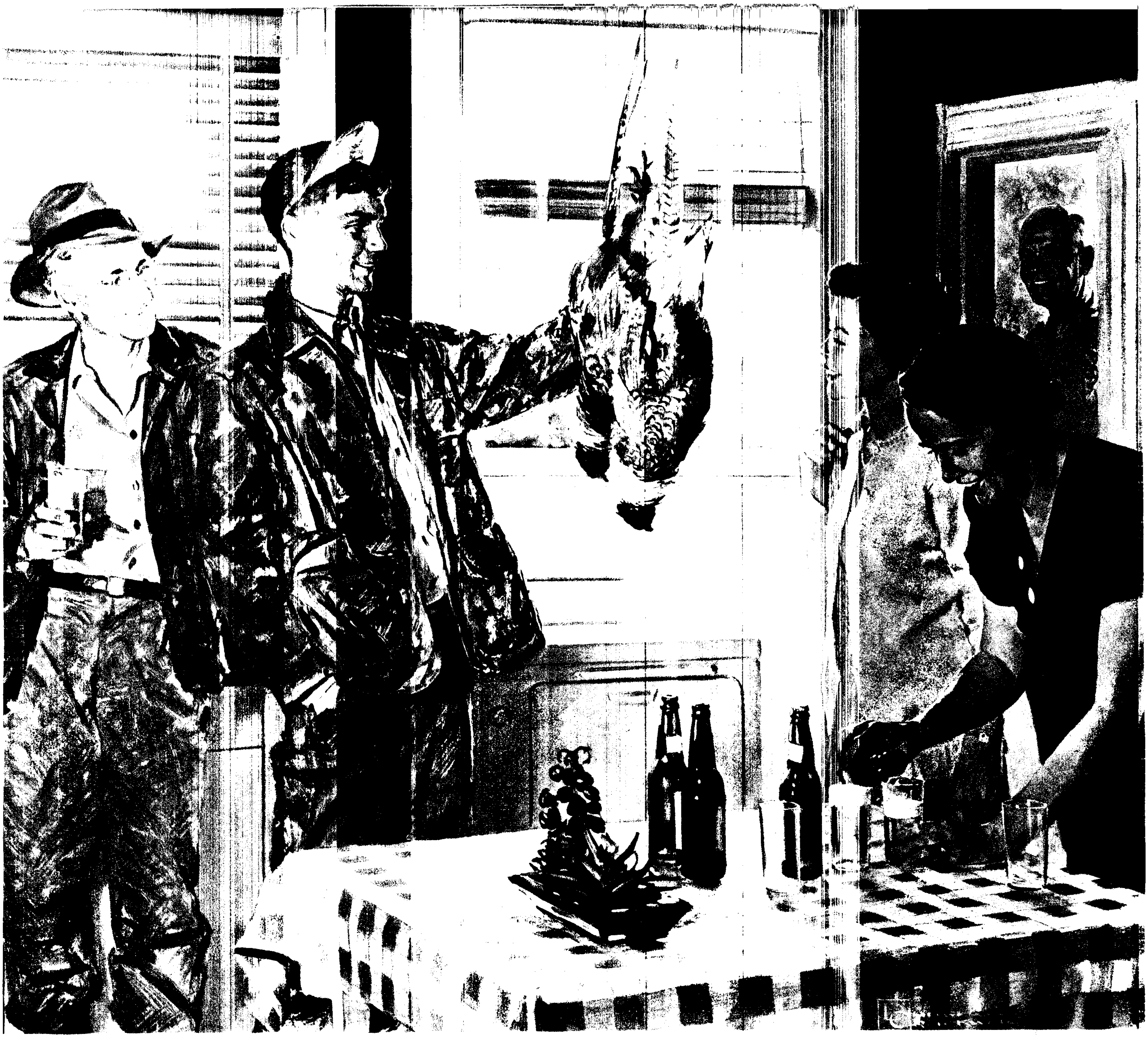


HARRY A. DEVLIN

Not So Delegate

When delegates are on a spree,
Perhaps it's unintentional,
But their behavior seems to be
A trifle unconventional.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"Home from Hunting," by Douglass Crockwell, Number 48 in the series "Home Life in America."

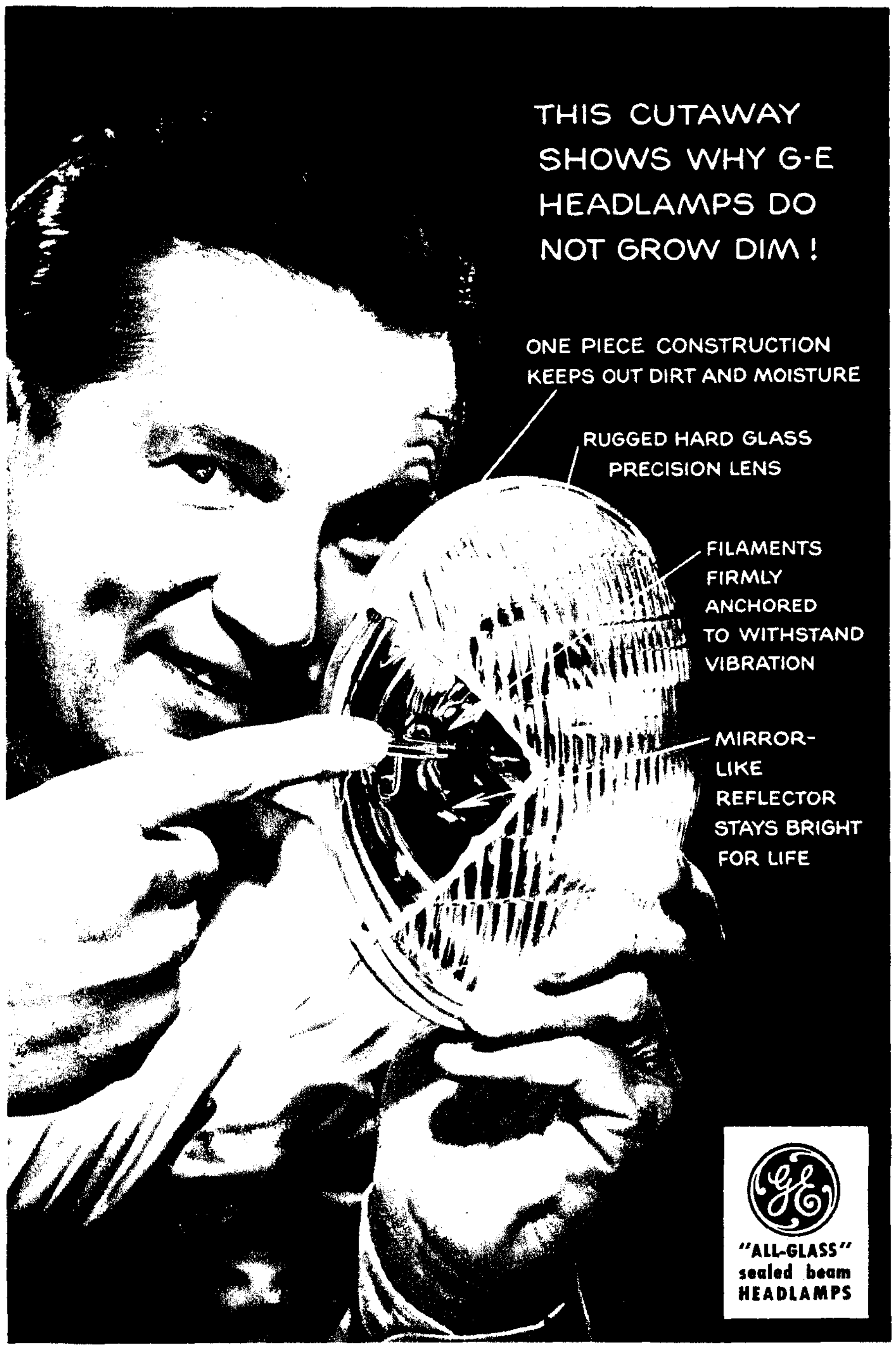
Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

The "ALL-GLASS" headlamp gives most light when new . . . most light throughout life


THIS CUTAWAY SHOWS WHY G-E HEADLAMPS DO NOT GROW DIM!
ONE PIECE CONSTRUCTION KEEPS OUT DIRT AND MOISTURE
RUGGED HARD GLASS PRECISION LENS
FILAMENTS FIRMLY ANCHORED TO WITHSTAND VIBRATION
MIRROR-LIKE REFLECTOR STAYS BRIGHT FOR LIFE
"ALL-GLASS" sealed beam HEADLAMPS

General Electric headlamps are ALL-GLASS ...they do not grow dim!

Road and laboratory tests show that the average General Electric "All-Glass" headlamp gives 99% of original light output, even at the end of lamp life. Whatever lamps you need, be sure to insist on General Electric.

Get set for winter driving . . . HAVE YOUR LIGHTS CHECKED NOW!

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Afternoon in Deer Meadow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

and that to study his work as it progressed.

They watched him until he plunged the iron into the cooling tub; at the unfamiliar hiss and spew of steam, Teaberry bolted—soared down the road with that astonishing movement of a low-flying crow—and when Tucker reached her again she was waiting for him in front of Mr. Lange's store.

They went up the steps and across the porch and opened the screen door. The store-odor was magnificent. The floor had been oiled a couple of weeks previously and traces of the oil odor remained. But there must have been fifty other odors, individual and blended—coffee, tobacco, leather, binder twine, liniment, cough sirup, and even the mail in the post office.

THE clerk, Joe Gaines, was behind the counter. He was a big man with curly black hair and solemn, tender eyes that blinked a great deal.

Tucker and Teaberry edged up to the counter. Joe was leaning back against the shelves, smoking a cigarette and perspiring, one foot propped against the counter and a pencil stuck behind his right ear. He removed his foot and leaned over the counter.

"All right, children," he said, "you all want somethin'?"

"Some pop, I guess," Tucker said.

"Where's the money comin' from?"

"Teaberry here's got it."

Joe looked at Teaberry. "You got money enough to get pop with, Teaberry?"

"Yassuh."

"You lemme see it. How much you got?"

"Ah got plenty."

"Lemme see it. Open up your hand. You got as much as ten cents?"

"Yassuh."

"You not goin' to fool me now? You not goin' to get the pop and then open up your hand and not have anything in it?"

"Nossuh."

"All right," Joe said. "What kind of pop you want?"

"Strawberry," Tucker said. "You want strawberry too, Teaberry?"

"That'll do all right," she said.

Joe made his way over to the soft-drink box at the end of the counter. His feet were always sore from corns and bunions, and he had developed a peculiar dainty way of walking, like a woman. He fished around until he found two bottles of strawberry and brought them out dripping and wiped them off and opened them and brought them back and handed one to each of them. "All right now, Teaberry," he said, "how about the money?"

Tucker drained his bottle of pop almost immediately. Teaberry dawdled with hers, the neck of the bottle far in her mouth, her round eyes on Joe.

"How about that money, Teaberry?"

The bottle came out of her mouth. "Ah wants somethin' else too," she said.

"What else you want?" Joe said.

Teaberry was looking around the shelves. "Some of that yaller stuff," she said.

"What yellow stuff?" Joe asked her.

"Ah fergits what yuh calls it."

"You know what she's talkin' about, Tucker?" Joe asked.

"No, sir," Tucker said. "What d'ya want, Teaberry?"

"Ah can't call to mind the name of it," she said.

"Candy?" Joe asked.

"Nossuh, not exactly candy. Tastes kinda like candy."

"You got me," Joe said.

"Mastard!" she said suddenly.

Joe scratched his curly, moist hair. "What's she want?" he asked Tucker.

"You want mustard, Teaberry?" Tucker asked her.

"Thass it," she said. The bottle went back into her mouth.

"Your mammy want a jar of mustard?" Joe asked. "Is that what you want?"

She nodded gravely, the bottle bobbing up and down before her face.

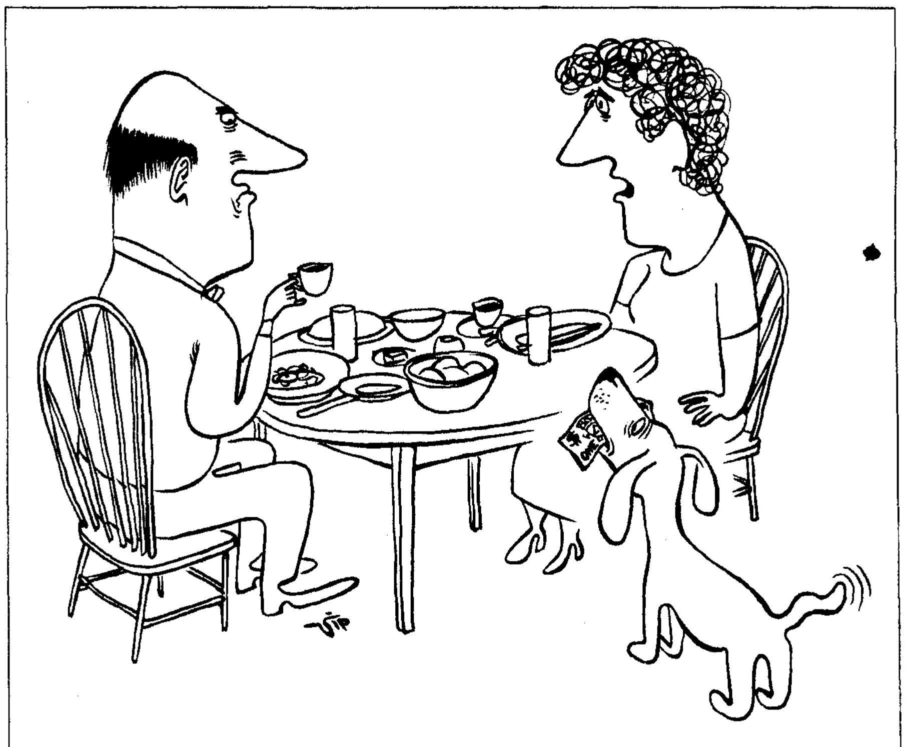
"I expect you better lemme see that money," Joe said. "You open up your hand a little ways and lemme peek at it."

She took the bottle from her mouth. "Ah wants mah goods first," she said righteously.

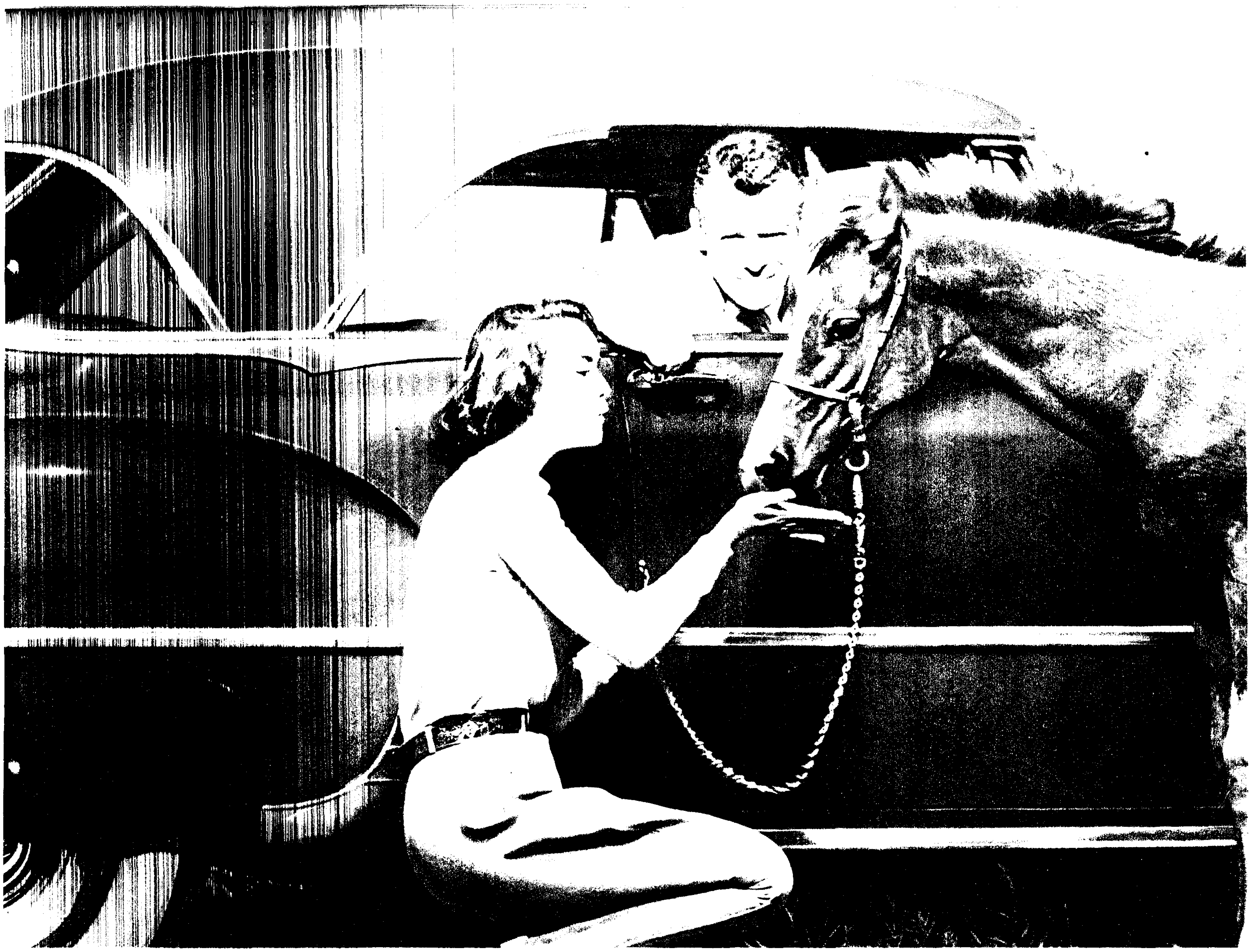
"All right now," Joe said, "I'm goin' to give it to you and if you haven't got twenty cents altogether the badman'll get you."

He turned and reached a jar of mustard from the shelf and shoved it toward her. Promptly, Teaberry laid the clenched hand up on the counter and very slowly brought it open. There was in it—not a coin but, tightly wadded, an astonishing—an impossible piece of currency. At the same time her hand shot out and snatched the jar of mustard.

"What's comin' off here?" Joe said. He flattened the bill out and then took it up in his hands and examined it. Then he leaned over the counter. "What'd you fool me



COLLIER'S "He's not begging. He'll pay for what he gets" VIRGIL PARTCH



Proud Addition to a Thorobred Line

It didn't take long for the swift-lined body type pictured here to win the hearts of those with a touch of sporting blood in their veins.

So new was it, such a happy combination of convertible sleekness and closed-car snugness, that almost overnight it swept into top favor as the smartest of all Body by Fisher creations.

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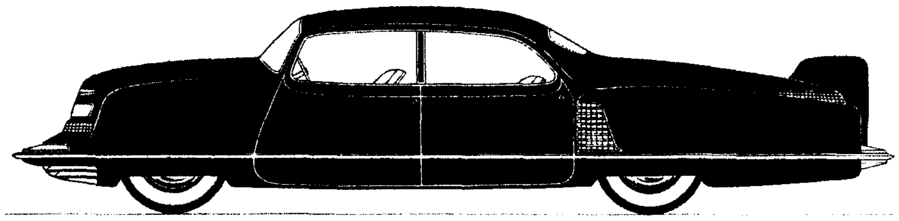

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like that for?" he said with terrible severity. "I don't know what I'm goin' to have to do to you." He turned and sang out toward the back of the store, "Walter! Call up the sheriff!"

"Hah?" Mr. Lange said idly. Mr. Lange sat behind the back counter, playing solitaire with a worn pack of cards on a board on his lap. He played solitaire all during business hours except to sort the mail and answer the party line when it rang.

"Tell him to come out here," Joe said, "and get this little girl for goin' around passin' thousand-dollar Confederate bills!"

Teaberry held onto the jar of mustard with one hand and with the other kept the nearly finished bottle of pop shoved far back into her mouth. The pink contents flowed and gurgled. She did not take her solemn eyes off Joe.

"What'm I goin' to do with you?" Joe said, leaning down and looking close into her face.

Teaberry kept on drinking, no expression crossing her face even after she had finished and handed the empty bottle to Joe—and he leaning and looking directly at her with that terrible severity broken only now and then by a peculiar welling sputter and the rapid blinking of his eyes.

In his bureau drawer at home Tucker had, in a package, fifty-eight thousand dollars of the Confederate money which had once belonged to Grandfather McCantland. He remembered having given her the bill last Christmas when it occurred to him that she had only one dress and so few other things.

"Come on, Teaberry!" he said on sudden inspiration. "Let's go play."

Teaberry kept looking steadily at Joe. "Ah ain't movin' nowheres," she said slowly, "till thishere man gives me mah change."

EVERYONE in the whole world knew, of course, that the simplest short cut to riches was through saving the tin foil found in discarded cigarette packages in front of, behind and under Mr. Lange's store. Tucker was exploring the region bounded by creek bank, woodshed, sawdust pile and rear of store. Teaberry dogged along after him; the mustard jar was open now and her finger was dipping into it systematically, stirring, lading itself and then coming out yellow and entering the lips.

He was searching through the litter of cartons, boxes, cans and other debris at the foot of the sawdust pile when Mr. Lange's youngest son, Hoy, came around the corner of the woodshed from the direction of the creek, carrying an alder fishing pole. He was a sharp, slightly contemptuous boy, so tall and lean at the age of nine that he did not look like a member of his own family. He had a peculiar reckless self-possession about him; sometimes he was taciturn and then at other times he would shout in hoarse familiarity at men with teams, and even women in buggies, passing by.

"Catch anything?" Tucker asked him.

"Nah," Hoy said disgustedly. "Nothin' down there but tadpoles and a coupla chubs. Whatcha diggin' around in that trash for?"

"Lookin' for tin foil," Tucker told him.

"Whatcha want that stuff for?"

"Get fifty pounds of it and send it to a man in Richmond and he'll send you a lot of money for it."

"Ah puht!" Hoy said. "That stuff's worth about two cents a pound. Takes you six years to save up a pound." He glanced at Teaberry. "What's your name?"

"Teaberry Williams."

"Whatcha eatin' that mustard for? You starvin'?"

Teaberry shook her head, dipped into the jar, dabbed with the finger, and inserted it in her mouth. She and Hoy sized each other up, Hoy looking at her peculiarly, tentatively.

"I bet you never had the right kind of bait," Tucker said to Hoy.

"Had worms," Hoy said. "Been anything in one of them piddlin' holes I'da caught it."

They started walking up an areaway between the store and a low red frame building that had been the old store and now was used as a warehouse. As they came around the corner of the building, Hoy's older brother, Harvey, was bent down over his collection of dry-cell batteries on the porch of the warehouse. He had about a dozen batteries all hooked together by a complicated network of wires. He was too busy to give them more than passing notice. He was eleven years old, fat and serious; he was engaged in shifting wires about on the various positive and negative poles.

Hoy went on into the warehouse to put his pole away. Tucker spotted an empty cigarette package in the dust at the edge of the porch. He retrieved it, shook the tin foil reasonably clean of dust and added it to the small roll he had collected.

Teaberry stood on the plank catwalk connecting the store and the warehouse, gazing unblinking at Harvey, the finger entering the mouth, being licked and sucked clean and removed and then plunged into the jar again.

"Whatch yawl doin'?" she asked finally.

Harvey looked up at her. "Tryin' to get High Tension," he said.

"What's 'at?"

"Just High Tension—that's all," Harvey said.

"Aw." She supposed it to have something to do with motion; on second thought, she presumed it to be a kind of flash—like lightning.

Hoy came back out of the warehouse. "Got any fish down there where you live?" he asked Teaberry.

"Ah guess maybe so," Teaberry said. "Ah ain't looked lately."

"We got the biggest fish you ever saw," Tucker cut in.

"What kind?" Hoy asked.

"Pike and bass. All kinds."

Harvey looked up from his brain child. "When I get High Tension I'll go down to Blaine's Crossing and run a wire into the water and kill every fish in it."

"Hah!" Hoy said loudly at his brother's outrageous ideas.

"I'd like to be down at the river—I could show you right now," Harvey said mysteriously.

"Hah!" Hoy said again with the same loud scorn.

"You all come on down and stay all night and we'll go campin' and fishin'," Tucker said.

Harvey debated the matter. "We'll have to ask Papa."

"What's the use askin' *him?*" Hoy said. "Ask Mama. Hey Mama!" he yelled toward the house. "Hey Mama! Can we go down to Tucker's and stay all night?"

"Gwan over't the house and ask her," Harvey told him.

"You can't catch me," Hoy said suddenly to Teaberry, and he bolted for the yard. As he reached the gate, preparing for his real running, around the house, she was already there, tapping him on the back, without seeming to have moved, and he halted and looked at her in incredulity before proceeding to the house in a sober walk. Tucker heard him shouting, "Hey Mama!"

IT WAS while they were gone that Tucker saw—like a sudden cloud across the sun—saw with anxiety and hatred the squat indomitable figure of Pudge Mapes coming down the road. He was clumping along with a section of his shirttail out in front, the bill of his cap turned straight up but his flat, square face inclined toward the dust, probably not trying to originate a particular despicable act but merely trying to select one from the panorama of malice that must have passed more or less constantly through the dim-witted brain.

He was either fourteen or fifteen. Whereas other boys of the countryside might not have learned to read, he, in the three part-years that he had attended school, had never even learned the alphabet—and did not care.

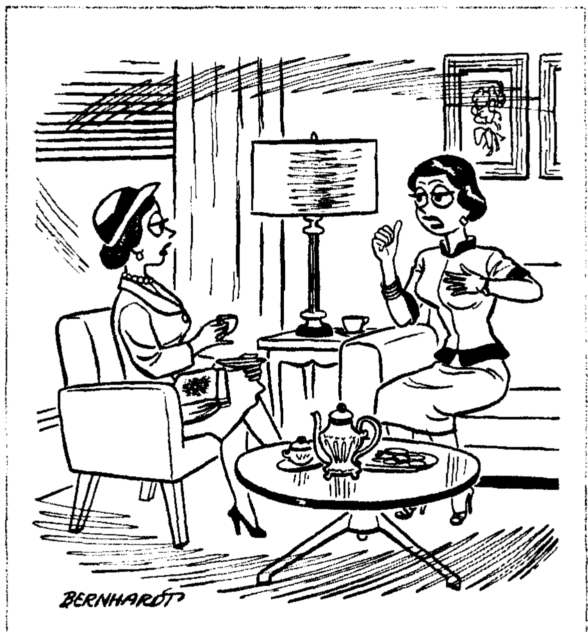
Pudge walked up onto the store porch

and crossed it. At the screen door he stopped and looked over at Tucker and Harvey, then opened the door and went on in. Tucker had the primordial and honest impulse to slip away somewhere and hide. He felt almost certain that when Pudge came back out of the store he would do something. He knew that he must not run, and he knew he was not going to remain in front of the warehouse.

Without saying anything to Harvey, he sauntered casually toward the Lange yard, pushed open the gate, went in and let the gate swing to behind him.

HOY and Teaberry were coming around from the back of the house. "Nothin' doin'," Hoy reported. "Can't go. No clean B.V.D.s. Some other time."

Tucker sat down uneasily on the edge of the porch as Hoy and Teaberry ran over to play on the seesaw under the birch trees in the corner of the yard nearest the store. The seesaw was a remarkable one; it was a long thick plank with handle bars at both ends and was bolted into the top of a short locust post sunk into the ground. It not only went up and down like ordinary seesaws but also went round and round like the merry-go-round at the County Fair, and that was the thing that made it fascinating. You could imagine that you really were at the fair and, with one person running and pushing at one end of the plank and another pushing at the other, you could pretend you were the Colonial Springs daredevil Francis Taylor and the great Barney Oldfield whizzing around the fairgrounds track in the fastest automobile race ever witnessed by human eye.



"He doesn't show the least interest in what *I* do—all he seems to care about is whatever it is he does in that place, wherever it is, that he works"

COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

Such a race seemed to be what Hoy and Teaberry were engaging in except that it must have been the first time in the history of the fair that one of the drivers kept on eating mustard while going at full speed; also, it resolved itself into a thing of starts and sudden stops and new preparations because Hoy no sooner got started than, outrun and puzzled, he had either to drag it to a stop or else let loose and jump clear aside as Teaberry whizzed around and threatened to ram into him from behind.

Pudge came out of the store. He let the screen door slam. He had a quarter of a plug of chewing tobacco in his hand. For an instant Tucker had the hope that he was going on back up the road where he came from. Instead, he walked over to the edge of the porch and fed about half of the quarter plug into his jaw. He put the rest into his hip pocket. He started wallowing the chew around with slow, labored movements of his jaws, like an old-time chewer. Then he stuck his hands in his pockets and sauntered down the steps and started across the bare area in front of the warehouse.

On the warehouse porch, Harvey was squatting over his High Tension set, his back to the road. Sauntering by, Pudge suddenly planted a foot in Harvey's rump and pushed. Harvey tumbled forward over the collection of batteries. Pudge ambled on toward the fence, neither laughing nor saying a word. He didn't even look back when Harvey scrambled to his feet, gathered up the batteries in his arms, trotted into the warehouse, and slammed the door shut and put up the big wooden bar. Pudge walked on up to the fence and planted his thickset, muscular bulk against it.

Tucker had a sudden violent longing for a magic door of his own that he could decently enter and decently lock behind him to bar forever the Pudge Mapeses of the earth. Pudge lived up the road with nine wrangling brothers and sisters in an old frame house without a rug or carpet on any floor or a curtain at any window or a book in any room, eating at least once a day—and frequently twice—a meal consisting only of bread soaked in coffee. Leaning now against the fence, Pudge stood against this background.

Tucker sensed it without thinking about it, just the way he knew he would be at the mercy of whatever whim came into Pudge's mind.

An arc of amber spit spun out of Pudge's mouth across the fence.

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo," he said. "Ketch a nigger by the toe."

Hoy let go of the seesaw and bawled, "Aw shut your trap, Mapes—I'll punch your big snout!"

"By the toe," said Pudge, not looking at Hoy, moving his jaws in the big deliberate chew. "If she hollers don't let 'er go."

"Gwan crawl off somewhere and die, Mapes!"

But Tucker knew already that the contest was not between Pudge and Hoy. He knew it involved himself; divined that, in a way, it was not a new episode but a revival of an old, familiar, hateful thing that, somehow, went on forever.

Pudge leaned over the palings and spit, then looked up. "It's done got so they ain't no room for white folks around here no more," he said.

By the time Tucker had hopped up off the porch he was, in a sense, already fighting Pudge. He had not made a decision—it had been thrust upon him. As he crossed the yard, it lay before him not as a choice but as the only possible course of action.

"Shut up your big blab mouth!" he said across the fence.

FOR the first time, Pudge looked at him, with a scornful, malevolent expression, in a maddening imbecile condescension, almost a grin. "I can *puke* better men than some people I know," he said. He swallowed air and belched it out and spat on the ground. Then he resumed his slow chewing.

"You big dirty—" Tucker breathed, searching his own vocabulary for the words and then on beyond that and into Grandmother McCantland's and finding them there "—ragtag miscreant!"

Pudge gave his full sorrel-colored gaze to him then, arrogant and malicious. "I don't know what that means and you don't neither, you little swell-headed poop," he said with the same thick-witted scorn. "But one thing I do know—this country's gittin' too full of you stuck-up Englishes and your sassy niggers—"

Tucker had an almost superlucid un-

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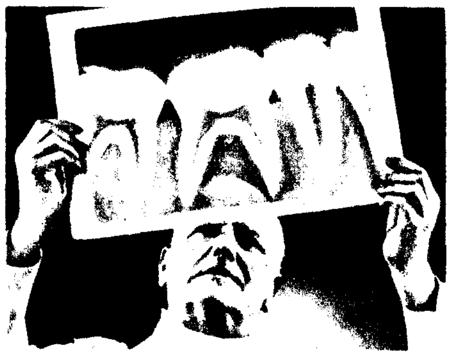

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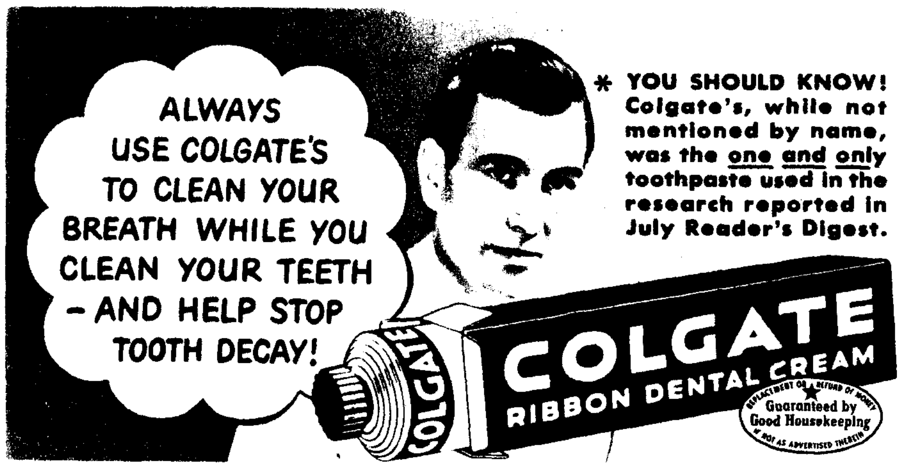
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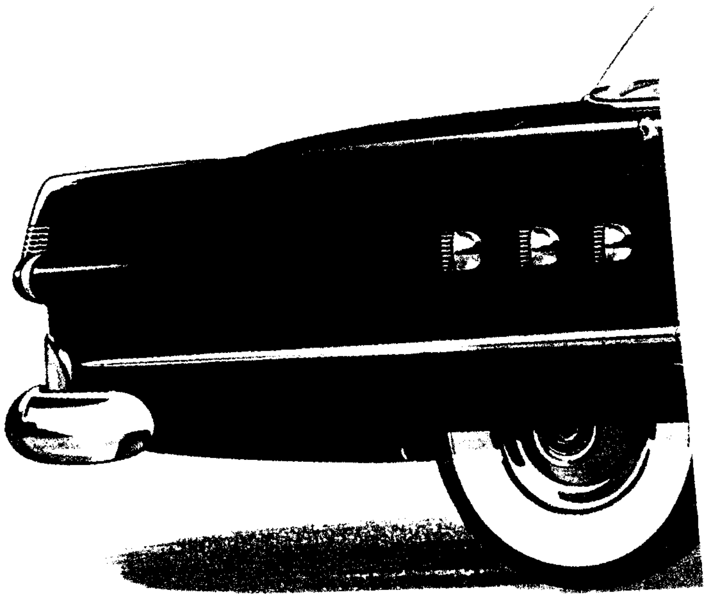

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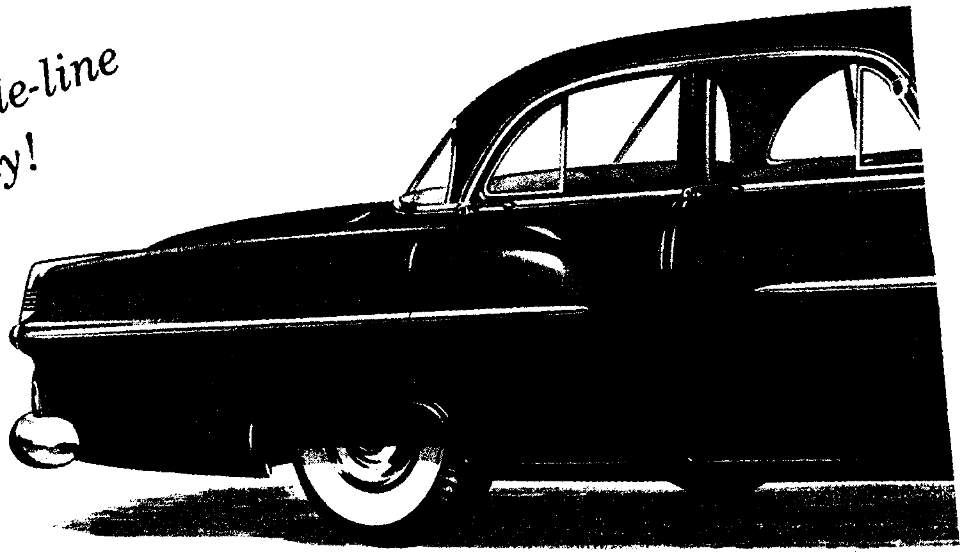
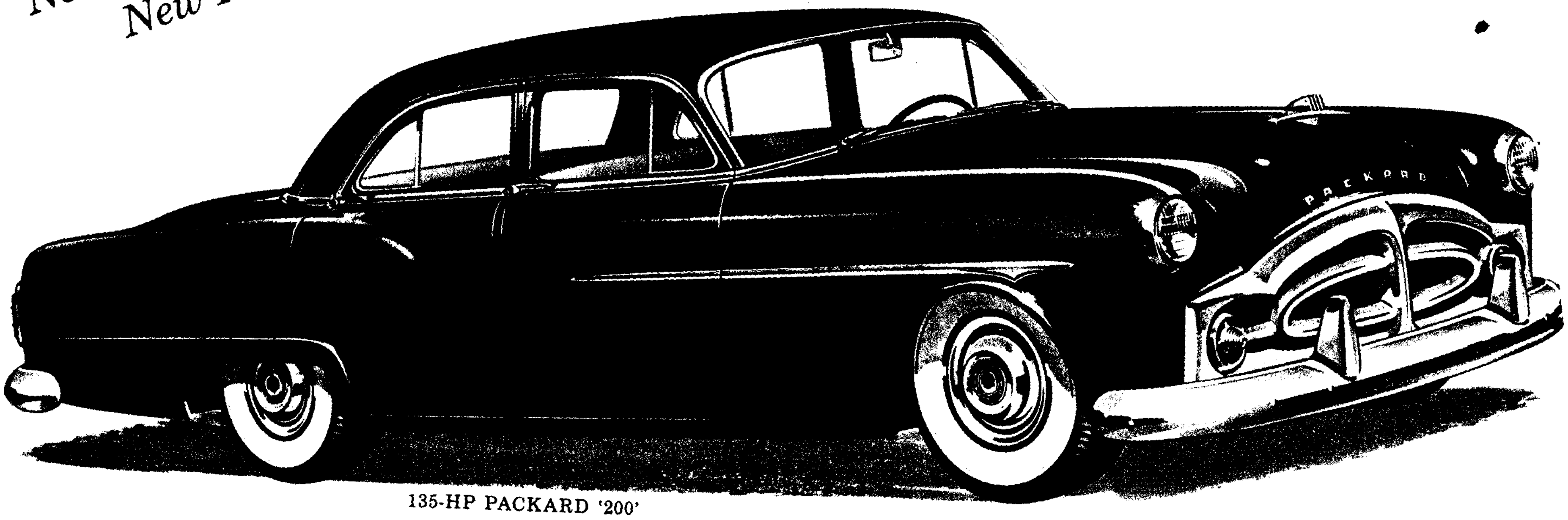
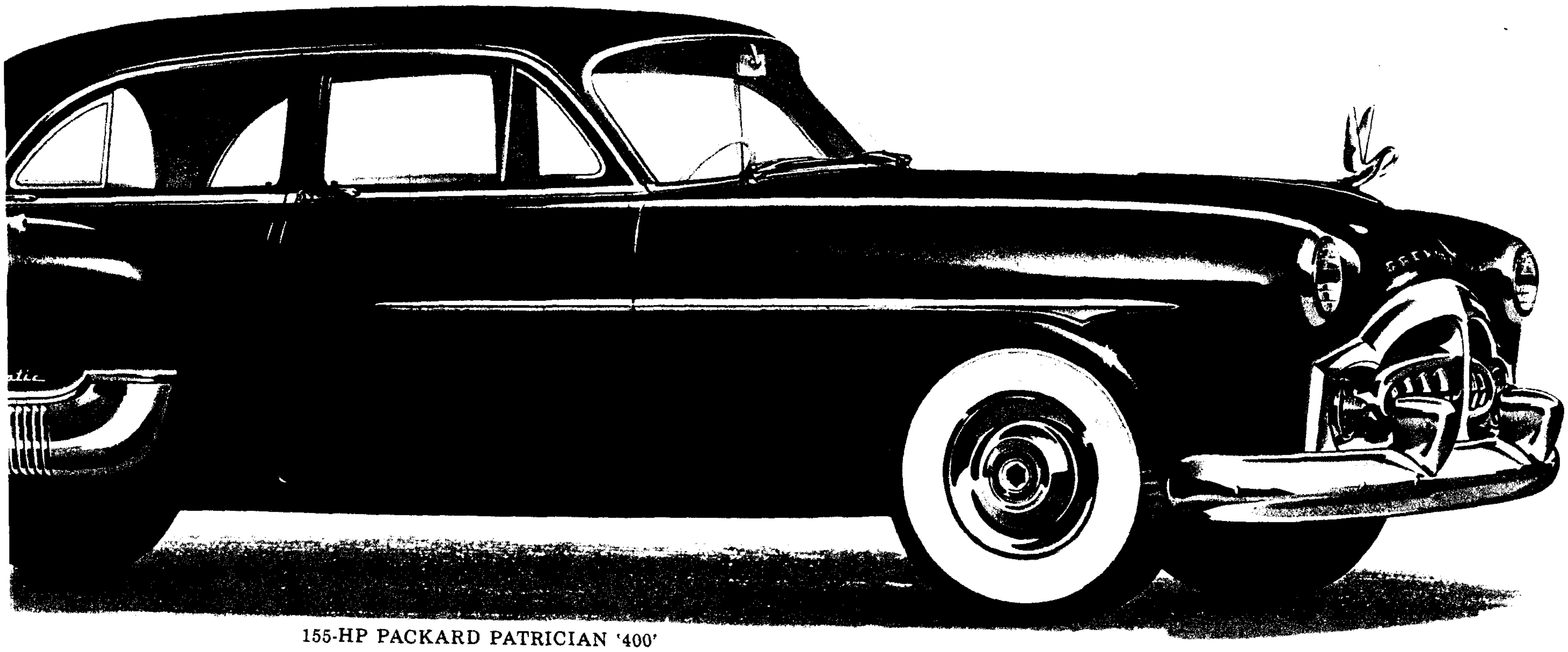


150-HP PACKARD '300'



135-HP PACKARD '200'



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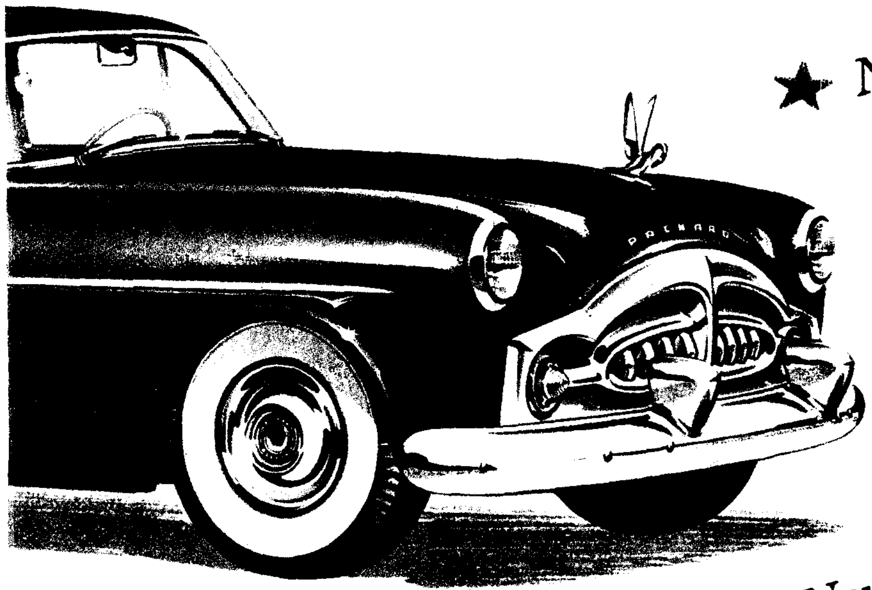

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derstanding of what he had to do and what would in turn happen to him.

The gate opened out. It was held closed by two broken plowpoints on a chain staked into the ground. Even after he had known he was going to fight Pudge, he had dreaded the physical act of opening the gate, as if believing that the screwing of his courage to that one overt climactic act might prove the impossible part of it.

Strangely, the opening of the gate now involved no special, separate effort. It was almost spontaneous. It was accomplished in virtually the same motion with which he was able to make the charge and, with all his might, hit Pudge in the stomach.

It had, exactly as he had known it would have, the same effect as hitting an oak stump. Pudge did not even grunt. And before Tucker could hit him the second time Pudge had hold of him and was whirling him and tossing him against the fence.

He had expected to find himself lying flat on his back in the dust—with Pudge on top of him—flailing helplessly with his feet and legs, trying to fight off the handful of dirt which he believed Pudge was certain to scoop up and force into his mouth as the preliminary outrage.

Instead, Pudge held him pinioned against the fence. His shirt front, high up, was clutched and wadded in one of Pudge's paws. He could feel the toes of both of his bare feet under one of Pudge's big flat feet. Pudge had him thrust back, off balance, with the one hand, pressing the whole forearm against his chest, looking down at him with that iron triumph, that inflexible and absolutely impervious triumph that was the most hateful and incomprehensible thing he had so far encountered in life.

It was not the oppressive and hateful pressure of Pudge's forearm against his chest. It was the helplessness of being conquered. With every enraged and outraged portion of his heart he wanted to kill Pudge Mapes; he believed that, given the opportunity, he was capable of it—*knew* he was, felt a certain flicker of solace in that deepest and most private knowledge.

He was squirming desperately, trying to get his toes from under Pudge's feet and at the same time trying to heave himself forward off the palings and hitting against Pudge's side. It was in that period of squirming, pushing and hitting that Pudge suddenly, incredibly, with a single loud and then stifled grunt, pitched forward over him. He felt the smother of Pudge's chest on his face and then the chest had rolled over and off him but a hand was across his face and he could not see.

"Bug-eyed little nigger!" he heard Pudge breathe.

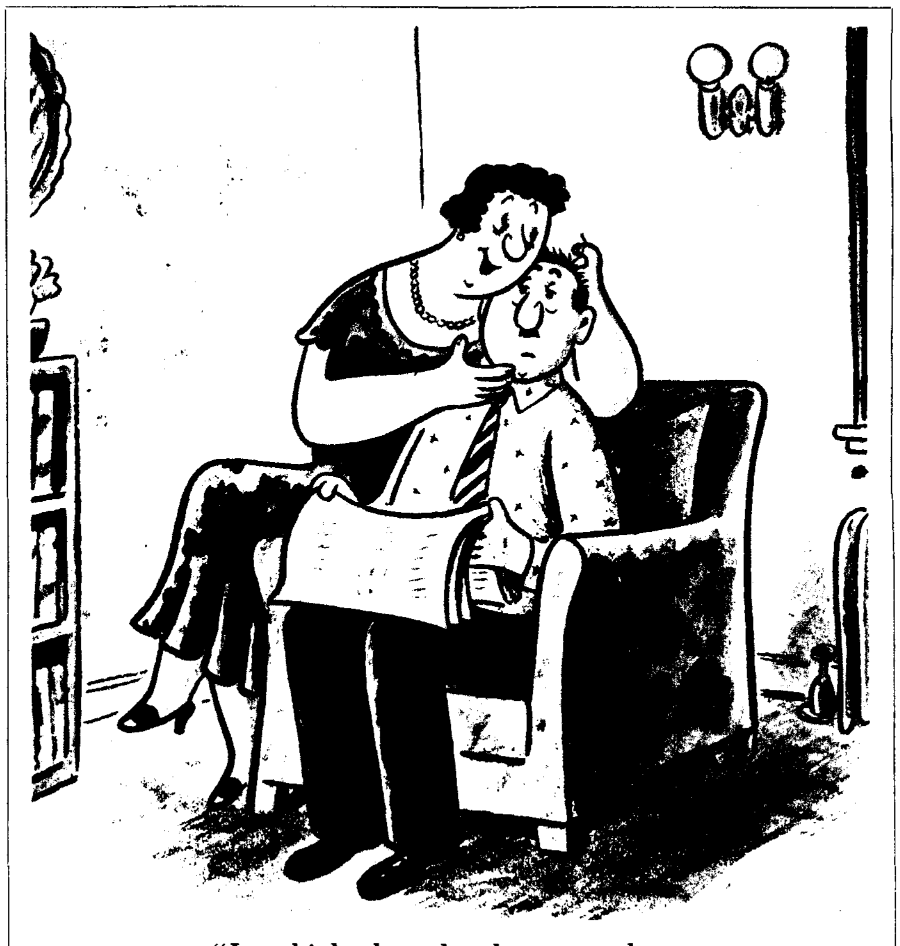
By the time he could see, Teaberry was already beginning her second charge.

WITHOUT having lost her balance on the first one, without releasing her grasp on the mustard jar, without any shadow of expression on her face, she had already gone back to the warehouse porch and whirled and was coming again, head down, neck outstretched—something about her unavoidable and almost deadly.

For the final ten feet she did not move like a human being at all. Her feet did not seem to touch the ground. She moved like a projectile. Pudge had turned by now. With the impact of her hard head against his belly-flesh, he emitted an explosive *"Hooo-o-o-f-f!"* and staggered backward. He must have swallowed the chew or a great deal of juice because the thick, flat, vacant face was astonished and groping—for a thought, a defense, a next move. By the time he had turned again and grabbed the fence, blinking in the thick process of attempted decision, before he could even side-step, the projectile had banged into the small of his back.

He still stayed on his feet, holding to the fence palings with both hands.

He seemed to try to say something but instead gave a gasp; Teaberry had paused now, arrested herself in flight, on one foot, no flicker of expression on her face. Pudge let loose of the fence and was moving backward toward the store, looking at all of them, his face now baffled and sullen. Suddenly he drew himself erect and turned and plodded off with the unbeaten and unbeatable demeanor of one who must go somewhere and think and then quietly wait six months or six years to even things; leaving them there, the seesaw stilled, the sun beating down around the two dusty birch trees in the yard, on the boys and on Teaberry solemnly finishing the last contents of the mustard jar. THE END



"Just think what a handsome couple we'd make if I bought a fur coat"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

The Fifty-Mission Cap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

with satisfaction. He laid his head on the table on his arm. Then he jumped up, extended his arms and making a brrrrt sound he went across the room and back to me. It was a punk imitation of an airplane engine, but I knew what he meant.

I went to the map on the rack and pointed across the pole to the Russian half of the Arctic Circle. The tall Russian nodded vigorously.

"He wants to go home," Howe said.

I stood there by the map pointing to various places in northern Siberia, trying to find out where they had taken off. Each time I pointed to one, the tall Russian shook his head. He didn't want to tell me, or else I wasn't pointing to the right place; he kept shaking his head and at last I gave it up.

"I'm turning them over to you, Dad," I told Howe. "See that they get fed and then lock them up. Put a guard on them. And whatever you do, don't let them get near the aircraft."

I went back to Operations and Dennis went with me. He still had a pet on. "Get the jeep here," I said.

"It's outside."

"All right. Come on."

"We don't have a driver. He's not here. I don't know where he went."

"You can drive, Colonel," I said. I knew he'd love that. I went outside and got in the jeep and fastened the curtains. It was seven thirty then and the sun was still about half above the horizon and would be there until almost midnight; the arctic summer was almost with us.

When Dennis came out he got in the jeep without saying anything to me. He drove out on the landing strip and we bumped along. We went carefully up and down the strip the Russians had used. Several times I had Dennis stop the jeep and I got out to look closer. Some of the landing mats had been loosened, but the damage was slight. I told Dennis to take me to the Tupolev-70. He pulled the jeep up alongside the Russian transport plane and stopped. I got out.

"Go get a mechanic," I said. "Bring him over here."

He said, "Yes, sir," in that nasty polite way of his and drove off.

I CLIMBED into the transport. It had a door on the port side at the rear for passengers to enter. Normally the crew entered their compartment through the nose-wheel well. Half the seats had been stripped out and the flooring showed the marks of all the cargo that it had hauled. That had been a lot. There were two coach-type luggage racks on the sides near the top, running the entire length of the passenger and cargo section.

I went forward. There was a radio operator's station and seats for the copilot and pilot side by side. The navigator's compartment was below in the nose. I sat down in the pilot's seat and marveled a bit at how much the setup was like a B-29. During the war the Russians got their hands on several B-29s that had been based in China and had been forced down in Siberia after bombing raids on Japan. While the crews were eating or something the Russians just got in the B-29s and flew them away. Then Tupolev, the Russian designer, simply copied the B-29.

The door back in the passenger compartment banged shut. I turned around and saw a GI coming forward.

"Sergeant, I want you to fix this ship so that no one can fly it, temporarily," I said.

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant went back out.

I sat there a little longer and then I went to my adjutant's quarters and hauled him out of the sack and took him to headquarters. We got the sergeant major, too, and got busy and sent an encoded report by radio to Wing about the Russians; then we wrote another one, a follow-up with more detail, that would go out the next time the mail plane came in.

I left headquarters and went to Communications. A message had come in from 13th Rescue. Their radar-equipped C-54s were proceeding to the area where we thought Schroeder was. I left instructions with the sergeant to monitor the C-54s and see if he couldn't pick up the reports they made to 13th Rescue as they searched.

I called it a day then, which was pretty clever of me, and trudged home to the Quonset hut that had Commanding Officer lettered on the door. It was warm inside and I was tired. I put on a sweater and changed my socks. I was hungry, but I didn't go to mess. I knew that most of the pilots would be there playing the juke box. It wasn't exactly the atmosphere I wanted right then, so I got a tin of boned chicken and a box of crackers from my foot locker and sat down at a small folding table and ate.

SOMEONE knocked rapidly on the door while I was still eating. I called, "Come in!" and Major Cooley, my engineering officer, came in taking off his cap. He was a very big and very tired-looking gray-haired man; the parka he was wearing was quite dirty, but then so was his job. He was the hardest-working officer I had, and I never thought of him without reverence.

"See you a minute, Colonel?" he said.

"Certainly, Sam. Sit down."

He came across the room but he didn't sit down. "Only got a second. I just wondered. There's something going on. I wonder if you know about it."

"What's that, Sam?"

"All the pilots are over in Briefing. Dennis told me to have all the aircraft fueled and ready for take-off in about twenty-minutes. We've never made a flight this late before. I couldn't help wondering. Did you know about it?"

"No," I said.

He looked very sober. "You didn't authorize it?"

"Hell, no."

He hit the back of the chair with his cap. "What in the hell is the matter with that guy?"

"You know him as well as I do."

"Sure, I know him. But why is he like that? Is it because he was poor all of his life, because he never had anything before—is that why he acts like he does? Is that it?"

"You tell me," I said. "When did you say that take-off was?"

"In about fifteen minutes now."

"Send me the sergeant on that guard detail."

"Well, all right." He went out, tiredly.

In about two minutes the sergeant came in. His name was Meyer and he was about my age. He was an old infantryman and he saluted and stood there like he was made from rocks. He wore a .45 on a web pistol belt around his middle and an MP brassard on his arm.

"I've got a job for you, Meyer. I want you to do it yourself, not one of your men."

"Yes, sir."

"Go over to Briefing. Colonel Dennis is there with the pilots. Don't do anything until you are certain that he is briefing them for a flight tonight. I want you to be certain of that because you will have to swear to it later. When you are certain, then arrest him and bring him here. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Get started."

Meyer saluted and left.

In the next ten minutes I ate about three more crackers. When Meyer returned he knocked politely on the door before he shoved Dennis inside. There was a red mark on Dennis' cheek that was turning into a bruise. He looked dazed, but murderous. I said, "Colonel, you deliberately

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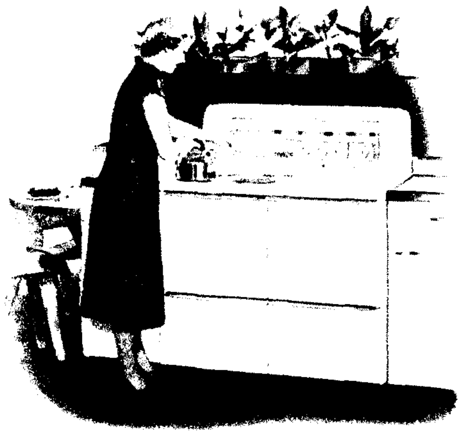

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I have to say one thing for Dennis: He had great presence of mind—at least when his own interest was involved. He must have been mad enough to kill when Meyer took him in tow, but when I started talking you'd never know he had a worry on his mind. His face was absolutely blank as he said, "What order, sir?"

"I gave you an order that the squadron was not to search." I looked at Meyer. "What was going on in Briefing?"

"They were getting ready to fly, sir."

I looked back at Dennis.

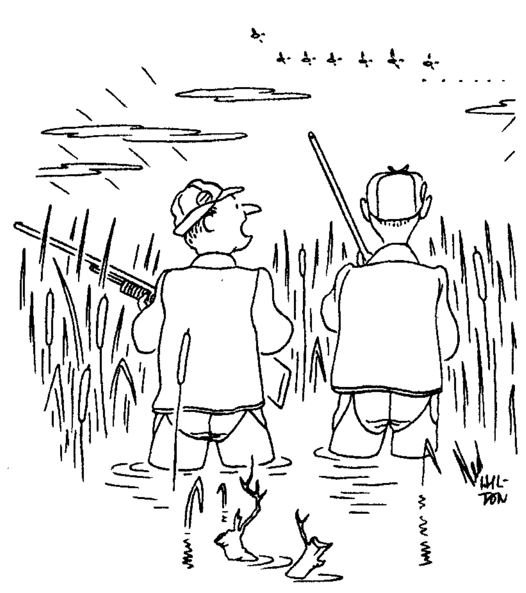
"I misunderstood your order, sir," he said calmly.

"Well, that is unfortunate because I am going to have to bring charges against you," I said.

His face still did not show any expression. "May I speak to the commanding officer alone, sir?"

"No," I said. "Let's just go right ahead and speak in front of a witness, shall we?"

"I forget, sir, but was there anyone else present when you told me that the squadron would not search?"



"Funny how they've got sense enough to go South, while we stand here in this freezing water"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"One of your operations sergeants was there."

"I believe he had gone to chow, sir."

Then I remembered. *Sergeant! Where the hell is that sergeant? He went to chow. I'll get it myself. Sit down. Keep your damn' seat! Forget about that order. I say we aren't going to search.* He had me.

"I really did misunderstand your order, sir," Dennis said. His voice was as sincere as money. "Why, sir, I would never, never have done what I did if I had understood—" He went right on lying.

THERE had been no witness. The only witness to any of it was Sergeant Meyer, who was hearing Dennis say he had misunderstood the order and who had heard him brief the squadron to fly a search.

Dennis was a lieutenant colonel. A court-martial board for him would have to be made up of officers of equal or greater rank. So he couldn't be tried in the squadron but would be tried at Wing where there were plenty of colonels—a lot of them Dennis' friends. I hadn't a single witness; it would be my word against his.

He had me and we both knew it. There was nothing I could do. Still, I made a pass at saving face. I said, "Colonel, confine yourself to your quarters overnight and report to me tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," he said, and he had the nerve to salute me before he went out.

"That's all, Sergeant." I said to Meyer and he went out too. I sat there alone, trying to decide whether it would be a good thing to frame Dennis before he did some real damage and killed an innocent bystander. But I'd been raised up to be decent, law-abiding and square-shooting. I sat there a long time mumbling to myself but I couldn't decide.

I still wanted to write my wife a letter and I'd just taken out her letter and was rereading it when someone knocked on the door. I yelled for whoever it was to come in and Suzy opened the door. She was bundled up in a GI parka; she came a few feet inside the door and said, "It's beginning to snow."

THAT didn't surprise me, but she did. She had never been in my quarters before. There was an order, issued by myself, about the officers' quarters being off limits for nurses. I had thought that the poor girls needed some protection, whether they wanted it or not. But I decided to overlook Suzy's flagrant violation because it wasn't in me to be an ogre for more than about twelve hours a day. I said, "What's up, kiddo?" in a friendly sort of way.

"I came to apologize like an officer and a gentleman," she said, holding out her hand.

I shook it. "Forget it."

"No, I can't. But I want you to understand how I felt. It's important to me for you to understand."

"I think I do."

"Bart, I was just afraid. I still am. I love him so much. For a minute I was afraid of you. Afraid of what you'd do."

"Why?" I said.

"Oh, no reason, really. It was just me," she said. "We're all alone here and you're the C.O., you're the law. I was afraid for Ben and I thought that if seducing you would help bring him back—well, you know."

"I know," I said.

"D'you know now that I trust you, Bart? I do, really. That's why I came right to you when I heard."

"Heard what?" I said.

"Well, Colonel Dennis was talking."

I was beginning to get mad. "Yes."

"He said the Russians landed here."

"They did," I said. "But they don't speak English. They couldn't tell us anything about Schroeder."

"Bart, listen. I wouldn't ask you this, but I'm worried. You can see how worried I am, can't you?"

"What else did Dennis say to you?"

"Well, it's just that he said you could use this squadron to search, but you won't, and that you could use the Russian airplane, too, but you won't do that either."

I explained to her patiently that it was better and faster to search with radar than visually. I explained to her about fighter planes and pilots, their training and use.

"Well," she said. "*He* says it's because you're going to be promoted and that you don't want to do anything that might look wrong. That you'd rather let Schroeder die, than—"

"Oh, now look here," I said.

"But aren't you going to be a general?"

"It is my everlasting hope," I said. "It could happen tomorrow, or never, but it hasn't happened yet and that's all I know, Suzy. And I swear to you that it has nothing to do with the search or what I've decided about the search, or will decide."

"You've just got to find him," she said.

"Everything is being done, and will continue to be done," I said, raising my voice. "I told you I'd find him and I will."

"Well," she said, lifting her hands, "don't get mad."

"I'm not. Not at you."

"There's nothing I can do, Bart. Can't

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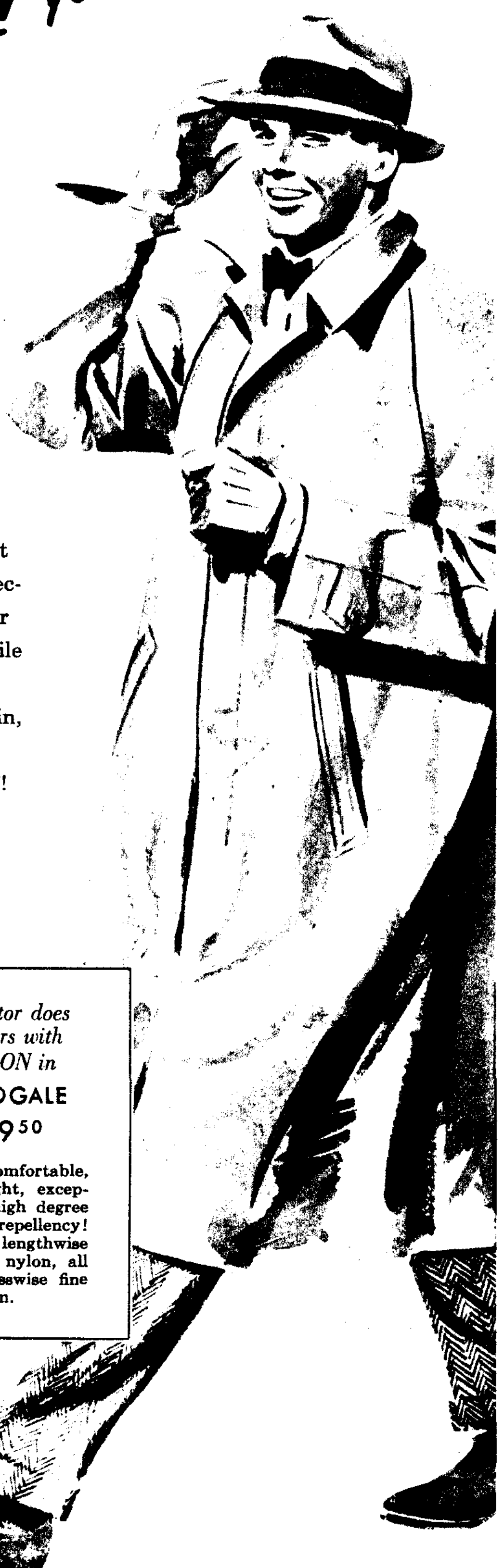

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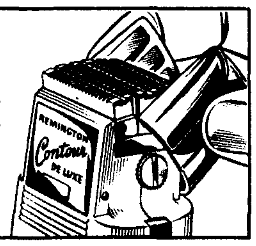


you imagine how I feel? I just asked. That's all. I'll believe anything you tell me. But I couldn't help but come and ask you. After all, Dennis is the operations officer—"

She looked like she was going to cry again, so I gave her a drink. She took it and I said, "You just trust me, Suzy. If it can be done, I'll do it. If you were in my place, would you risk the squadron?"

"Well—" she said.

"Of course you wouldn't," I said, and I gave her another drink and a little more encouraging advice and she sat with her head on my shoulder until, as she said, she felt much better about everything and that she trusted me still. After that I put on my heavy clothing and took her to her hut and told her to go to sleep. Then I strolled over to have a chat with my favorite lieutenant colonel, Smiling Alvin Dennis.

WHEN I got to Smiling Alvin's hut I saw there was a light on so I walked in. After all I was the C.O., and the C.O. doesn't knock. He barges in places and other people yell attention. In theory, that is. When I went into the hut the first thing I saw was the fat nurse, Wilma, standing there in her long winterweight GI underwear. The good lieutenant colonel was sitting on the edge of the bunk staring in my direction with bloodshot eye. He was supposed to be confined, but not with Wilma.

I closed the door, gave the nurse the cold look of a displeased colonel, and said, "Are you under the impression, Lieutenant, that that is the uniform of the day?"

"Now just a minute," Dennis said and stood up.

I saw right away that he was drunk and feeling mean. I looked down my nose at him. "You are both aware, I think, that these quarters are off limits for certain squadron personnel."

"To hell with that," he said.

"Put on your clothes—if you have any other clothes—and confine yourself to your quarters," I said to Wilma.

"To hell with that," Dennis said.

Wilma, who wasn't feeling quite that belligerent, lowered her eyes, put on her clothes and left.

"You chicken," Dennis said.

"That will be all out of you," I said.

"Go to hell."

"You can't talk to me like that," I said.

So he stopped talking and hit me as hard as he could in the face. I wasn't prepared for that. I was just standing there and his fist caught me flat on the nose and I felt it break. The nose, I mean. I went down and for a minute I couldn't see. Dennis began kicking me. He had on GI shoes and I was afraid he would kill me before I could roll across the floor and get up. But he didn't quite. He swung at me and missed and then he grabbed me and bit me and I finally hit him and he let go and I stepped back and kicked him between the legs as hard as I could. He went down and he didn't get up. I kicked him for a while until I got tired of it.

I fumbled around on the floor and found my fifty-mission cap. The bill had been broken right down the middle; it was ruined and I'd had that cap ever since the war. It almost broke my heart to see it like that. I was bleeding and my ribs felt like they were broken where he had kicked me. I didn't even look at him; it would've been all right with me if he was dead. I went outside and staggered over to Dad Howe's hut, feeling worse by the second. I opened the door and went in. Howe was sitting at a table reading his Bible.

"What in Heaven's name have you done to yourself?" he said.

"Get that damn' doctor here," I commanded.

"Look out. You're bleeding on my table."

"Get the doctor."

"What happened?"

Holding my cupped hand under my nose, I told him.

"Oh, Lord!" Howe said. "There were no witnesses?"

"The nurse had left. We were alone. Get the doctor," I said.

"Oh, you can't have the doctor."

"What the hell do you mean?" I yelled. "Look at me. I'm bleeding. I'm in terrible pain."

"Take shallow breaths, Bartholomew," Dad said. "And listen to me. That flight surgeon'll gossip. You know he will. He'll put two and two together. What if Dennis has already called him over there? He sees Dennis, then he sees you, then he knows. And then he begins to talk. You know how these doctors are, like a bunch of old women. By tomorrow every last GI will know what has happened."

"But I'm hurt," I said. "I'm bleeding."

"I'll take care of you," Howe said. "Come closer to the light."

He put his hand on my nose and said, "Does it hurt when I—"

"Stop!" I roared.

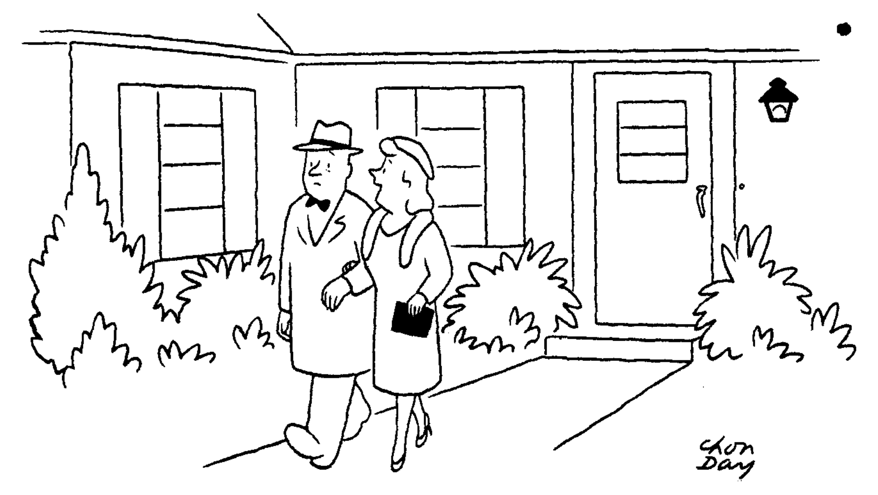
"Well, it's broken," he said. "After the swelling goes down it'll be all right."

"It'll be flat," I said. "I've got to have the doctor. If anyone sees me they'll know what's happened. Why not let them find out now instead of tomorrow?"

"No one will see you tomorrow," Dad Howe said. "You stay in your hut. Issue your orders through me. I'll bring you things to eat. You can do that, can't you?"

I told him that it was insane, but all he asked was, "Do you want to be a brigadier, or not?" and so I agreed. He went outside to see if the coast was clear and then escorted me to my hut; he gave me a stiff drink and left. I sat for a while on the side of my bunk and looked at my fifty-mission cap. Originally it had been an elegant thing, and fifty missions had made it limp and beautiful. Now it was past simple sloppiness—it was a wreck, the hat of a bum, not the badge of a man who has done heroic deeds. If I hadn't been so knocked out I would probably have cried myself to sleep over it. . . .

The next morning it took me some minutes to wake up enough to realize that the



COLLIER'S "Didn't you think Mr. Clark was a scream, the way he dressed up in his pajamas?" CHON DAY

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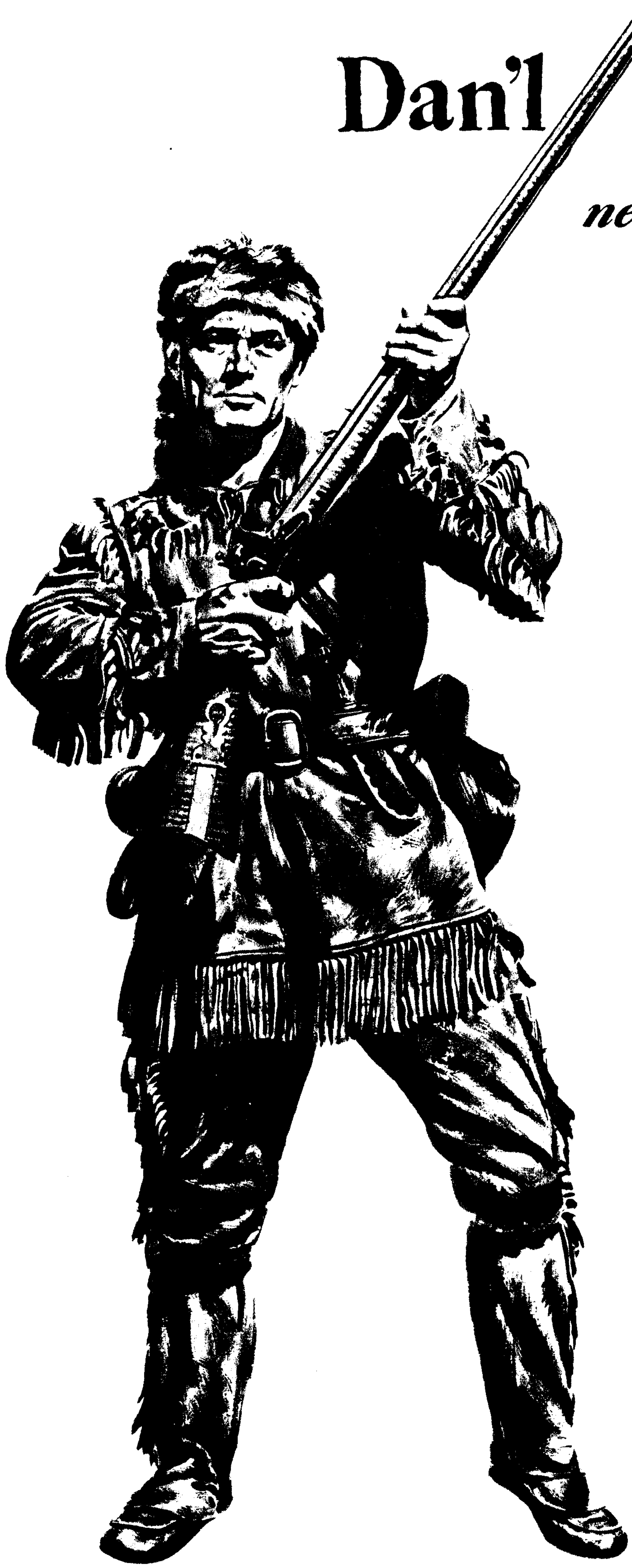

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noise I was hearing was someone pounding on the door. I became aware of the pain in my face and side, and I went back to sleep. In a moment someone came into the hut and began to shake me by the shoulder. I tried to open my eyes, but they were almost swollen shut. I managed to pry them open and peered up at Howe bending over me.

"Top of the morning, Bartholomew," he said. "You must get up now. I've brought you some coffee and some good news."

"What's happened?"

"I've seen Dennis. There isn't a mark on him. Are you certain that your blows landed?"

"They landed."

"Then you were either wise or fortunate. There's not a mark that shows, so long as he's fully dressed."

I said, "I'll have that coffee now."

Dad handed me the vacuum. "So, I have spread the story around that you were beaten up by the Russians. They all jumped on you and naturally you could not defend yourself against four men. That's why you're so badly beaten. Captain Thomas should arrive any second."

"I'll never forget this," I said. "I hate to make these Russians the fall guys, but it's probably the only way out; and I can see to it that nothing happens to them for jumping me like this, the brutes." Howe smiled. I got out of the sleeping bag and began to dress.

Howe lighted his pipe. "There's been another message from the 13th. A C-47 will arrive here this morning with a rescue outfit—jump team, sled dogs, medics and so on. And Major Franklin is arriving at 0800 in his own Baker two five to direct search and rescue operations from here."

"Franklin himself?" I said. The major was in command of the 13th. His being on the scene was the best thing we could have asked for.

I HAD shaved and I was putting lotion on my jowls when Captain Thomas, the flight surgeon, came in. He was a short fat man, bald, with very light blue eyes. He had been in the Alaskan command during the war as part of a parachute team that had done rescue work. He was one of those misplaced persons who should never have been a doctor. I don't mean that he was not a good doctor—he was, but he had a crazy streak: he got a big bang out of doing dangerous things.

As soon as he came in the hut he took off his parka and said, "Now let's see that nose."

I let him see it.

"Broken," he said. "Anything else?"

"Ribs."

"Ah," he said. "Hurt?"

"Yes!"

"You come over to the dispensary. I'll tape you up."

"Can it wait until after breakfast?"

"Yes, I think so," Thomas said. "By the way, Colonel, while I'm here I'd like to volunteer to make a jump. You know, I've still got my old chute. I'm going to repack it this morning. It's been such a hell of a long time since I've made a jump."

"No, Captain," I said. "I can't risk you. And the 13th is fully equipped and prepared to make any jumps that will be required."

"Well, I'll repack my chute anyway," he said hopefully. "Sometimes things do go wrong."

They went with me to the mess. The nongaseous Air Force diet was hot, but that was all that could be said for it. When I walked back to the hospital with Thomas I didn't feel the cold so much. Suzy was on duty. "Poor Colonel," she said softly and stood by while Thomas packed my nose with gauze and taped my ribs.

AFTER the ordeal was over she helped me back on with my shirt. We were standing beside Thomas' desk which was behind a partition separating it from the rest of the hut. Thomas had gone off to make his morning rounds.

"What really happened to your face, Bart?" Suzy asked me.

"Why, Dad Howe told you."

She smiled. "Wilma told me, too."

"Oh?" I said in that casual cautious way of mine.

"Dennis told her and she told me, so I know," she said. "Why did you do it?"

"He hit me first," I said.

"Really, Bart? Why?"

"He's given me a lot of trouble," I said. "That I can take. I can handle him. But when he goes around stirring up dissension among my troops and lowering their morale, then he's going too far."

"Your troops?" she said, looking blank. "What do you mean?"

I told her that she was my troops, and the cause of it all.

"Why, Bart. You sweet old thing," she said. "You did it because of me." Her eyes were shining. She took my face in her hands and kissed me gently on my broken nose.

"Thirty-six is not old," I said.

She laughed and said, "Of course not." And then she said in the sweetest voice I had ever heard her use, "Thank you."

"Sure, any time," I said. "Well, I've got to go." And we shook hands and her hand was warm and soft.

It was almost eight o'clock, so I went down to Operations to check on Major Franklin's ETA. Dennis was the first person I saw when I went into the operations hut. He was sitting at his desk, a tight sick look on his face. There were some enlisted men guffawing in the background.

I walked on over to one of the enlisted men. "What's the ETA on that B-25?" I asked.

"Major Franklin, sir? He's in the pattern now."

I said, "Good, good," or something else stuffy, and hurried back outside. I saw the B-25 on the downwind leg. It was painted bright yellow and I stood watching it until it touched down and went along the runway past the operations hut. The B-25 was

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taxied back up the runway. I waited until it was parked then I walked toward it. A small man crawled out; he hurried to meet me, grinning.

"Well, Major," I said, holding out my hand.

Franklin shook hands hard. We went into Operations. He was wearing a beautiful pair of elkhide boots and a mangy-looking parka that probably had to be chewed every morning before it was pliable enough to wear. Franklin was an old-timer from the Yukon. He'd been in the Air Force during the war and had stayed on afterward to command the 13th Rescue Squadron. He didn't give a damn for the service and he didn't care who knew it.

"I want to get started on this right away," I said. "I'll call the staff together now."

"You do that. I want to straighten you out on a few points."

"Dennis," I called. "Get the staff together in Briefing right away."

"Say, what happened to your face?" Franklin asked me.

"Did you hear about our Russians?" I asked.

"Yeah. Before I took off from Goose."

"They ganged up on me," I said. "All of them."

WE WENT outside and I walked across to the briefing hut and Franklin went to his B-25 to get his charts. I went inside the hut. Price was already there. In a moment Dennis came in, and then Franklin, and finally Howe and Cooley.

"First tell me everything that's happened," Franklin said.

"Tell him, Dennis," I said.

Dennis told his story sitting down.

"No word from Schroeder at all?"

"None."

"How careless of him," Franklin said. "What about these Red heroes from the People's Air Force? Do they know anything about your boy?"

"They don't speak the English," I said.

Franklin spread one of his charts on the table. "All right. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You're the C.O., Colonel, but I'm going to run the search. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"First thing, ground the squadron," he said.

"Now listen," Dennis said, standing up. "If two airplanes are any good on a search, then more than two will be that many times better."

"I'll tell you, we got a new thing now," Franklin said to him. "We call it radar. This is no visual search and I'm not going to have the radarscopes in those 54s jammed up with this squadron's fighters mucking around below somewhere."

"Sit down, Dennis," I said.

Dennis turned a trifle purple, but he sat. Franklin glanced down at his chart. "In the area where we think your man is down, there have been three previous crashes that count. I mean by that, the wreckage is still there. And that will show on the radarscopes in the C-54s. But the operators can tell from a chart identical to this one that it's an old wreck and they won't waste time dropping down to check visually."

"Could I have one of those charts?" I asked.

Franklin handed me the one that he had been looking at. "Now the C-54s will fly until they pick up the wreckage. When contact with your pilot is made, then the C-47 will take off from here and drop a parachute team. Depending on where the wreck is and in what condition your man is, we either get him out by dog team or helicopter."

"What do you want us to do?" I asked.

"Well, I've got some men coming up on that C-47 who'll need to sleep and eat," Franklin said. "The C-54s will work through your radio here. Later we may bring up some light planes but we can go into that then."

Price said that he would see about billeting Franklin's enlisted men and he and Cooley left together. The rest of us went back to Operations and went to work. . . .

The area in which the C-54s searched included upper Baffin Bay, Devon Island, and the lower half of Ellesmere Island—about 150,000 square miles. That sounds like a lot of territory to cover and it would have been if the 13th had been forced to search visually. But with their radar-equipped C-54s they could fly at altitude and scan a broad area below. It took them about twenty-four hours to cover the area the first time.

Nothing happened the first twenty-four hours. The C-54s didn't pick up a thing.

The second day, Franklin kept one C-54 in the air all the time—while one searched, the other would fly back and refuel. Franklin brought up his ski-equipped Norsemen that day too. They flew to the trading posts and R.C.M.P. stations and missions in the area.

Although Baffin Island and Ellesmere and the rest of the Canadian arctic islands are pretty generally uninhabited there are Eskimo hunting parties traveling about on them. Sometimes in their travels these Eskimos have seen downed aircraft, the remains of crashes and the like, and so it's always a pretty good idea to question them, if you can find them.

There were trading posts and a post office and radio stations at River Clyde, Pond Inlet and Arctic Bay on Baffin Island. The long arm of the R.C.M.P. extended to Pond Inlet, too. But no one at those places had seen or heard a thing that could help us.

And that was the way that the second twenty-four hours of the search passed. Schroeder had been down about three days by then and if he was alive I knew that he was one cold forlorn kid.

The search continued into the third day. About four o'clock that afternoon I left Operations and went to headquarters. Franklin came in about twenty minutes later. He didn't look like good news.

"What's happened?" I said, jumping up.

"Sit down. I'll tell you."

I was scared, but I sat down. "Well?"

"A B-36 returning from a polar flight has made a forced landing in Canada, north of Churchill pretty close to the shore of Hudson Bay," Franklin said. "Apparently the entire crew is alive and uninjured."

"So?" I said.

"So I've got to get them out of there. I've just got my orders."

"You're giving up on us?"

"I've got my orders," Franklin said. "The C.G. said drop this and go rescue the B-36 crew."

"But what about my pilot?" I said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I don't make the decisions."

"You think it's hopeless?"

FRANKLIN shrugged. "What the hell do you mean?" I said. "If you hadn't received orders to pull out would you still be searching now? Could he still be alive?"

"He could be. He probably isn't, but he could be. I know. We have gone over and over that area with the radar and it doesn't miss. It looks like he went down in the water, but maybe he didn't. Maybe he's down on the ice pack somewhere, or—"

"Then why didn't your radar pick him up?"

"That I don't know," Franklin said. "I've been in this country a long time and I've seen some strange things happen. If the decision were mine I'd give it a good try visually. But I take orders."

"I know. I'm thinking about Schroeder."

He watched me. "There's not much you can do. I wouldn't try to do anything if I were you. I mean, like conducting a search on your own, or anything like that."

"I know what you mean," I said.

He was in a hurry to leave. He held out his hand. "See you around, Bart,"

"Sure thing." I shook hands.

He winked at me, then turned and went out. I sat back down at my desk; I didn't know what to do. In about ten minutes the telephone rang. I answered it. "Colonel Rogers."

"Colonel Dennis here. Did you know

that the 13th is pulling out on us? We can't do anything now but—"

I broke the connection and put the telephone back in its leather case. It began ringing. I ignored it. It rang for about five minutes before it stopped. I walked over to the window. I could hear the C-47 and B-25 revving their engines. Then I saw Franklin's B-25 taxiing to the end of the runway and turning; its engines revved again and then it rolled. He took it up quickly. The C-47 followed him.

WHILE I was still standing at the window, Dad Howe stuck his head around the partition; he had taken his cap off, his hair was tousled and he was smoking a pipe. "Can I see you a minute, Bartholomew?" he said.

"I don't want to talk about any latrines, Dad."

"What's wrong?"

"The 13th pulled out on us." I told him the rest of the story.

Dad sat down. "You say the search was called off by the C.G. at Wing?"

"Yes," I said. "Well, how does it look? Does it look good? You said all I had to do was make it look good. Does it?"

"Why, the decision was made elsewhere. You've done all that duty requires, Bartholomew. You'll get to be a brigadier. Well, how does it feel?"

"Like being on top of a dung heap."

He looked worried. "You don't like it?"

"What do you think?" I got a bottle out of the safe and we sat there quietly at the wake, drinking, until Price came in and asked if I wanted to drop Schroeder from the morning report.

"Listen, Price," I said. "I'm going to turn that squadron recreation fund over to you. There's about four hundred dollars in it. Next time the mail plane from Goose comes in, you go south with it and take the money and buy the outfit some whisky. We'll have a brawl."

"Yes, sir," Price said. He went out.

"Bartholomew, I think you should eat something," Dad said. "You'll feel better for it."

So I let him drag me to mess. I ate and prepared to leave. As I came out of the door of the mess I bumped into Suzy. A light snow had begun to fall. For a second we just stood there and I saw that she had heard the news. She didn't look afraid, exactly, but she looked awfully tense.

"Now get that look off your face. What's the matter?" I said, trying to kid her. "Don't you love me any more?"

"Has it really been abandoned?"

"The 13th pulled out. I'm still on the job."

"Oh," she said. It was one long, relieved sigh. "Oh, of course." She shook her head. "What makes me think things like that?" She looked up at me again and smiled. "Of course I still love you. What did you think?"

"How can I tell?" I said. "First you're hot then you're cold. Have a little faith in me, won't you?"

"I have a lot of faith in you," she said warmly. "Where are you going?"

"To my quarters to brood about this."

"May I come with you?"

"You might as well."

She linked her arm through mine and we plodded off. We went to my hut and took off our parkas.

She kept quiet as long as she could. Then she said, "Bart. You are going to search?"

"I'm thinking about it."

"You'll send the squadron?"

"I don't know. They're a good bunch of boys, Suzy. They've been through a lot this winter. I hate to hurt any more of them."

She watched me; there was sympathy in her eyes, and pain too.

"I don't know," I said again. "Damn. I'd go myself, but just one man won't do any good. It depends on the weather. It depends—on a lot of things."

"I know how it is," she said, and she did, she really did. "And I know you'll do the right thing. The thing that's really right. You won't just follow orders. You'll do the right thing because you're who you are."

"Kindly old Colonel Rogers," I said.

She was still smiling at me. "I think I'd better go."

"You aren't bothering me."

"No." She zipped herself into her parka and walked over to me and took my hand. "If you didn't have some broken ribs I'd give you a great big hug, sir."

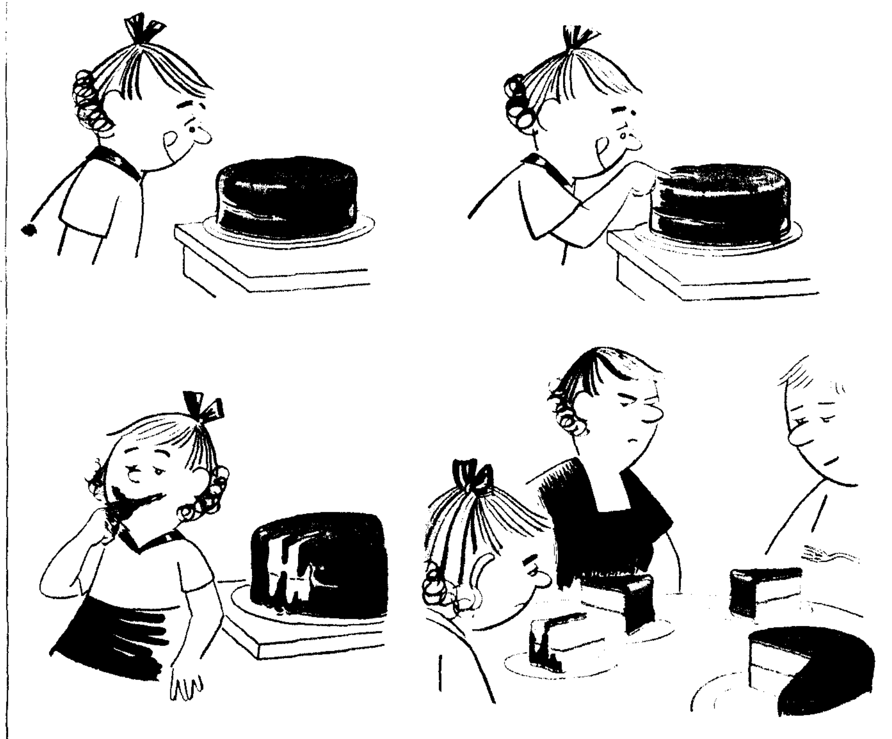
"See me after I knit."

"I'll do that. Good night, Bart." And she kissed me and left.

I SAT there for a while, thinking about her, thinking I'd have quite a story to tell the home folks if I ever got home. Then I got out the chart that Franklin had left with me and spread it out on the table.

Franklin had said once that if the radar didn't find Schroeder, then that meant that Schroeder had gone down in open water. It seemed to be that could very well be true. But had Schroeder managed to ditch and get out of the plane? If so, he would have been drifting for three days. Was he still alive?

SISTER



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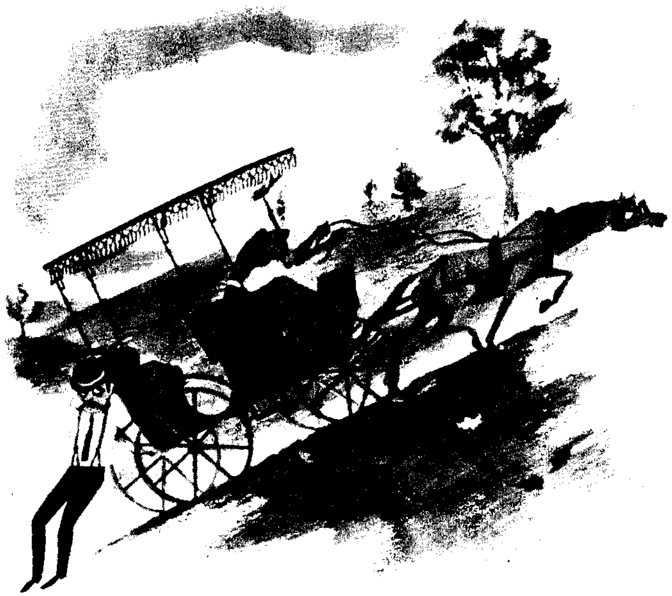

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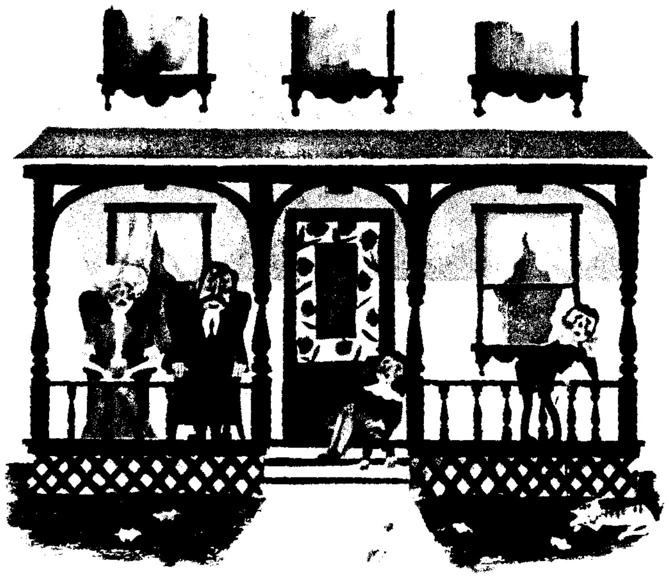
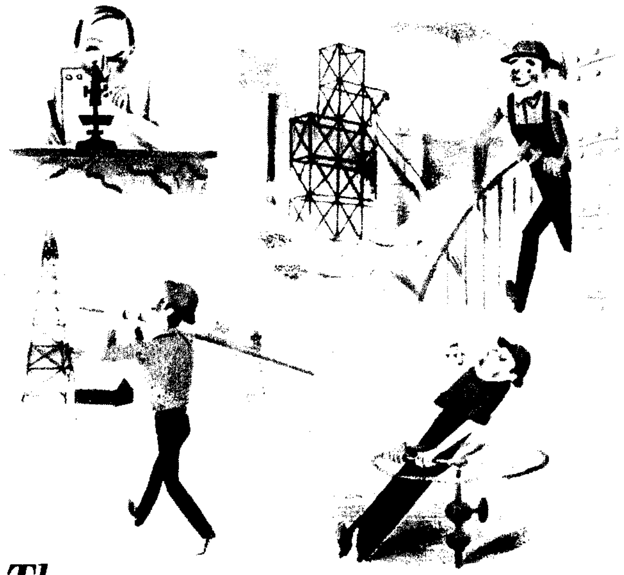
crossing mud roads . . .



or tied to the veranda.



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If he had gone down in the water he could have gone down in Smith Sound between Ellesmere Island and Greenland, or Jones Sound between Ellesmere and Devon Islands, or Lancaster Sound between Devon and Baffin. Or he could have gone down in Baffin Bay between Baffin Island and Greenland and might be drifting down Baffin Bay, carried by the currents toward the Atlantic Ocean.

I thought that it was about one to fifty that he was alive. But I threw on my parka and went down to Operations like the efficient C.O. that I was. There were two sergeants on duty and I got the latest weather report.

THE weather was beginning to clear. It had been terrible ever since Schroeder got lost—not only north of us but also south, and the intelligence team had been held up at Goose because of it. Reports had started coming in about four thirty that afternoon that indicated we were going to have some good weather for the next two or three days. That decided it for me.

I sent one of the sergeants to find Dennis. It was about ten minutes before he showed. I was sitting at his desk when he came in.

"Yeah?" he said, indicating that he wasn't going to take anything from me.

"Let the squadron fly tomorrow," I said. "I want them to fly a search."

He said nothing, but his eyes began to glitter.

"Look at this," I said. I took out the chart that Franklin had given me. "If the radar didn't pick him up then he can be only in one place. The water."

"I hate to agree with you, but I do."

"All right," I said. "Tomorrow is going to be perfect so far as weather is concerned. Put the squadron over upper Baffin Bay, Smith Sound, Jones Sound, Lancaster Sound."

"That's a lot of territory to cover."

"Do the best you can with what you have to work with. Tell me what you've been planning."

"Well, they can take off about four."

"That's all right."

"I'll brief everyone at the same time."

"All right." I stood up and put the chart back in my pocket. "Get busy."

"Is that an order?"

"Sure. What did you think it was?"

"I mean, you *are* ordering the squadron to search? You will issue an order to that effect, one that I can file?"

"I don't think that's necessary," I said.

"I think it is," he said. "You're just trying to frame me. You're going to let the squadron fly a search, and then when they do, you're going to try to get me for sending them out to search without an order. You'll say you meant it just to be a routine flight—and then you'll get me. No, sir. I won't have anything to do with this unless you give me a written order, or a verbal one in front of some third person."

I laughed. I hadn't been planning anything of the sort. He just had a dirty mind. I said, "You'll get your order."

I went back to my quarters and went to sleep. . . .

Price awakened me at three. I was sleeping soundly, and when he came in, slamming the door, I woke up quickly, looking up, blinking, with the feeling that something had gone wrong. Price was walking toward me across the hut, saying, "Sir. Colonel, sir. It's three o'clock."

"Oh." I sat up and rubbed my face. "Got a cigarette?"

"Here, sir." He held out his lighter, too.

I got out of my sleeping bag, puffing on the cigarette and coughing. I put on my pants and a shirt and boots. Price had brought a vacuum of hot coffee. He poured some in a canteen cup and handed it to me.

"Is there anything I can do, sir?" he asked.

"Go outside and get me a little snow, will you?" I asked him. "I want to shave."

"Yes, sir." He went outside and got the snow and came back in, lighted the primus stove to melt the snow and make hot water.

I stood there drinking the coffee and feeling stupid. The snow in the canteen cup on the primus stove melted. I put some brushless lather on my face and shaved. I felt better after that. I put on a jacket and left the hut with Price in the van.

It was light outside, but the sky was overcast enough so that the light was diffused and queer and yellow. Price and I ate in the mess hall and then we went down to the briefing hut. Lieutenant Colonel Dennis and Major Cooley were standing beside the big table drinking coffee.

"Little coffee, Colonel?" Cooley said. "I put some rum in it."

The pilots began to come in by twos and threes and to sit in small groups and to talk. They had on all their gear. They began to smoke and the room began to fill with the sound of their voices, murmuring, and the smoke from their cigarettes. It was all I could do to keep awake.

"Are we all here?" Dennis asked the group.

They all stopped talking; no one answered. Then someone said, "I'm not here," and there was some feeble laughter.

Dennis turned so that his back was to the room. "You want to speak to them?" he asked me.

"Yes."

They were all looking at me and I stood there an instant looking from one pair of eyes to another. They were very serious.

"I've only got one thing to say to you. Use your heads. It's fifty to one that Schroeder's dead. If you do find the ship, it probably won't be anything more than a salvage operation. I don't want any one of you to feel that he's saving someone's life. You'll fly the search as long as weather permits, or until the 13th relieves you—and that should be in a few days. So don't strain anything making a big try. Good luck." I told Dennis to take over and started for the door. . . .

It was about thirty minutes before takeoff time. I felt nervous. I walked around the operations hut with Price at my heels and started down the line where the fighters were parked and tied down. The Russian transport was parked there, too. Mechanics and ground crewmen were fueling the aircraft. I saw Major Cooley standing with his hands on his hips.

"How's it going, Major?"

He turned around. "All right, sir."

"They'll all be in the air?"

"Yes, sir. Every one of them."

I went back to Operations and climbed up the ladder to the platform on top. The wind was beginning to blow. I turned my back to it and lighted a cigarette. I was so nervous that I was beginning to feel a little sick at my stomach. I heard someone coming up the ladder and I turned and saw Sergeant Major Brady climbing up. He was smoking a cigar.

"What is it, Brady?" I asked.

"This radio. I thought you'd want to see it, sir."

I looked at the radio message he was holding. It was from Goose and had come through encoded. The intelligence team would arrive that afternoon. "You make whatever arrangements are necessary," I said to Price.

SOMEONE else started up the ladder, climbing slowly. I walked to the edge of the platform to see. It was Dennis.

"Anything on the weather?" I said.

"Yes. It doesn't look good."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's going to be socked in here later in the day. After 1200 sometime."

I didn't say anything. As always we would have to wait and see what developed. Two of Dennis' sergeants came up the ladder; one of them had a flare pistol and the other a blinker light.

"What time is it?" I asked Dennis.

"We've got five minutes," he said.

I looked down the line where the fighters were. The ground crews were still busy. We all stood on the platform without speaking until Dennis said, "Two minutes." Then no one said anything after that until Dennis said, "Sergeant. Start them taxiing."

The sergeant with the blinker light leaned against the railing, pointing the blinker at the fighter parked closest to us, and blinked the light. I waited, listening, but I didn't hear the jet when it started and began to turn over; I didn't know it was started until I saw it suddenly move out of line, swing to the left, and start down the taxi strip.

"Get ready with that flare pistol, Sergeant," Dennis said.

The other enlisted man went to the front of the platform and stood beside the railing holding the flare pistol pointed up.

The first fighter reached the end of the runway and turned into position to take off.

"Sergeant. Time," Dennis said.

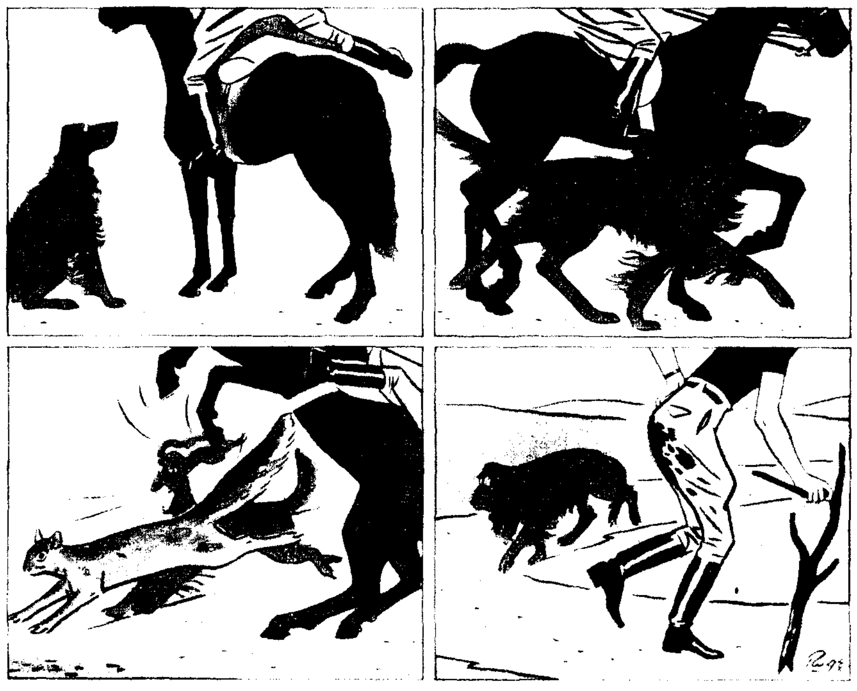
The man with the flare pistol fired and the flare went up high and fell toward the middle of the strip, dying out. Dennis was still bent over his watch. I was staring at the fighter; it started off slow and went about halfway down the runway and then it began to lift.

"Time, Sergeant," Dennis said.

The sergeant fired another flare.

I turned and watched the second fighter

CLANCY



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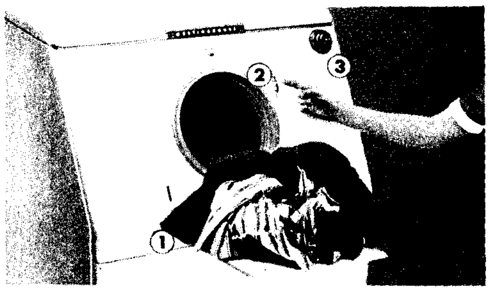

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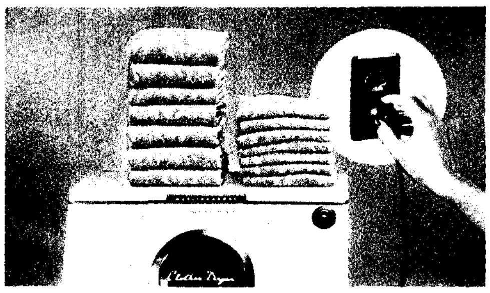

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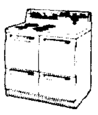
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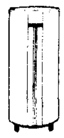
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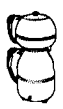
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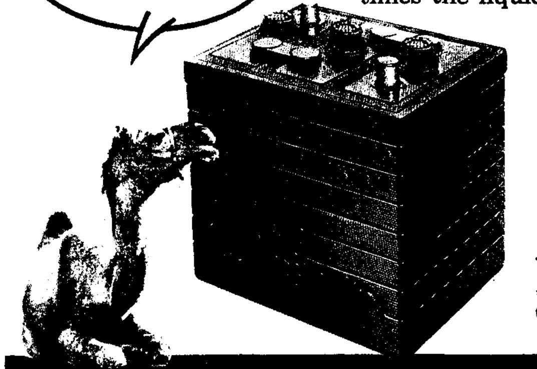

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begin its take-off run. Most of the aircraft were still parked, still waiting to start their engines, and taxi. They'd wait until the last possible minute before they started the engines—they couldn't waste a drop of fuel, because fuel was time and time was precious. Everything was moving with precision. I kept turning to watch the aircraft take off, one after another.

"Time," Dennis said.

The sergeant fired a flare and reloaded.

"That's all, Sergeant," Dennis said, touching him on the shoulder. "That was the last one."

The last fighter went down the runway and lifted and climbed slowly at first and then more rapidly as if the pilot were afraid of being left behind. I watched it until I couldn't see it.

"That does it," Dennis said; he was looking pleased with himself.

I walked back to the mess. When I went in, it was deserted, except for a KP and the mess sergeant. The juke box was thundering. I had that turned off immediately.

I sat down and made a halfhearted attempt to eat some scrambled powdered eggs, but I couldn't make a go of it. I kept thinking about the squadron; I could imagine them slipping up the top of the world, fanning out over upper Baffin Bay and Jones Sound and reaching Ellesmere Island. I could see the individual flights splitting up and flying a rectangular course, two up and two down, that gradually closed in on itself.

Then Suzy entered the mess, charmingly dressed in the uniform of the day. The mess sergeant helped her off with her parka. He hung it up for her and made some joke. She smiled. She saw me and came quickly over to my table.

"Good morning, sir," she said.

"Good morning, Lieutenant," I said. "Won't you sit down?"

She sat down, leaning forward to look into my face. "You decided, didn't you? They've taken off, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"What're you going to do now?"

"Sweat," I said.

She reached out and took my hand. "Poor old Bart."

"Yeah, the poor kid," I said. And we sat there eating breakfast and holding hands and sweating together. It would've been kind of nice if I hadn't been so worried.

I WAS on the platform on top of the operations hut for a long time before the squadron started coming in. Finally the first flight came in sight, low, ready to sit down. The planes landed almost as rapidly as they had taken off. For what seemed like forever to me, the squadron was in the landing pattern and landing and taxiing back past Operations and parking; the ground crews were waiting and they began refueling as soon as the first fighter was parked.

The pilots hurried to Briefing to report as soon as they landed. I went there, too. The reports were all negative; no one had seen anything but pack ice. Thirty minutes later the squadron was refueled and airborne again.

I walked back to Operations. The first person I saw when I entered was Dad Howe, standing in the midst of all the hubbub, smoking his pipe. He saw me and said good morning.

"Good morning, Dad." I had a look at the weather report, and Dad did, too, looking over my shoulder. The field was due to be socked in about eleven. I didn't think the squadron could make a third trip that morning. I turned and looked for Dennis and saw him. "Colonel, see these reports?" I said.

"Yes. We have rotten luck, don't we?"

"When they come in this time, don't send them out again," I said.

"Well, there's possibility that it may clear for a while later today."

"We'll see," I said. "I'll be at headquarters if you want me."

I left Operations with Howe at my heels. We didn't speak until we got inside the headquarters hut. We went behind my partition and took off our heavy clothing. Howe relighted his pipe and I got the chart that Franklin had given me—a copy of the one that the C-54 radar operators had used—out of my desk and spread it out flat.

Howe looked over my shoulder, staring at the map. "What're those crosses?" he said.

"Previous wrecks," I said. "Franklin told us about them."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Well, they're marked appropriately. X marks the spot."

"How could the radar have missed?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "It doesn't seem possible in this day and age, does it?"

"Damn!" I said. "Where is he, Dad?"

HOWE didn't answer. He stood there for a moment longer looking at the map and then he said, "Of course, Schroeder could've crashed right on one of those X's. He could've hit so close to the wreckage of a previous crash that the old wreckage would jam the scope."

"Be serious," I said.

"Well, it has happened. I've seen it happen. I've seen two planes crash in the same spot at two different times."

"So have I," I said. "But it always happened someplace like the end of a runway or on an approach. Someplace that a lot of planes flew over pretty frequently."

I sat there chewing my nails until the squadron returned. Then I went down to Briefing again and listened to the pilots make their reports to Dennis. Again no one had seen anything. After the last pilot had left the briefing hut Dennis asked me, "Well, what do you think? Do you still think he went down in the water?"

"I don't know," I said. "I doubt if we've searched the areas adequately enough to say."

He took a cigar out of his pocket. "Do you want to send them out this afternoon?"

"What do you think?" I said.

He looked at the cigar. "Well. Visibility is going to be restricted and we're due for some more of that damn' fog here. I don't think they'd better go out."

I knew that if Dennis thought that then it was undoubtedly the only course of action. "What about tomorrow?"

"We'll have to wait and see, Colonel."

Wait and see. It had been four days. And for Schroeder that had meant four days of low temperatures, no food, exposure to the weather, and perhaps injuries received in landing and cracking up. I felt like I was at the end of my string and I knew that if I felt that way, then Schroeder must be feeling that it was all over with him.

"Well, I'll be in headquarters," I told Dennis, and I went there, feeling pretty inadequate, and brooded quietly behind my partition. The enlisted men went to chow, and only Price was outside quietly rustling the morning report. I sat there and stared at the chart Franklin had left with me until there should have been two small dark holes burned in it.

"Price," I called, "come in here."

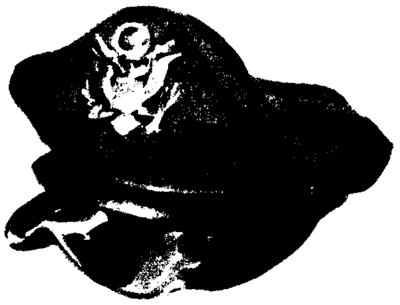
Price appeared with politely raised eyebrows.

"Issue an order grounding the squadron."

"Yes, sir."

And then I was alone again with my chart. I had an idea—a crazy idea, but no crazier than anything else in this godforsaken wilderness of ice. It was crazy, but I knew it was something I had to do.

(To be continued next week)



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FREEDOM COMES UNDER ATTACK. The reality of war has made every American think hard about the things he's willing to work and fight for—and freedom leads the list.

But that freedom has been attacked here recently—just as it has been attacked in other parts of the world. One of the most serious threats to individual freedom has been the threat of Government-dominated Compulsory Health Insurance, falsely presented as a new guarantee of health "security" for everybody.

THE PEOPLE WEIGH THE FACTS. In the American manner, the people studied the case for Socialized Medicine—and the case against it.

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American Farm Bureau Federation
National Grange
American Legion
Veterans of Foreign Wars
Nat'l Conference, Catholic Charities
American Protestant Hospital Association
Nat'l Association of Small Business Men
United States Chamber of Commerce
Nat'l Association of Retail Grocers
Nat'l Retail Dry Goods Association
American Bar Association

• Doctors of America are dedicated to serve their fellow citizens at home and their comrades in uniform, wherever service to this Nation may take them. • And the thing they stand ready to fight for—to sacrifice for—to die for—is not the alien way of life of Socialism, but the prideful security of a free and self-reliant people!

THE VOLUNTARY WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY!

• Throughout the Nation, free men and women, working and planning together, are finding the American answer to every question of medical service, care and cost. Hundreds of Voluntary Health Insurance Plans are in healthy competition—sponsored by doctors, insurance companies, hospitals, fraternal organizations—by industry, agriculture and labor. • Today in America—70 million people are protected by Voluntary Health Insurance! • Throughout the Nation, families are insuring themselves against the major costs of illness—at reasonable, budget-basis prices. Voluntary Health Insurance takes the economic shock out of illness. Protect your family now. • For information, ask your doctor—or your insurance man.

An American's greatest heritage is the right to learn the facts—and to speak his mind.
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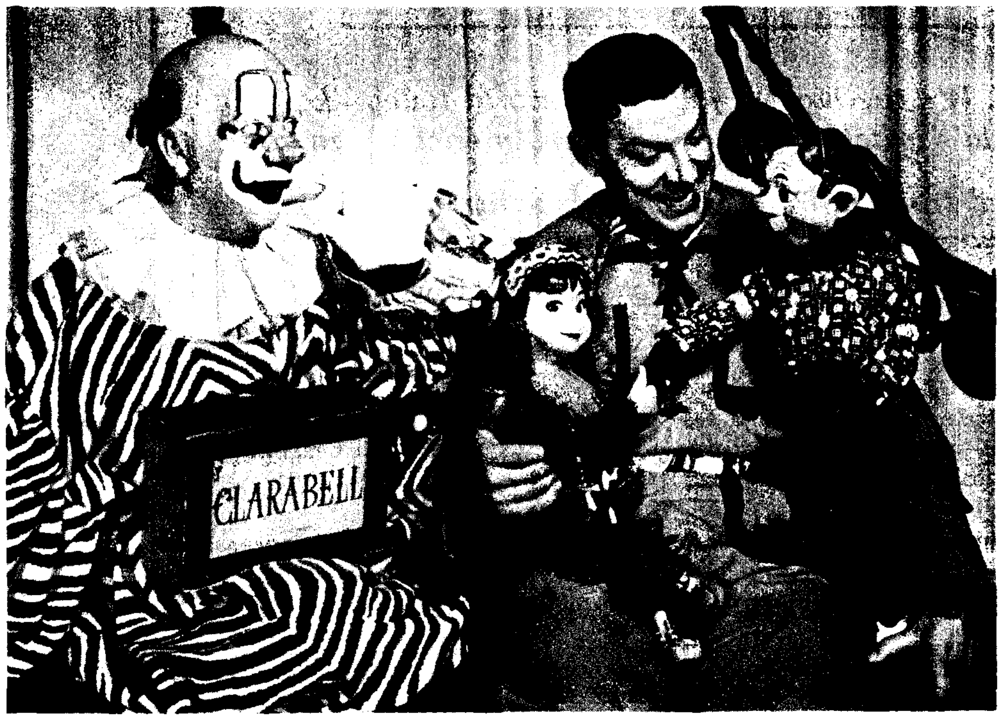
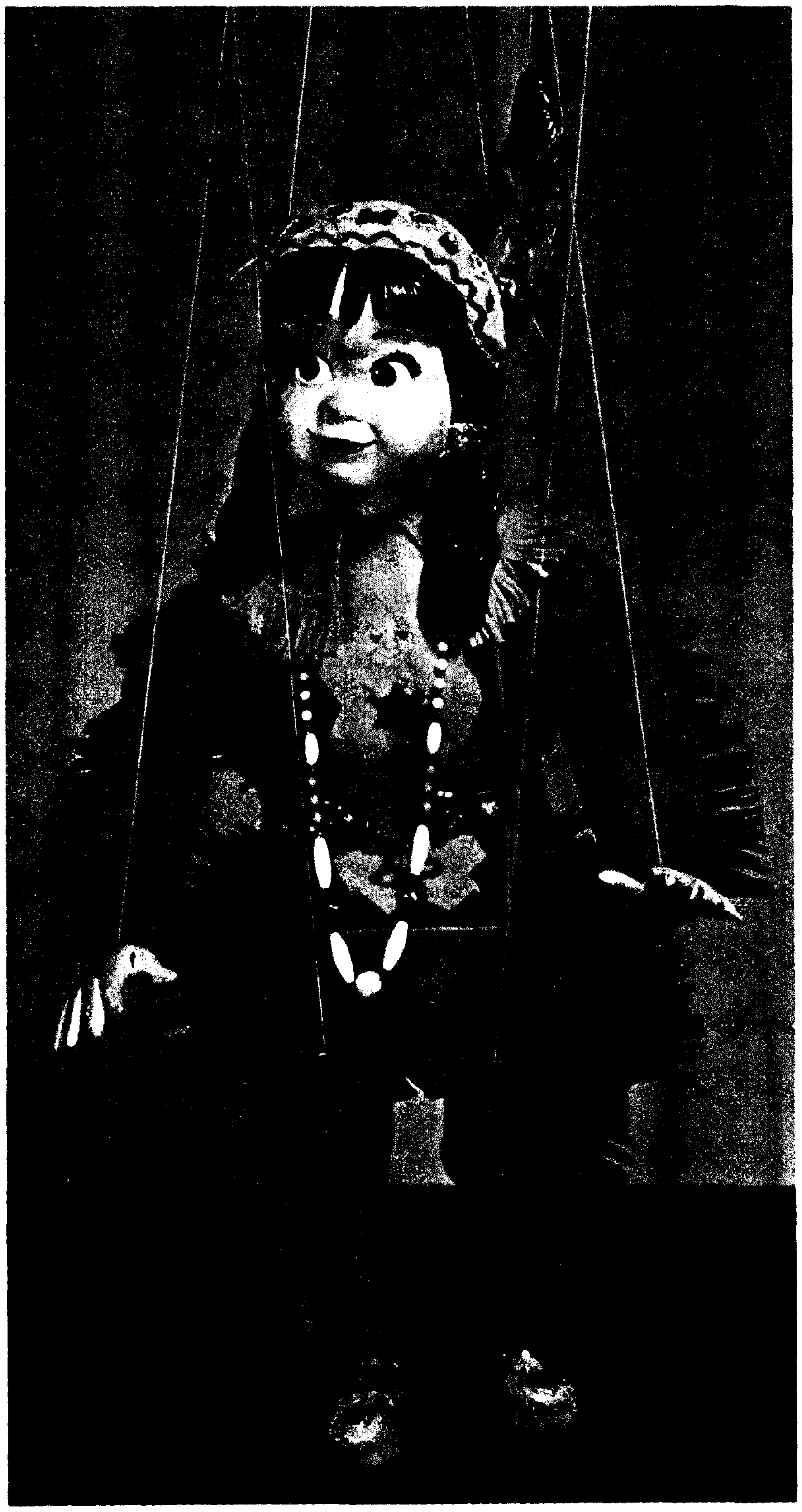
Howdy Doody's Newest Pal

THE saucy young lady shown here doesn't look much like a troublemaker, but she was a ten-month headache for the producers of one of the most popular children's programs on television. Last year, Bob Smith, impresario of the Howdy Doody puppet show, got together with his staff to discuss ways of adding a feminine touch to the program—something that might have appeal for the ladies of the primary-school set. That should have been a fairly simple assignment for a group of experienced string-pullers, but it proved to be unexpectedly tough. In the end, it took months of conferences, sketching, modeling and carving to produce the diminutive Indian charmer shown here, and more months to find a suitable name for her. The one finally chosen from among several thousand entries was Princess Summerfall Winterspring. This pretty little all-seasonal character will make her bow this week, joining such old-timers on the show as H. Doody himself, the cantankerous Phineas T. Bluster, horn-tooting Clarabell the clown, and Flub-a-dub the one-animal zoo (face like a duck, ears like a spaniel, neck like a giraffe, etc.). Miss Winterspring is the creation of Milt Neil, who designs all the puppets on the program.



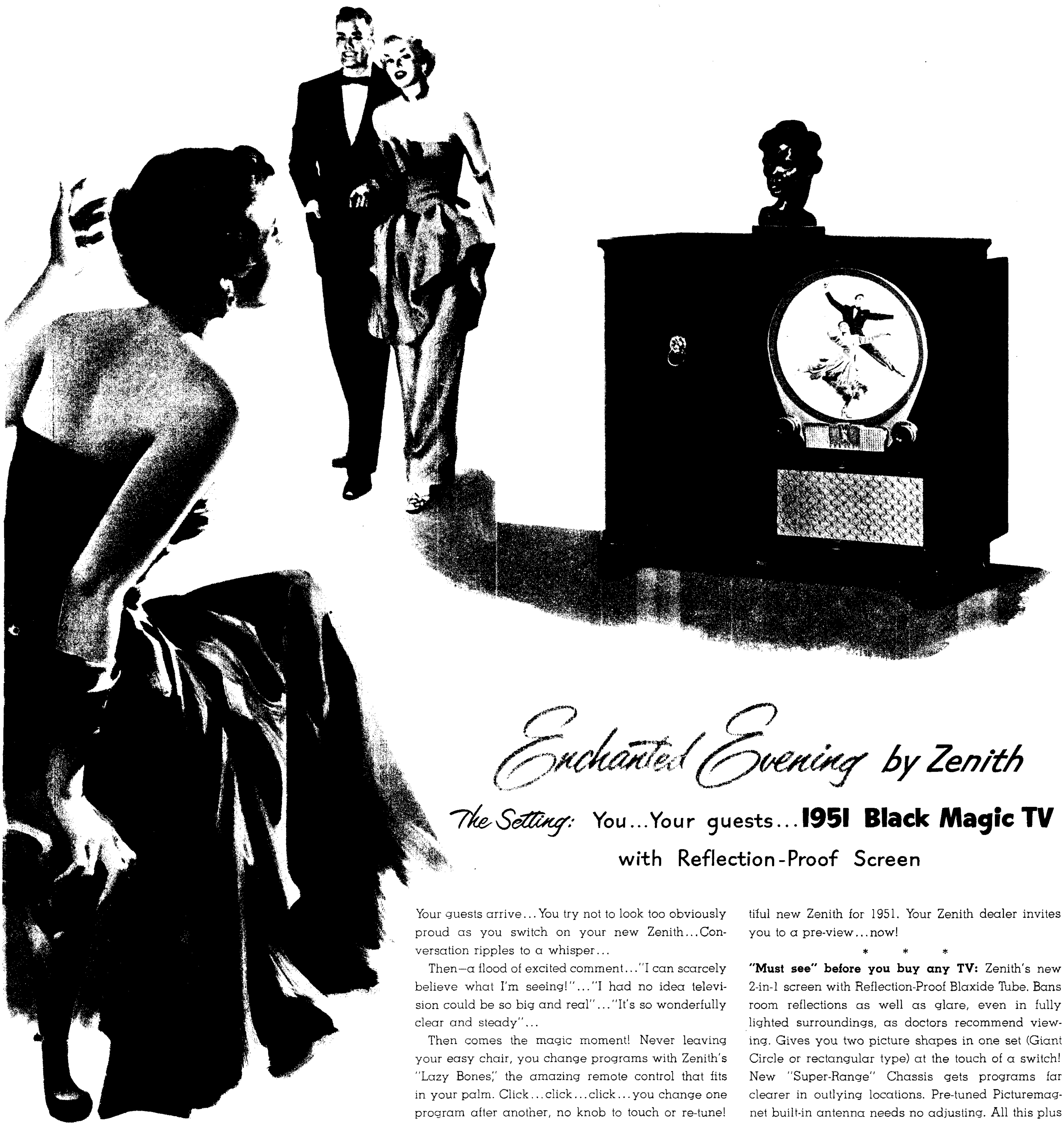
With his friends Clarabell the clown and Bob Smith doing the honors, Howdy Doody greets the newcomer to his TV program

Puppet sculptor Scott Brinker, working from Milt Neil's designs, carves out the final version of the pretty Indian maiden



Meet Princess Summerfall Winterspring, latest addition to the high-strung Howdy Doody troupe. She was created in response to popular demand for a leading lady on the famous children's show

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



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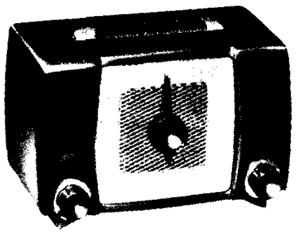
* * *

"Must see" before you buy any TV: Zenith's new 2-in-1 screen with Reflection-Proof Blaxide Tube. Bans room reflections as well as glare, even in fully lighted surroundings, as doctors recommend viewing. Gives you two picture shapes in one set (Giant Circle or rectangular type) at the touch of a switch! New "Super-Range" Chassis gets programs far clearer in outlying locations. Pre-tuned Picturemagnet built-in antenna needs no adjusting. All this plus built-in provision for tuner strips to receive proposed Ultra-High Frequencies on present standards. Glorious new cabinets of lifetime beauty and quality.

(Above) Zenith® TV Combination, the "Kilmer", New 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 screen. New "Cobra-Matic" Record Changer—simplest all-speed changer ever invented! FM-AM radio with new, more powerful speaker. Exquisite Regency cabinet, genuine Mahogany veneers. Your choice of a wide variety of new Zenith TV consoles, table sets, combinations.



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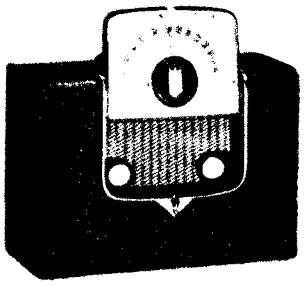

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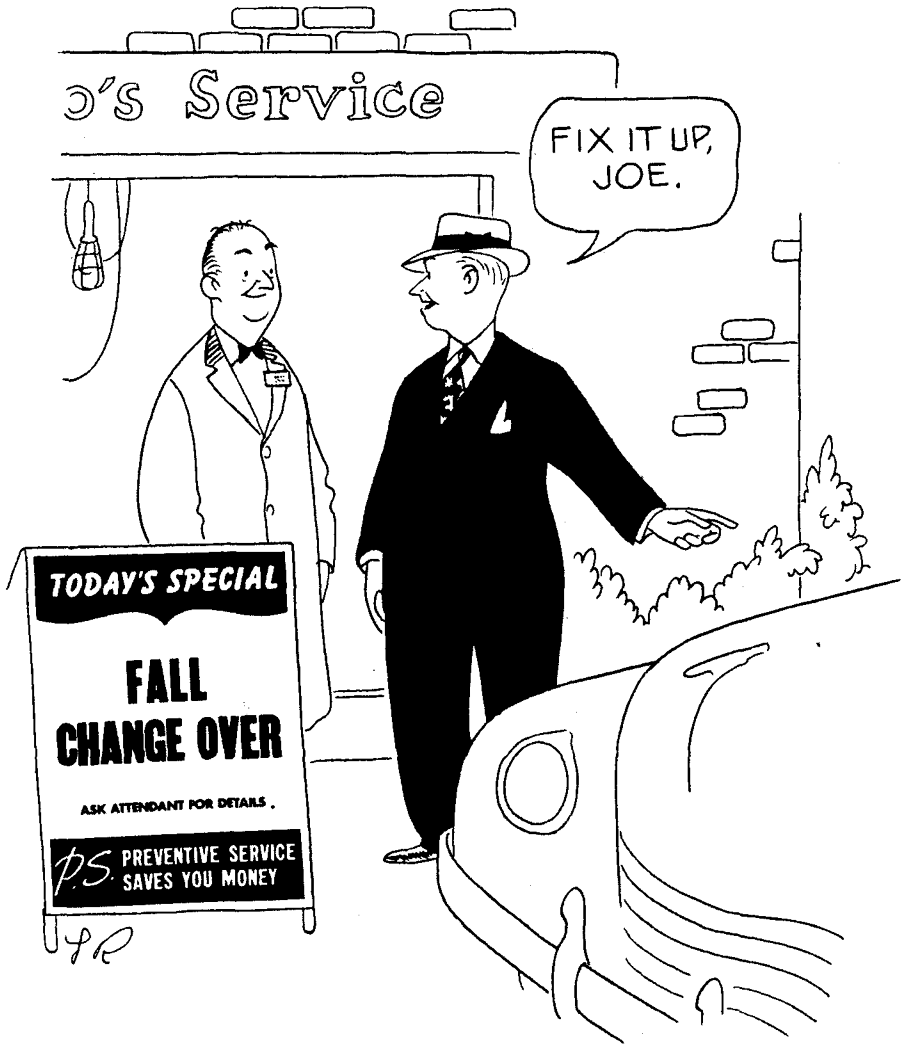

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Showdown in the Middle East

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

in the last war. If it happens again, I know my boys will go up to the mountains like their father. I will go with them."

The mountains. The Yugoslavs talk about those rock-ribbed fastnesses calmly and with deep faith. For 500 years they have been taking to the mountains to bleed every invader white.

If the attack comes, the general staff expects the big Russian-directed push to be launched in tank columns from Hungary and Rumania across the flat plains toward Belgrade and the western provinces. Diversionary attacks, mostly of nuisance value, will strike from Bulgaria into the southern range of mountains.

The plains can be defended in open battle only by other tanks—which the Yugoslavs do not have. They dare not commit too many of their men or much of their precious equipment in ideal tank country. They will try to harass and delay until their main forces are well holed up in the hills.

Invading armies will be able to seize and hold the main towns and highways by day. If the Yugoslav battle plan works, the enemy patrols will be chopped up every night; their communications will be disrupted daily. A defiant population will contribute to making their life miserable. Attacks into the mountains to silence the hard core of the Yugoslav military force would be fiercely resisted on the narrow goat trails.

It will be a war of attrition, costly in men and equipment for the invader—as some 500,000 Germans, Italians, Hungarians and Bulgars found out in World War II. With effective help, which can come only from the United States, the Yugoslavs could hold out indefinitely against a hated enemy.

Just before I left Belgrade, impassive Alexander Bernov, the Soviet Union's correspondent for Tass, looked me up and we had dinner together.

"The Yugoslavs won't talk to me," he complained. "I can't go more than five miles from the city. They're a strange people. When they love, they love with a passion. When they hate . . ."

He drew the index finger of his right hand across his throat in a silent and significant gesture.

ANKARA *By William Attwood*

Turkey is one country where American military aid has been timely and effective. You don't have to be here long to see and hear the evidence.

On a sweltering afternoon I struck up a conversation with six Turkish noncoms who were stripping an American M-26 medium heavy tank in one of the sheds of Ankara's armored school. We discussed their daily routine, then I mentioned Korea.

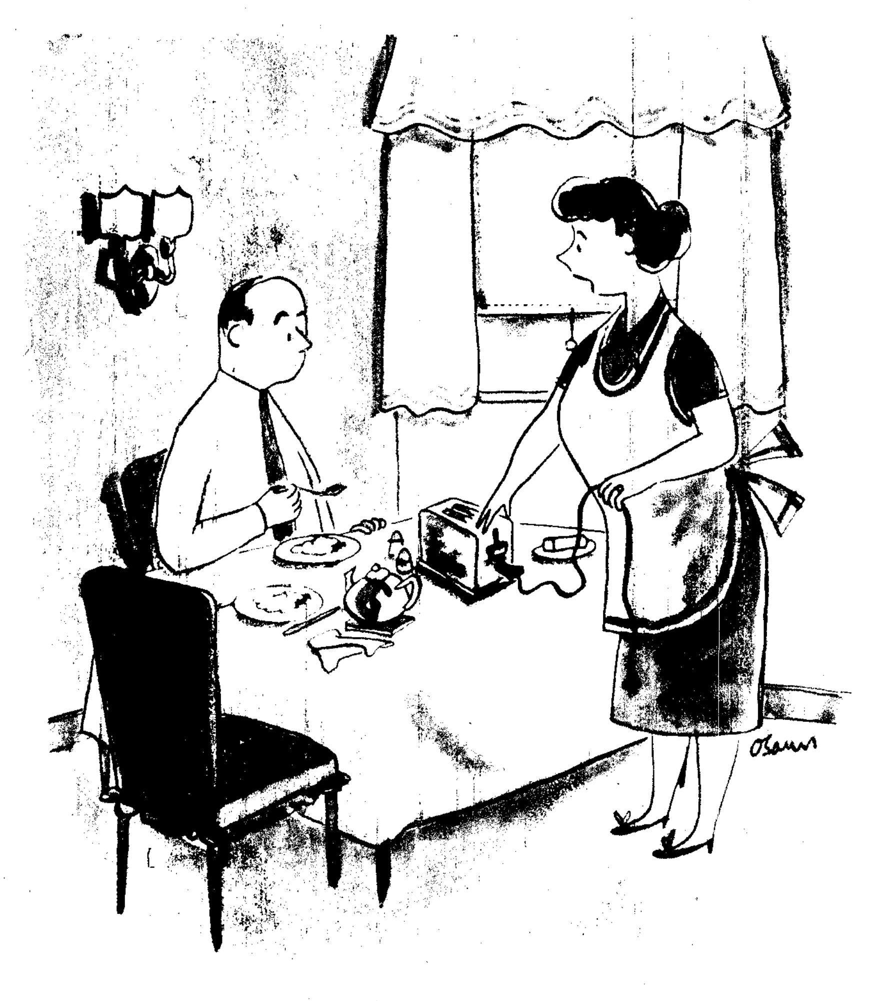
"We'd like to be there now," said Sergeant Ahmet Oral, "and help put out that fire before it spreads." The others nodded assent.

There's not much chance of this student crew joining the U.N. forces in Korea, but someday they may well be fighting Soviet aggression in their own homeland.

These young Turkish GIs are members of a crack training center turning out some 500 officer and noncom tankmen a year. It's commanded by Colonel Mete Yurdakul, a graduate of the U.S. Army Tank School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and is supervised by a staff of five American advisers. Thanks to this school, Turkey's armored strength has grown from one to six brigades (of 66 tanks each) in the past two years.

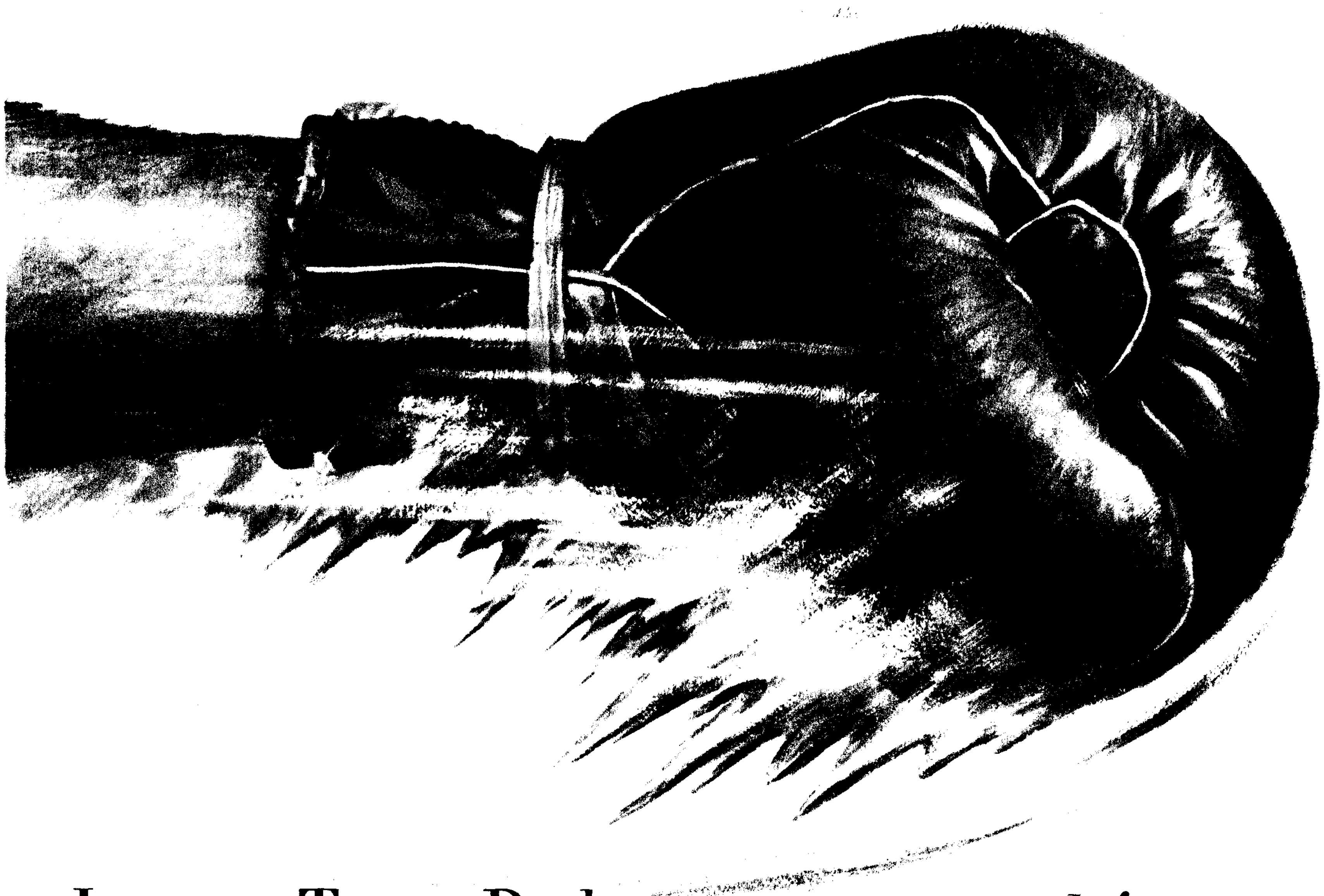
"I never thought that so much could be done in so short a time," Colonel Yurdakul told me in his office. Beside him, Colonel Charles Rau, of Seattle, senior American adviser, beamed with satisfaction. His staff has reason to be proud.

When Colonel Rau arrived in 1948, the school was a cluster of crude sheds housing a hodgepodge of German, French and British light tanks. Maintenance was sloppy,



COLLIER'S "Charles, will you try to fix this for me so I can get a new one?" KATE OSANN

Beat winter to the punch!..



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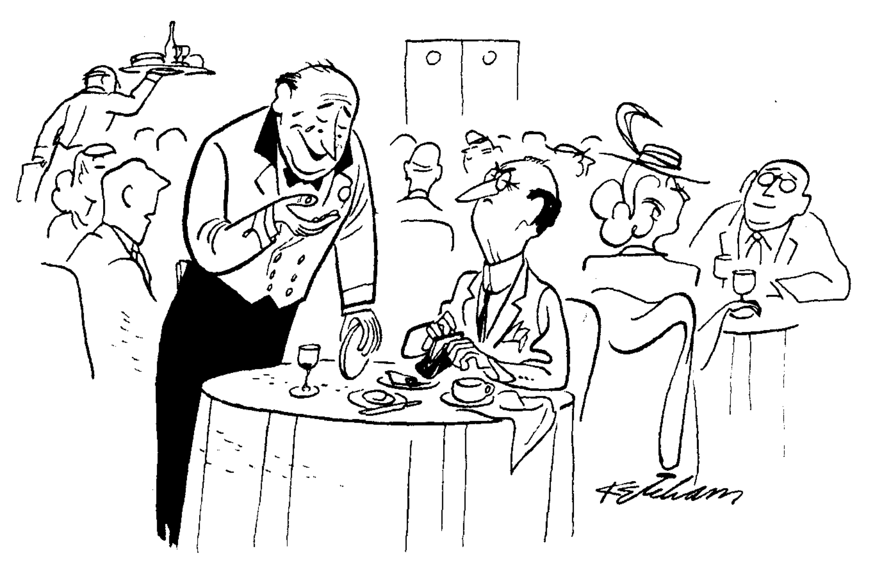

COLLIER'S "Oh thank you, sir! I haven't received one of these since I was a shoeshine boy" HANK KETCHAM

tools and spare parts scarce; tactical instruction was provided by an officer reading aloud from a 1923 French manual.

"We had to start from scratch," recalled Colonel Rau, "teaching men how to use screw drivers, building our own training aids, working half the night mapping out the next day's problems."

After six months, enough Turkish officers were trained to share the burden of instruction. Today, the school is practically a replica of Fort Knox—with well-equipped workshops and eight different classes learning how to use American equipment in American field problems. In June, students took part in Turkey's first combined air-tank exercise—and they looked good.

Over the hump? Yes, but an enormous job remains to be done before Turkey's army becomes a first-class fighting machine.

This is the job of 490 officers and men of the Joint U.S. Military Mission for Aid to Turkey, the outfit that sprang into being soon after the historic Truman Doctrine went into effect more than three years ago.

The stated aim of Jammat (as it's called) was "to increase Turkey's defensive capacity through education, modernization and mechanization without further burdening the nation's economy."

Obsolete Ships and Planes

When the first Jammat officers arrived in 1947, they found a creaking, unwieldy, horse-drawn army of 600,000 that was eating up 50 per cent of Turkey's annual budget; an obsolete navy; an air force equipped with a motley collection of 22 different makes of planes, none more modern than the obsolete British Spitfire. They found soldiers who couldn't shoot and pilots who couldn't pass elementary American tests.

Jammat went to work. Quickly, some 900 Turkish officers were sent to the States, another 300 to Germany, to familiarize themselves with U.S. equipment in preparation for the supplies that began trickling in to Turkey early in 1948.

The Turks learn fast because they're eager for knowledge about the new tools they may have to use. One day, unannounced, I walked into a class at the armored school. I found the students erect, attentive, intent on what the instructor was saying; no one was slouching or staring out of the window.

That's why Jammat has made progress. But it hasn't always been easy. The cocky Turks are prone to overconfidence. Take the pilots. Once they've soloed they think they know everything about flying. Just ask Captain Ed Griswold, of Chicago, an instructor in multiengined planes at the Eskisehir air base.

"At first I couldn't get my students to practice landings in a cross wind as long as an upwind runway was available," he told me. "They wouldn't be bothered. So I surprised them by cutting out one engine when they made a wrong move. Risky? How else are you going to teach them?"

Today, more than 20,000 Turks have been exposed to American training methods. Their overgrown army has been trimmed to 350,000, with emphasis on mobility and firepower.

Supplies are pouring in: bazookas and jeeps; medical kits and M-36 tanks (whose 90-mm. guns can outshoot the Russian T-34); howitzers and mortars. We've given the navy four subs and four destroyers in addition to maintenance vessels and equipment. The air force now has ten Republic F-47 fighter squadrons and four Douglas B-26 bomber squadrons trained for combat.

What remains to be done? The Turkish army is still hamstrung by obsolete traditions. Its administration must be completely overhauled. Only recently have sergeants been able to instruct officers. Only recently have officers condescended to put on fatigues and learn to get acquainted with the nuts and bolts of their new American equipment.

When Turkish officers balked at giving untutored conscripts specialized instruction, American artillery advisers convinced them by graduating three illiterates in the top 10 per cent of their class.

On such occasions, Jammat's first chief, Major General Horace McBride, could be as blunt as a veteran top kick. "If you cooperate," he told the Turks, "we'll help you. If you don't, we won't."

This attitude has achieved results. Red tape has been slashed. At the armored school, Captain Oktay Errtan, commanding the repair section, now gets his spare parts direct from Ordnance instead of filling out seven forms and waiting three months for his requisitions to go through channels.

Why? Because the Turks, long wary of all foreigners, have learned to work with Americans. They know we're helping them defend their own land; they also know our only motive in doing so is concern for the security of the free world—ourselves included.

It will take Turkey another two years to forge a really effective army—assuming American aid doesn't slacken. That's the opinion of all American military experts, including General McBride.

The cost? So far $250,000,000. To that should be added most of the $103,000,000 earmarked for Turkey by the Marshall Plan. For ECA aid has strengthened Turkey's ability to defend itself in at least three ways: it has helped build several thousand miles of military roads in a country that possesses only 5,500 miles of paved highways in all; it has prevented any drastic reduction in military appropriations; it has shored up Turkey's agricultural economy and averted possible unrest with tractors and technical assistance—in fact, Turkish farmers who

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Two years, said General McBride. Two more years in which to produce an effective fighting force.

But what if there isn't time—what if the Russians decide on a quick showdown in this corner of the world? How can we help?

Right now we could promise nothing but air support—from distant bases and the two aircraft carriers of the Sixth Fleet. No Turkish airfield at present is adapted to sustained B-29 operations and only one, at Esenboga, can accommodate jets.

Chances are that any aggression against Turkey would take the form of a surprise attack. Turkish internal intelligence is good, but its positive intelligence, on which our diplomats rely, is far from satisfactory. The haughty Turks have long been contemptuous of all their neighbors. Only in the last two months have they offered to exchange information with their Greek allies about their common Bulgarian border.

The attack could be swift and sudden. But it's more likely the Russians will choose to by-pass this strong point, if war comes, and isolate it by a flanking movement through Iran.

If the U.N. calls for action against the aggressor, this could bring Turkey into the war. With that possibility in mind, the armored school has started teaching offensive tactics—including map problems located on the Russian and Iranian frontiers.

Should aggression come, Turkey and its developing army would be the West's only solid bastion in the Middle East. If only for this reason, this is one place where we can't afford to be stingy. Airfields must be built, training accelerated, mechanization pressed. As military expenditures go these days, $250,000,000 is a modest sum, especially when it's paying dividends—as apparently it is.

"Dollar for dollar," General McBride told me, "I believe we're getting more out of our investment in Turkey than in any other country where we've spent money."

TEHERAN

By David Perlman

No one in history has ever taken a census of Iran, and when I flew into the great western Asiatic plateau from Damascus over the Iraqi desert, I quickly learned why. For hundreds of miles the Persian land below is stark and brown; tiny villages of bleached mud huts lie against rocky outcroppings several days' journey by burro from the nearest dirt road. Only occasionally is there a patch of sparse green to show where subsurface water has been tapped for cultivation. They say 15,000,000 people live here, but the figure may be 13,000,000—or 18,000,000.

But this high tableland, fronted by mountains along the Iraq border to the west and more mountains along the Soviet frontiers and the Caspian Sea to the north, is a prime Russian target. And America is now committed to its defense.

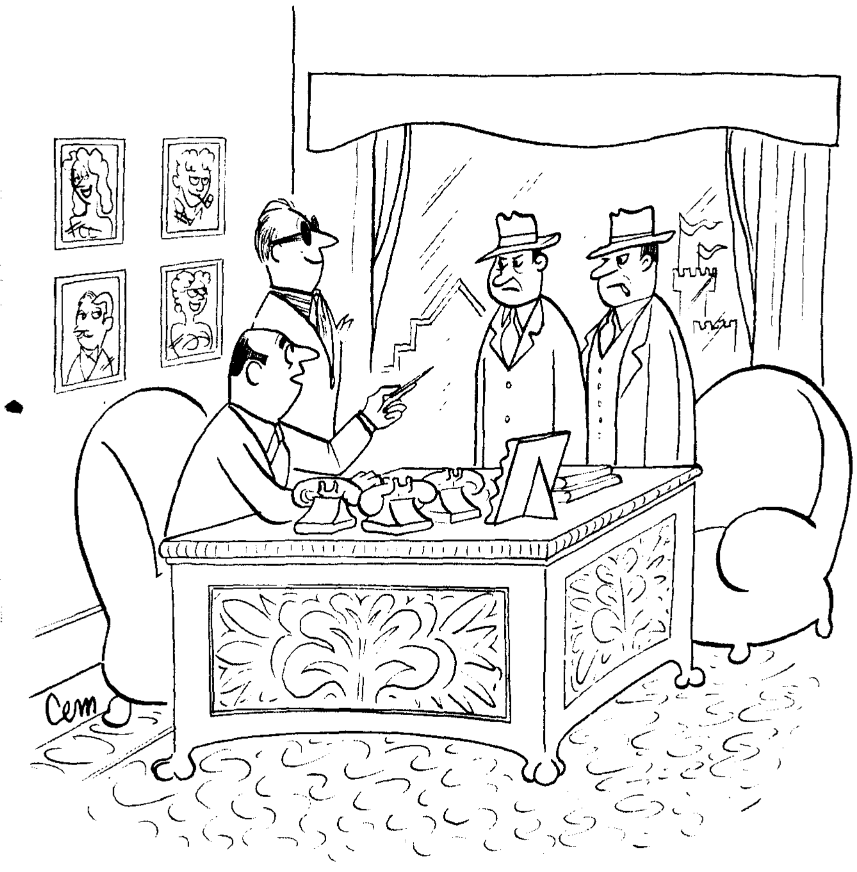
Luxury Mingled with Squalor

Why defend it? Why bother about a primitive country whose capital, Teheran, is a monstrous incongruity of resplendent government edifices and miserable, disease-ridden hovels: whose streets are filled with careening American cars driven by the rich and the huddled figures of homeless illiterates who dip their drinking water from the same open gutters where camels and dogs jostle one another for washing room?

The answer is simple. Six hundred and fifty miles south of the Soviet frontier lies Abadan, port city of the Persian Gulf, whose oil refinery is the largest in the world. East and north of Abadan, from Gach-Saran to Lali, lie Iran's oil fields, fourth largest producers in the world. West and south of Iran lies the whole vast oil complex of the Middle East—the wells and refineries of Iraq, Kuwait, Israel, Bahrein and Saudi Arabia. And oil pipes are the blood stream of the modern world.

There's still another reason to defend Iran. Despite corruption, poverty and disease, the Persians are an independent people. The nation is rich in resources, the land potentially fertile. Modern wells and decent transport could bring irrigation, vast quantities of food, a higher standard of living, and eventually real democracy to an area where time often seems to have stopped a thousand years before Christ.

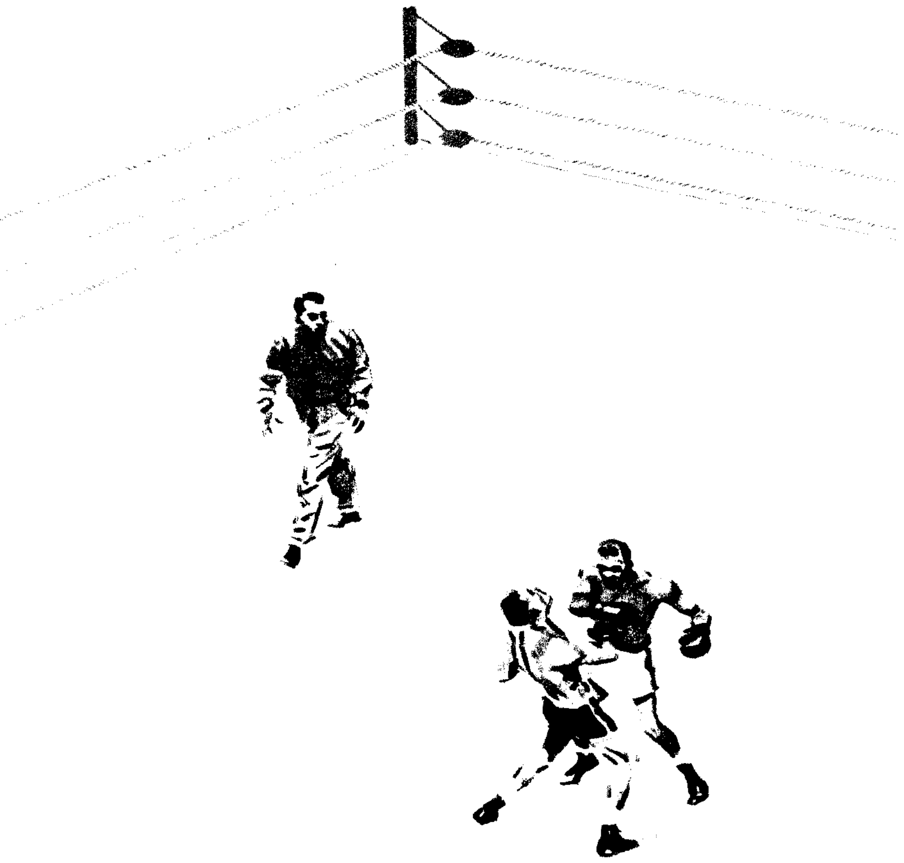
Today, after five years of unpredictable Cabinet changes, Iran has just installed a new Prime Minister and a new government, and for the first time since the war no one

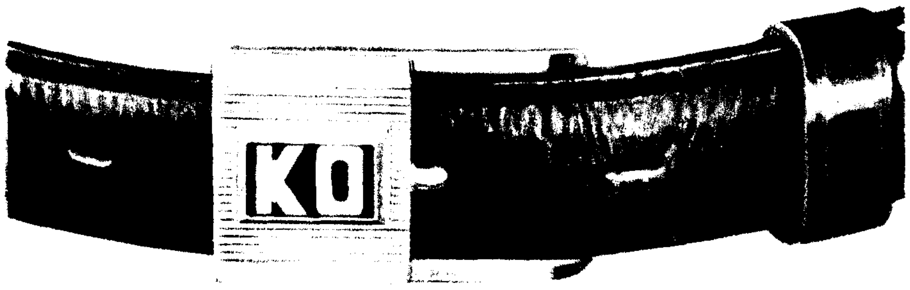


"This picture needs publicity—I want you two boys to steal Lucille Laverne's jewels"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES E. MARTIN





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...watching

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Rock Island
THE ROAD OF PLANNED PROGRESS

Rock Island Lines

is leveling charges that the government is either viciously corrupt or ready to flirt with the Russians. Prime Minister Ali Razmara, former army chief of staff, is known as an honest man and a strong one.

At the same time, American aid is on its way. For five years now the Iranians have been calling for American financial help, and for five years they've got advisory missions—financial missions, military missions, gendarmery missions and agricultural missions. Our State Department has been naturally hesitant to pour money into what looked suspiciously like a very crooked rathole. But any day now the first of some $12,000,000 worth of military equipment should begin arriving, and another $15,000,000 worth has been voted by Congress.

America's Export-Import Bank is getting the specifications for a priority program of farm and road machinery, irrigation equipment and aid to small industries that will cost up to $20,000,000. These dollars won't satisfy Iran, whose politicians like to talk in terms of credit ranging from $100,000,000 to $500,000,000. But America's attitude is to watch how wisely Iran uses these first dollar allocations before committing any more.

Persia has still another untapped source of dollars in its oil. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, more than half of its voting stock owned by the British government, operates the southern fields and refineries under concession, and Persia's royalty revenue has already reached $63,000,000 in the past two years. With its profits at an all-time high, Anglo-Iranian has negotiated a new royalty agreement with Iranian officials that would give the government a lump payment of almost $70,000,000 as soon as it's ratified. But the Persian parliament, violently antiforeign, unwilling to admit its dependence on British revenues, and hoping to jack up the ante, has so far refused to ratify the new agreement.

In a bold stroke of farsightedness, the Iranians two years ago conceived a dramatic Seven-Year Plan for agriculture, industry, health and transport, and earmarked the nation's entire oil revenue for the plan.

A group of American engineering consultants was hired to whip the project into shape. That's as far as it went.

How the Money Was Spent

Operationally, the plan is almost a year old now, but its accomplishments have been virtually zero. Instead of devoting the bulk of its money to agriculture and health—where its effects would be felt in the standard of living of the people—the plan's political administration used almost half of it for spectacular railroad improvements and almost half for refinancing a bankrupt government bank; the rest is mysteriously unaccounted for.

Now Razmara, the new Prime Minister, is cleaning house fast in the Seven-Year Plan organization.

The plan's failure has been only one instance of the almost incredible refusal by government officials and wealthy Persians to realize the crisis that has overtaken their once self-sufficient country.

Not long ago thousands of refugees fled to Teheran from the northern province of Azerbaijan following a crop failure. Homeless and without work, they were dying of starvation. Thirteen thousand weakened men were put to work repairing roads, at a wage of 40 cents a day, and it wasn't until a month later that a conscientious government inspector discovered that road repair officials were squeezing five cents a day out of each refugee!

I talked with a leader of Iran's weak and disunited labor movement who had recently captained a strike in the carpet-weaving mills of Isfahan. "It was a great success, our strike," he told me bitterly. "For the first time we won a victory. We finally wrung from the employers a guaranty that they would obey the minimum wage law. It's the first time they've obeyed it. The minimum wage? Twenty rials a day—40 cents."

I talked with the owner of two large textile mills, a man whose family owns thousands of acres of farm land in the north, but who almost never visits the peasants who sharecrop the family fields. Like most wealthy Persians he was charming, sophisticated and educated in the West. And like most he was quick to score the social irresponsibility of his class. But in the next breath:

"I'm closing my mills," he complained. "I can no longer make a profit competing with imported British and American textiles. Why, this past year my profit was only 15 per cent. Why stay in business?"

Wartime Profits Squandered

I asked him about the war years. "Those were the days," he replied. "Our profits ran 300, 500, even a thousand per cent." Did he plow back any of those profits into his business, into machinery or higher wages? Not at all. He built a new home in Shimran, Teheran's fashionable mountain suburb—a home complete with tennis courts and swimming pool.

It's no wonder that of all the southern nations where Russia is probing for a soft spot, Iran is the softest. It's no wonder that Iran's underground Communist movement is steadily growing stronger, and that the prospect of a Communist-led revolt of peasants in northern Azerbaijan is an ominous threat for this coming winter.

In the face of this situation, the job of strengthening and reforming Iran may well seem hopeless. But the global impact of Communism's expansionist drive makes the effort of critical importance. And America's role is to buttress the efforts of Iran's shah and government to do the job.

That role doesn't take the simple form of a few million dollars in arms aid and economic assistance. The tip-off on America's concept of its mission came during the summer with the appointment of San Francisco-bred Henry F. Grady as ambassador in Teheran. Dr. Grady—stout, jovial and astute—is an expert at stiffening resistance to Communism. As ambassador to Greece, he led the American military-economic-political team in Athens that gave the Greeks the backbone to lick the Communist guerrillas once and for all. And once the threat of revolution was put down, it was Dr. Grady who successfully insisted that the price of American aid was a liberal, honest government administration.

At the end of June, Prime Minister Ali Mansour sent a desperate, secret message to the American embassy. Persuade the shah to let me stay in office, he told the embassy, and I will permit the new ambassador himself to choose all my Cabinet ministers. The embassy's answer was a flat no. Mansour fell, Razmara took over, and a reform regime was launched.

Today, American officials make no secret of their attitude toward Razmara. They are watching him closely, with support reserved by a wait-and-see attitude. They are hoping he will make good his promise to clean Iran's political house. They are hoping he'll squeeze new revenues out of the wealthy income-tax evaders, that he'll continue his purge of the Seven-Year Plan organization and push decentralized work projects up into the northern frontier provinces where they'll do some good.

If, in the next three months, Razmara can bring a measure of security to Iran's people, there will be a chance for American aid to do some good in a long-term program of raising the standard of living. The forthcoming Export-Import Bank loans of up to $20,000,000 will be only the beginning of a broadened American aid program. And if the first American arms shipments are used efficiently, there will be more of them, too.

But if the slim, smiling little Prime Minister fails, Iran may well become the first dike to crack under the Red tide, letting the waters of Communism sweep south to the Persian Gulf, east to the Indian Ocean, and west to the Mediterranean. This winter will tell the story. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Supernatural Association of House Haunters, thinks Mr. Tewson is "wrong in his terminology." Says he: "The forward pass was evolved, not discovered. Of course after it was evolved any coach who didn't discover it did not have a ghost of a chance. All this is clearly on record in the National Chamber of Horrors with which our association is affiliated."

★ ★ ★

Between the acts in the lobby of a Chicago theater two gentlemen were in earnest conversation. A member of Collier's staff got a shred of what one was saying: "Sure he's a rich man. He may even be solvent."

★ ★ ★

A gentleman writes from Kansas that for one thousand dollars and a yearly pension for the rest of his life he will give us a "practical formula for abolishing crime, emptying all jails and curing such diseases as chicken pox." He warns us against sending the money to his present address. Doesn't trust the warden.

★ ★ ★

If you want to know how lawyers get up those "Have you stopped beating your wife?" questions—and otherwise infuriate witnesses into saying things they don't mean—read He Heckles the Lawyers on page 34 of this issue. It's about Irving Goldstein, a Chicago lawyer who teaches other lawyers the courtroom tricks that help win cases. Author Charles Komaiko is running for Congress on the Democratic ticket from the Rogers Park district of Chicago. Sent along his article with the advice he's ready in case Anybody Starts Heckling the Candidate.

★ ★ ★

A lady in Roanoke, Virginia, says the trouble with Americans is that they're always finding fault with America. But we'll string along with Mr. J. E. Sterling, editor of the Eastern Colorado Plainsman, Hugo, Colorado. After taking a good long look-and-listen at the political panorama and sadly shaking his head, Mr. Sterling writes that years ago, he had mistakenly got the Jeffersonian idea that "government was designed for the benefit of the governed."

★ ★ ★

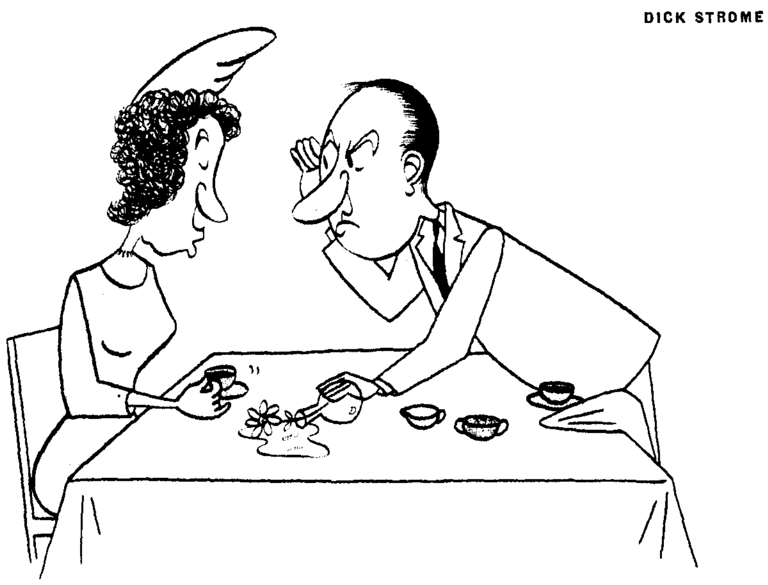
Our mail has been on the lackluster side this week. That's *your* fault, of course. However, Mr. Chole Pedlaren of Laurel, Mississippi, has sent in a brief one which we're glad to publish in its entirety: "Dear Sir: Never mind. I saw it on Thursday."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Pedlaren probably works for the State Department. A friend of ours does and he recently received a memo from the head of his bureau in that bemused branch of our perplexed government. The memo was tightly sealed in an envelope blackly stamped CONFIDENTIAL. It read: "You are advised." That's all.

★ ★ ★

Getting coherent, aren't they?



The Conversationalists

3—The Mumbler

THIS type of conversationalist is generally found at noisy parties, on subway trains or near construction projects where pneumatic hammers and riveters are used. Usually she is a woman who considers it unladylike to raise her voice above a mutter. She makes you feel that you really ought to be fitted with a hearing aid.

"I heard the other day," she says, "that *froomet is goner sutmen on the very hoselfoof.*"

"I beg your pardon," you reply.

"I said I heard that *freedle is gosset mon on the very hisseldiff."*

"That's true," you answer, just to be agreeable.

"You think so?" she says.

"Well—ll, in a way, yes," you reply.

"I'm surprised you say that!" she says, looking shocked. "I thought you were the type of person who *wouldn't doomish the gishmoo or even quarmet in a shoofishmog under forsay glup."*

"Well, you certainly have a right to your opinion," you reply.

"My opinion!" she says, getting red in the face. "Do you think *feeple is gronshet when all the shoopurtle is kishmetooning?"*

"Exactly," you say.

"Well, I *never!"* she replies and stomps off.

We never did either.

Honest.

—BY PAUL RITTS

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☐ **Adrienne Cold or Cleansing Cream,** . .75c **2 for 76c**
☐ **Adrienne Hand Cream,** softens, ...75c **2 for 76c**
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☐ **Rex-Salvine,** antiseptic burn salve 1½ oz. . . . . .53c **2 for 54c**
☐ **Carbolic Salve,** burn dressing, 2 oz. . .35c **2 for 36c**
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An ideal mouthwash, gargle and breath-deodorant, full-strength Mi-31 kills contacted germs in seconds, yet won't harm delicate membranes of the mouth and throat. It's tangy, zippy, refreshing!

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☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder,** 6 oz. . . . 65c **2 for 66c**
☐ **Rexall Tincture Iodine** & applicator . . . **2 for 30c**
☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion,** almond, pint, 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets,** Special, 30's . . 39c **2 for 40c**
☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome** & applicator . . . **2 for 26c**
☐ **Adrienne Powder Puff,** 3¼" . . . . . 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Silque Cream Shampoo,** 4 oz. jar or tube 95c **2 for 96c**
☐ **Medford Envelopes,** white 6¾", 22's . 10c **2 for 11c**
☐ **"Tiny Tot" Pops,** 10 luscious lollipops . 10c **2 for 11c**
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Reg. 59c Pint

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Gentle, non-habit forming...odorless and colorless...specially refined for heavy body. Stock up at this saving.

Day-Long Daintiness

Lavender

BATH POWDER

A fragrant, fine-textured dusting powder that absorbs perspiration...cools and smooths the skin... assures all-day protection. A remarkable bargain!

Reg. $1.00 9-oz. box

2 For $1.01

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☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tabs.,** 1000's ½ gr. . . **2 for $1.04**
☐ **Cascara Sagrada,** aromatic fluid extract 4 oz. . . . . 85c **2 for 86c**
☐ **Rexall Aspirin Tabs.,** 36 in handy tin, 27c **2 for 28c**
☐ **Rexall Glycerin,** skin softener, 3 oz. . . 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Glycerin & Rose Water,** lotion, 4 oz. . . 37c **2 for 38c**
☐ **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets,** antacid, 140's, **2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Epsom Salts,** medicinally pure 4 oz. . . . . 17c **2 for 18c**
☐ **Rexall Quick-Acting Plaster** . . . . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Essence Peppermint,** warms stomach 47c **2 for 48c**
☐ **Rexall Toothache Drops,** big-size, ... 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Thiamin Hydro. Tablets,** Vitam. B, 100's **2 for $1.99**
☐ **Rexall Nose Drops,** aqueous, 1 oz. . . 43c **2 for 44c**
☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap,** 4 oz. . . . . 37c **2 for 38c**
☐ **Rexall Castor Oil,** aromatic, 3 oz. . . . . 43c **2 for 44c**
☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution,** 4 oz. . . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Laxative Cold Capsules,** 20's . . 79c **2 for 80c**
☐ **Rexall Headache Tablets,** (1 Min.) 24's . . **2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall White Liniment,** 4 oz. . . . . 33c **2 for 34c**
☐ **Rexall Alum,** Powder, 4 oz. . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tabs.,** 50 mg., 40's . **2 for 60c**
☐ **Riker's Camphor Ice,** 1¼ oz. . . . . 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Rexall Sodium Bicarbonate, USP,** lb. . 37c **2 for 38c**
☐ **Rexall Surgical Powder,** 1oz. . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Rhinitis Tablets,** full strength, 30's **2 for 30c**
☐ **Nasal Spray,** with Ephedrine, ½ oz. . 29c **2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Laxative Cold Tablets,** 24's . . . 33c **2 for 34c**
☐ **Rexall Penetrating Liniment,** 3 oz. . . . 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Senna Leaves,** laxative, 1 oz. . . 21c **2 for 22c**
☐ **Rexall Nasal Jelly,** with Ephedrine . . 29c **2 for 30c**

STATIONERY SAVINGS

☐ **Lord Baltimore,** 24 flat sheets, 24 env. 75c **2 for 76c**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** 24 large sheets with 24 matching envelopes . . . . 85c **2 for 86c**
☐ **Floral Sheets,** 14 sheets, 14 env. . . . . 29c **2 for 30c**
☐ **Cascade Notes,** 8 emboss. & bord., 8 env. **2 for 26c**
☐ **Keepsake Floral Notes,** 40 sheets and 40 matching envelopes . . . . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Notes,** 24 folded, 24 env. . **2 for 71c**
☐ **Wedgewood Envelopes,** size 10, 18's, 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Medford Linen Envs.,** White, 5½" . . 20's **2 for 11c**
☐ **Lead Pencils,** Old Colony, hard or soft. . . . **2 for 6c**
☐ **Varsity Filler Paper,** 2-hole, 10½ x 8. . 10c **2 for 11c**
☐ **Academic Composition Book,** 10" x 8", 15c **2 for 16c**
☐ **Medford Tablets,** Plain or Ruled . . . . . 10c **2 for 11c**

Save Now on

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Fresh and distinctive assortments at money-saving prices. Buy now!

MEDFORD...21 smartly different, gayly colorful cards.

Reg. 59c 2 For 60c

CASCADE . . . 18 extra-large, beautifully designed greetings.

Reg. $1.00 2 For $1.01

Stationery Scoop

Cascade Elite

LINEN POUND PAPER

Your correspondence has real distinction on this exquisite linen pound paper...50 white single flat sheets at an all-time bargain price.

50 Sheets Reg. 65c

2 For 66c

50 MATCHING ENVELOPES

Reg. 65c 2 For 66c

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

☐ **Wickstyle Household Deodorant,** 6 oz. 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **Floor-Brite Liquid Wax,** no-rub, pint, 59c **2 for 60c**
☐ **No. 6 Disinfectant,** dilute with water for personal use or as household disinfectant, pt. 64c **2 for 65c**

BUYS FOR BABY

☐ **Hall's Borated Baby Talc,** full pound, 49c **2 for 50c**
☐ **Nursery Castile Soap,** pure, mild, 19c bar **2 for 20c**
☐ **Rexall Baby Cough Syrup,** 3 oz. . . . . . . 30c **2 for 31c**

Super values while stocks last

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Help Prevent Tooth Decay Pleasantly

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AMMONIATED TOOTH PASTE

Now...all the cavity-preventing action of the University of Illinois formula plus pleasant after-taste and thorough cleansing!

3 tubes 79c

A First-Aid Must . . .

Rexall

QUIK-BANDS

Plain or Mercurochrome

Sterile, adhesive-tipped, gauze bandages...easy to open...easy to apply. Stock up while you have this price-slashed chance!

Pack of 36
Reg. 29c
NOW 19c

Ruby-Red . . . Cinnamon-Flavored

REXALL

KLENZO

MOUTHWASH

Reg. 69c Pint

2 For 70c

Good-tasting...astringent... destroys contacted germs... deodorizes unhappy breath.

DENTAL BARGAINS

☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder,** 3 oz. 39c **2 for 40c**
☐ **Dental Floss,** Acetate Vial, 30 yd. . . . . 25c **2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder,** 3 oz. 55c **2 for 56c**
☐ **Rexall Denturex Plate Cleanser,** 5 oz. . 50c **2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Jelly,** 1 oz. . 35c **2 for 36c**
☐ **Sodium Perborate,** flavored, 4 oz . . . . 43c **2 for 44c**

☐ **Liggett Chocolate Bars,** Jumbo Plain or Almond (Not 1c Sale Merchandise) **2 for 37c**
☐ **Town Talk Chocolates,** luscious creams in milk or dark chocolate, 2 lb. box for **$1.09**
☐ **Glenridge Linen Writing Paper,** 24 sheets, 24 envelopes, in 3 colors **39c**
☐ **2 Bottles Ilasol Hand Lotion** 8 oz. & 300 Klenzo Facial Tissues, $1.73 value . . **76c**
☐ **100 Envelopes,** top quality, 6¾" size **23c**
☐ **"8480" Oatmeal Soap,** a time-tested beauty-aid, box of 6 cakes **39c**

Rexall

DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA

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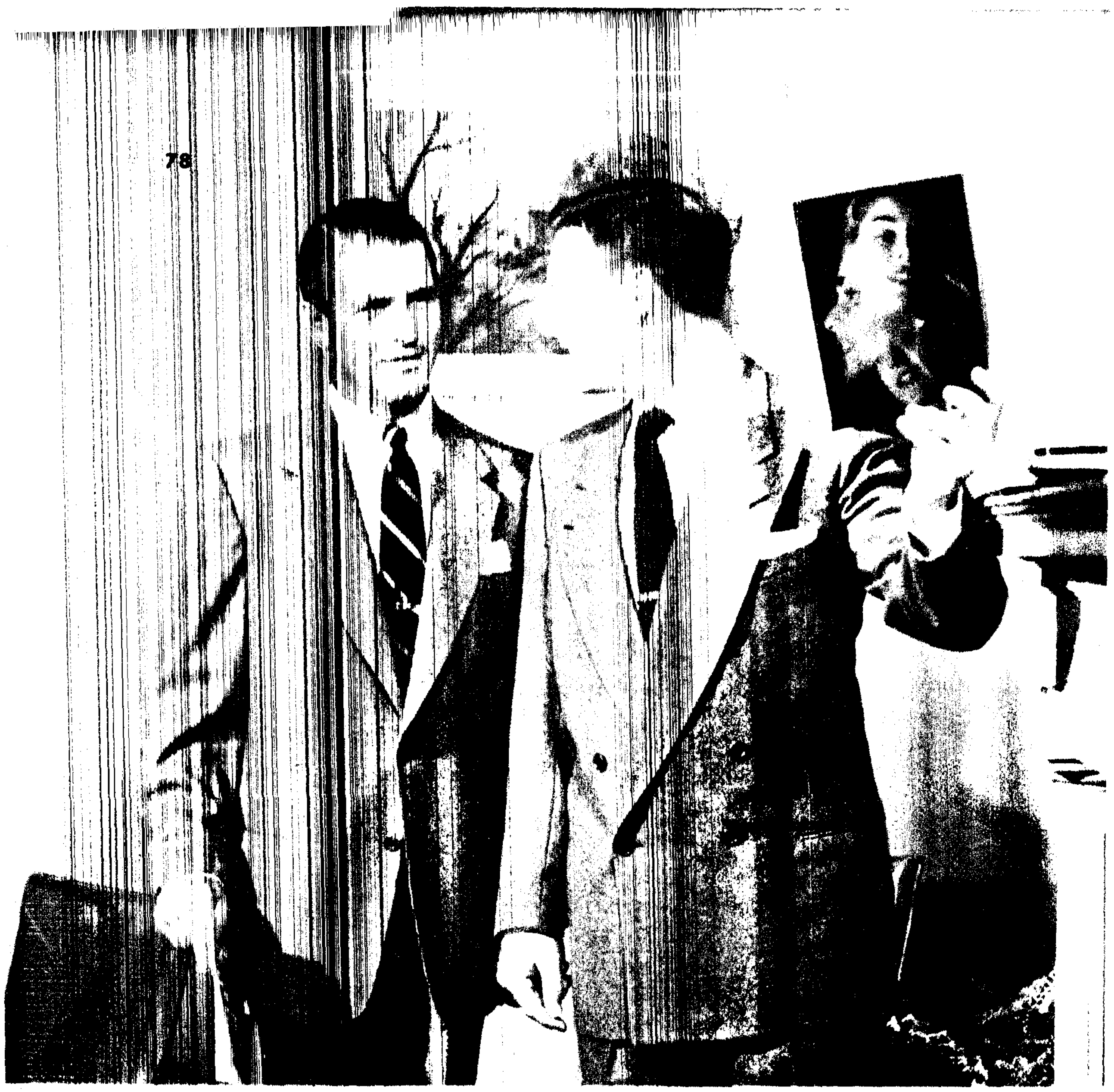
product that bears the name Rexall



Here's the new model, both single- and double-breasted. The lower roll of the lapels and the lower setting of the buttons make the shoulders look broader and the waist seem smaller

There's nothing sartorially wrong with these conventional, higher-buttoned suits, but in comparison with the newer models, the contrast in comfort and freedom of action is plain

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

Slim Down in STYLE

If your waistline isn't what it was, be sure your next suit is one of the new models, with the figure built in

By BERT BACHARACH

THIS essay is directed to that great majority of American males, young and old, who are not exactly what they used to be. That goes for the twenty-seven-year-old postgrad, whose waistline is no longer that of a scatback, as much as for the man of fifty.

To all you gentlemen I'd like to offer two formulas for looking fit and—praise be—even athletic.

One way, obviously, is to adopt a rigorous and demanding physical training program. Watch your diet; perform setting-up exercises; go to a gym; take massages and steam baths, that sort of thing. For the average, sedentary male, however, healthy but burdened with flab and an accompanying sag to his ego, there is a simpler, effortless way to prop morale: Take a look at the clothes you're wearing. Like many others, you may be a victim of habit, wearing the same model suit that you originally liked some 10 years back. In that event, you're perhaps unaware of what the clothing industry has done to offset the physical changes that unhappily befall all of us.

If your mirrored self doesn't exactly elate you these days, go into the nearest reliable clothing store. Don't tell the salesman, "I want another suit just like this." Tell him, instead, that you'd like to try on one of the new long-roll, low-waist jackets.

Recent years have brought an almost radical change in the design of clothes—a change that is best demonstrated by this model. The nature of the jacket is such that it does all things for all men. It slims down the obese; builds up the slight; heightens the short men; and shortens the tall ones. That sounds like a big order but, in reality, it's a very simple thing. It's just a case of giving the masses a waistline—where a waistline no longer exists! And putting it where it ought to be. The lower placement of the buttons and the longer roll of the lapels provide a tapering appearance and the illusion of trimness. It shows more of the tie and shirt, which adds better balance to the outfit.

Of perhaps equal, if not greater, importance, is the increase of comfort found in this model. The softening of construction, combined with the use of lighterweight woolens, has produced an amount of ease heretofore unknown. The lowering of the buttons and the better balance of the coat also help.

The skills of designers and tailors always have been devoted to the principle that properly cut clothes improve our appearance: Sloping and uneven shoulders have been squared off, paunches have been camouflaged, and the like. No careful dresser believes in extreme padding or extreme anything. But in the little helps that make us look better in our clothes, where nature didn't provide quite adequately, the tailors have done a fine job. That's sartorial progress.

Remember that, should some salesman try to sell you a suit that's a reasonable facsimile of your not-what-it-used-to-be figure.

Tell him to trot one out, instead, that gilds the lily a bit. Unless you're willing to go on that diet, massage, exercise and steam-bath routine!

CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have the incomparable CEL-U-TONE FINISH

HERE, AT EMILY POST'S OWN HOME, Canasta has a hearty welcome. "What a blessing it is for the hostess! Everyone can enjoy it . . . strong players and weak, older people and young people. And no problem if there's an extra player or one missing. *One firm rule,*" Mrs. Post adds: *"Fresh playing cards, always.* I would no more think of offering old cards than to provide soiled dinner napkins!"

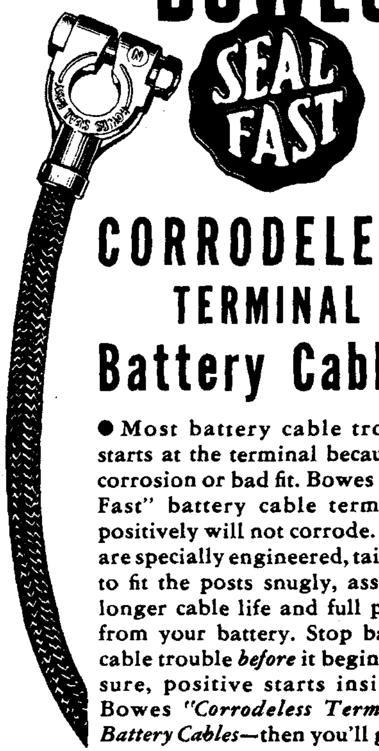
One touch tells you—

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CEL-U-TONE FINISH MAKES!

It's that rich gleam and glide no other cards have . . . that smoother Congress "slip," that livelier Congress "snap." CEL-U-TONE FINISH does it! And see how gemlike their colors flash against the gold and silver glow of their edges! To offer such cardplaying luxury is the finest compliment you can pay your guests.

FREE!—Complete 1950 rules for CANASTA, the new game millions are playing! With valuable strategy hints. Just mail a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dept. 54, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. (In Canada, The International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.)

For Sure QUICK STARTS
INSIST ON
BOWES SEAL FAST
CORRODELESS
TERMINAL
Battery Cables



● Most battery cable trouble starts at the terminal because of corrosion or bad fit. Bowes "Seal Fast" battery cable terminals positively will not corrode. They are specially engineered, tailored to fit the posts snugly, assuring longer cable life and full power from your battery. Stop battery cable trouble *before* it begins. For sure, positive starts insist on Bowes *"Corrodeless Terminal" Battery Cables*—then you'll get *all* the power your battery is designed to give you.

BOWES
DEPENDABLE
SPARK
PLUGS
assure
Smoother
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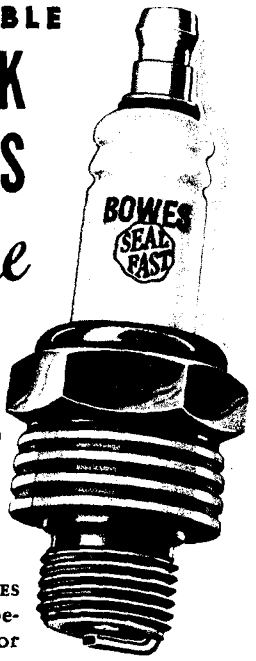


● There *is* a Bowes Spark Plug specially designed for your car!

Oversize Special Alloy Electrode—with welded construction for positive connection—assures longer life. One-piece, leak-proof construction.

Every Bowes Spark Plug is *individually tested* to assure complete motoring efficiency. Insist on Bowes Spark Plugs for SMOOTHER MOTORING.

BOWES
"SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

Pravda, U.S.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

OF NEGRO HARLEM FACE MORE SHRINKING FOR THE GLORY OF CHURCHILL

After June 22d

BRITAIN PLANS TO HONOR U.S. WITH JULY 4TH HOLIDAY; BITTERNESS FORGOTTEN AS BRITONS HAUL OUT FLAGS FOR BIG CELEBRATION

Before June 22d

HOW THE SECOND IMPERIALIST WAR IS BEING FINANCED

After June 22d

IN THE SPIRIT OF 1776—CRUSHING HITLERISM IN 1941

Before June 22d

"HOME GUARD" LA GUARDIA NEGLECTS CITY, TO STIR UP FALSE PANIC IN WAR DRIVE

After June 22d

LA GUARDIA PLANS THE GREATEST DEMONSTRATION OF MASS UNITY IN U.S. HISTORY

Before June 22d

PRIORITIES PROMISE MASS UNEMPLOYMENT; IDLE MACHINES

After June 22d

WILL CRACK DOWN ON VIOLATORS OF PRIORITIES ORDERS

Even the movie reviews followed the new line.

Before June 22d, war films were poor cinema. Man Hunt, reviewed on June 15th, "would be exciting entertainment" except that its director was serving "Hollywood's bought-and-paid-for warmongering." However, by June 28th Bob Hope's Caught in the Draft was "a load of laughs" that relieved people's "tension over a deadly, serious problem."

"From Imperialist War to People's War" was the way the Daily Worker summed it all up. (One top editor explained to a Collier's researcher that the Worker actually maintained a steady course during this period—"The switch was made by this country's government.")

There have been other classic instances where the Worker missed the boat; or, as someone once put it, where the editors got caught with their party lines down.

On the Editor's Birthday

Take Earl Browder's fifty-fourth birthday, May 20, 1945. The paper next day carried the staff's best wishes to its editor in chief along with a greeting from the party's national board. "You are one of the great leaders of the people," said the board's message. "We express what all of us feel so deeply about you, the beloved leader of our movement."

At that very moment Browder had in his pocket a crumpled letter from Jacques Duclos, French Communist party secretary who has been called Stalin's alter ego in Europe. In effect, the letter read Browder out of the Communist party. On May 22d, two days after his birthday, the New York World-Telegram broke the Duclos letter. This threw the party leadership into what the DW's managing editor, Louis Budenz—since resigned from the Communist party and his editorial post—later described as "a pale-faced panic." Browder was obliged to run the letter in full with an apology in the May 24th Worker. The "beloved leader" quickly got the skids; to the DW today its ex-chief is a "political faker," and an "arrogant anti-Marxist."

Despite the evidence of its own columns, the Daily Worker has long maintained, first, that it has never taken orders from Moscow; and second, that it is not the official organ of the Communist party. The record from its inception proves the contrary. In fact, the paper was started on direct orders of the Communist International.

Gregory Zinoviev, head of the Comintern, on August 28, 1923, cabled Charles E. Ruthenberg, executive secretary of the Workers party, as it was then called: "Know no more important task American workers than establishment militant daily." While Daily Worker birthday anniversaries make no mention of the Zinoviev cable (possibly because its author was later shot on orders of Stalin), the very day the message arrived a Daily Worker Campaign Committee was set up. The paper made its debut January 13, 1924, in Chicago (it moved to New York soon afterward) with a pledge to "join hands with the comrades of the Communist International."

Rules for the Party Press

The International, meanwhile, had laid down rules governing the party press. It must follow "decisions of the Comintern," be edited by "reliable Communists," "be subject to the control of the presidium (top ruling body) of the party independently of whether the party is legal or illegal."

In the early days especially, the Worker's editors were amazingly literal-minded and humorless. When Anthony Bimba, a New England atheist, delivered an antireligious speech in Boston, the editors gravely ran the story under this world-shaking headline: THERE IS NO GOD—BIMBA. According to a favorite anecdote, Robert Minor, while editor, once assigned a reporter to a routine murder story with solemn instructions to "class-angle this."

Also durings its infancy the Worker dearly loved involved ideas which were incomprehensible to the uninitiated (and possibly to the initiated as well). Possibly the prize obfuscation was an editorial containing this untranslatable gem of Communist theory:

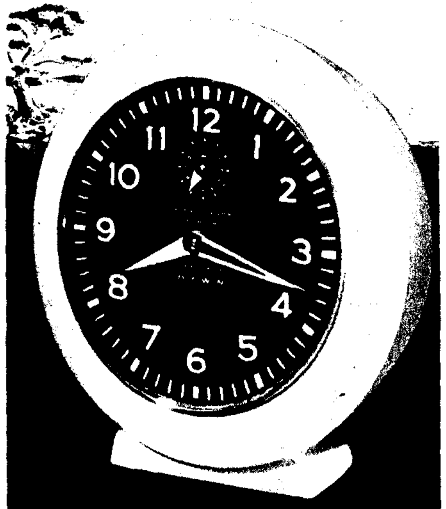
"What is the basis for concretizing and applying the line of the 12th Plenum of the Executive Committee of the Communist International to the mass work of the party? The 12th Plenum of our party clearly established that the resolution of the 14th Plenum of the party remains the basic guide for examining the work of the party in carrying out the line of the 12th Plenum of the ECCI. The 16th Plenum of the party established that since the 15th Plenum, the party has begun to understand the line of the 14th Plenum resolution and established that earnest beginnings have been made to carry it out in life."

Since its first edition rolled off the press 26 years ago, the Daily Worker and the week-end Sunday Worker have operated under dummy ownership, thereby enabling the party to escape financial responsibility.

At the start the owners were old-time, tried-and-trusted party members who reportedly deposited a signed bill of sale in Moscow with the next owner's name left blank. The Daily Worker Publishing Company was owned by Jay Lovestone, the party's general secretary, and a few other functionaries, including William Z. Foster, now national chairman. A succession of other dummy corporations followed, of so little worth that $100 and the assumption of back wage obligations could buy their total physical assets.

When this country passed the foreign agency registration act in 1939, the Department of Justice discovered that the Daily Worker was receiving $25,000 worth of cabled news free each year from Moscow. This was held to be a subsidy and the DW was ordered to register as the agent of a

COMES THE Dawn



A NEW . . .
SENTINEL
8-DAY ALARM CLOCK

Compare it with leading one-day clocks! This eight-day alarm clock can't be over-wound . . . Felt padded base. Balance electronically inspected and radar timed.

$4.50* EVERYWHERE.
$4.95* with Radium.
(*Plus Tax)

and the . .
LITTLE
Pal

ANOTHER NEW
SENTINEL
ALARM CLOCK

Really small but easy to read. 40 hour movement. Felt padded base. Single finger fitted key winds time and alarm. Can't be over-wound. Electronic inspection and radar timing bring modern precision to these clocks

$3.50* EVERYWHERE.
$3.95* with Radium.
(*Plus Tax)

Both created by Dreyfuss,
world famous designer.
Made by E. Ingraham Company
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

THE
SENTINEL
LINE OF Clocks and Watches

foreign power. Instead it reluctantly discontinued the Moscow service. Then to avoid further legal complications, the party created a dummy corporation to end all dummy corporations, Freedom of the Press, Inc. Because he'd had no previous passport or other "technical difficulties," Budenz was made president.

The ownership went to three elderly, genteel ladies who were to serve as guardian, rather than financial, angels through the crisis. They were:

Mrs. Caro Lloyd Strobbell, eighty-one, Vassar '81, whose great-great-grandfather fought at Valley Forge.

Miss Anna M. Pennypacker, sixty-six, of Philadelphia, daughter of Pennsylvania's governor from 1903-'07.

Mrs. Susan Homans Woodruff, sixty-one, of New York City, a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and granddaughter of the founder of the Bankers' Magazine.

The next year Mrs. Strobbell died. Two other equally respectable ladies were added subsequently, as was the editor. There has been no change since. Today's ownership line-up, in addition to Miss Pennypacker and Miss Woodruff, follows:

Mrs. Ferdinanda M. Reed, now eighty, a Smith graduate and widow of a Unitarian minister. She now helps her daughter run a Communist bookstore in Santa Barbara, California.

Miss Grace Hutchins, an elderly, white-haired, efficient-looking party functionary, writer and researcher, who ran for New York State comptroller on the Communist ticket in 1936 and lives in Greenwich Village.

John Gates, editor in chief, thirty-seven, slight, hard-bitten, pugnacious former political commissar of the Communist International Brigade in the Spanish civil war. An ex-steel union organizer, he had absolutely no past newspaper experience when he was named to his present post in 1947. Gates is one of the 11 recently convicted Communist leaders. His tenure as DW editor, therefore, could be limited, if the Supreme Court upholds the convictions.

The same is true of Negro Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., a huge, bushy-mustached, blood-and-thunder spellbinder with a Harvard Law degree, who is president of the paper's dummy corporation Freedom of the Press, Inc., and is a former New York City councilman.

But far more important to the future of the Daily Worker than either its president or editor is a man virtually unknown outside inner Communist circles before the conspiracy trial started in January, 1949. Apparently by inadvertence, while testifying for the defense, Joseph Starobin, DW foreign editor, once referred to him as "the real editor—the political editor—Jack Stachel." For 26 years Jacob Stachel actually has been the real editor of the Worker, the behind-the-scenes boss, operating quietly from the ninth floor, settling all the paper's disputes with fine Marxist precision. In that time he has also been No. 2 man in the party itself, the power behind the throne, surviving the zigzags of the party line and the overthrow of its leaders. A sharp-featured, slight, quiet-spoken person, he runs a group which bears the brisk, workmanlike title of Education, Agitation and Propaganda Committee. If Davis and Gates go to prison, so will Stachel.

How the Money Is Raised

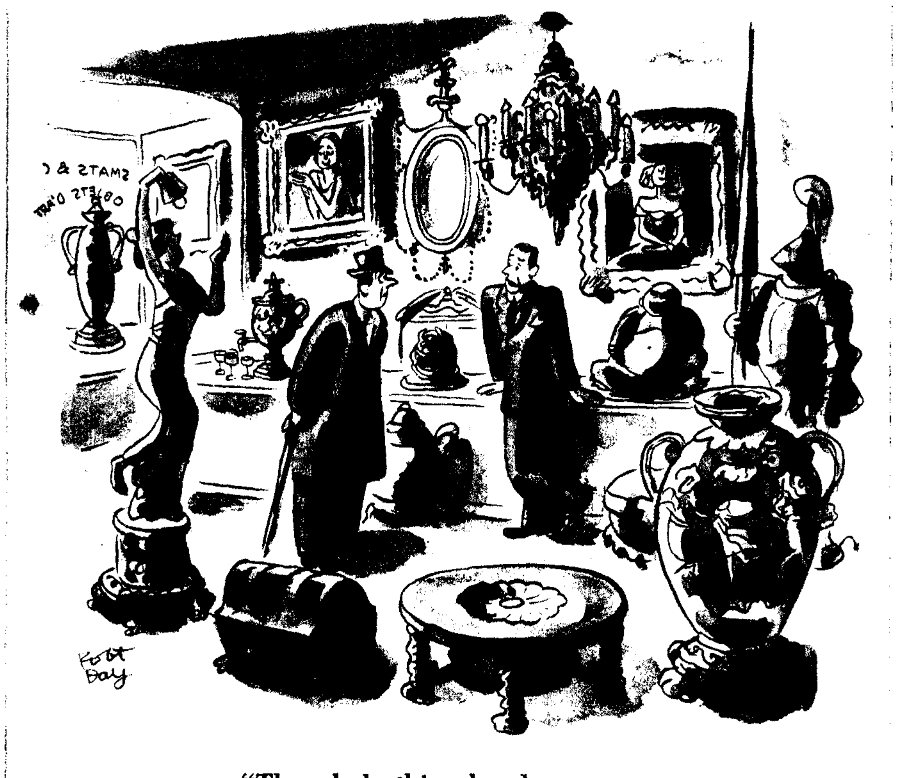
The party organ always has a finance problem—as sure as the new year comes around, there will be a Daily Worker fund drive. The annual deficit runs around $200,000 and the heat goes on the Comrades.

In 1924 the paper received a $35,000 initial push-off from Moscow, according to Benjamin Gitlow, former Communist party general secretary. But since it's an inflexible Moscow rule that foreign parties, Red fronts and fifth-column operations must carry themselves wherever possible, the DW has had to shift for itself.

Last year's Fund Drive quota was $225,250. The total was fully subscribed by loyal party members. New York State's share was $140,000, which it met at once. Illinois was second with $17,000; eastern Pennsylvania next with $12,000; then Ohio, with $9,000. (Alabama, with a goal of $300, came through with $1.)

To raise this cash, the party does not hesitate to use traditional bourgeois promotion schemes. In the twenties you could win a trip to Moscow by selling Worker subscriptions. Copies of Gorky novels, half-priced tickets to New York's Stanley Theatre (which exhibits Soviet films), discounts on Communist literature are offered nowadays as prizes.

Like the capitalist journals, the Daily Worker sells advertising space (a practice it presumably doesn't believe in), but this produces but a small fraction of the paper's income. Its main advertising subsidy is in the form of full-page displays from the In-



COLLIER'S "The whole thing hands me a laugh . . . *what* panic buying?" ROBERT DAY

Born 1820...still going strong

MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON

. . . Smooth, suave, mellow . . . and the choice of connoisseurs the world over. Yes, that's Johnnie Walker — Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always.* JOHNNIE WALKER Blended Scotch Whisky . . . the same high quality the world over.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

BLACK LABEL
RED LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

Johnnie Walker
Red Label

Laugh

But You Can Laugh AT—

dirt, grease or *anything* that might harm your car's FRONT SEAT!

Sloppy Joe

FRONT SEAT Slipover

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Sloppy Joe! The complete answer to *saving* your hard-to-replace front seat upholstery—*at low cost!* Slips on or off in 30 seconds . . . use it for driving to and from work in soiled clothing, when taking your car in for service—for *all* "active" driving. Slip it off for "dress-up" driving. Made of strong CRESTALON plastic, Sloppy Joe protects your front seat from everything on earth—*everything!*

At your local auto accessory, department stores or service stations . . . $3.98

"Had your front seat greased lately?"

DEMAND Sloppy Joe Front Seat PROTECTION from Your Local Service Station.

ORDER Direct if not available in your city

Please Mail Me______Sloppy Joe(s)

Make of Car______Body Style______Yr.____

NAME______

ADDRESS______

CITY______ZONE____STATE______

THE CREST CO.
5756 CASS AVE., DETROIT 2, MICH.
FACTORIES:
DETROIT, MICH. and EDGEFIELD, S.C.

ternational Workers Order, the party's fraternal affiliate which peddles Communism to foreign language groups while selling them insurance. Apart from that, the ads are for the most part local: "Parcels to Russia, Inc.," "Joe and Paul, 'Clothes Men Sing About,' " etc.

"The party does not encourage friendly businessmen to advertise in the Daily," says Budenz. "That's partly as a protective measure for them and partly because it prefers straight contributions."

Heavy Losses in Circulation

The Sunday Worker has sold as many as 85,000 copies, but its weekday circulation has never gone much higher than 35,000. Lately, the figure has dropped to its lowest point in years, 18,000. This is probably due to a number of factors, of which the most important may be a growing disenchantment among the party's former supporters. In addition, secret comrades often are ordered not to subscribe, for their own protection.

While newsstand copies are today hard to find in Washington, some significant government agencies are included in a list of subscribers compiled in 1948 by the District of Columbia Police Department. Here are a few of them, just as they were listed two years ago by the police: Central Intelligence Group; the Department of Justice, Criminal Division; the National War College; Marine Corps Headquarters, Investigation Section; the Department of State; War Department, Army Air Force Headquarters, Air Intelligence; General Staff, Plans and Policy Group; the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (The Russian embassy is also on the list.)

For newsprint the DW uses the commercial market. During the postwar newsprint shortage in 1947, it ran short and was just about to suspend publication. At the last minute, the American Newspaper Publishers Association came to the rescue and tapped the New York Times, an ANPA member, for 16 tons of the precious paper for the Communist organ.

The Times came through with the newsprint although it had been singled out for years for vicious attacks in the Worker, which regards the Times as a symbol of capitalism. Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger authorized the loan as one of a group the Times was making to small hard-pressed papers. A few readers wrote in to protest. In its reply, the Times said it felt sure that its readers, upon reflection, would agree there should be no discrimination against any applicant for newsprint simply because its views opposed those of the Times. Neither the Times nor the ANPA ever received a word of acknowledgment or thanks from the Communist paper.

Working for the DW is undoubtedly a highly exacting job from at least one standpoint (the necessity of keeping up with a shifty policy), but the staff contains relatively few technically trained newsmen. While the editors insist that they do not inquire into the political beliefs of reporters or prospective reporters, the widely accepted view is that membership in the Communist party is the one indispensable requirement for a job on the Worker. As for the size of the staff, the paper's executives report it as 34—apparently reflecting a drop in recent years. The party organ said last year in its 25th anniversary number that it was manned by "a fighting staff of 48 men and women who do the work of hundreds." (This could hardly measure up to the working standards considered proper by the American Newspaper Guild, the newsman's union—although the Worker is Guild-organized.)

The paper's associate editor—and possible successor to Gates—is Milton Howard, a husky, doctrinaire, commissar type who likes to act tough with the staff.

The managing editor is lanky, professorial-looking, humorous Alan Max.

Its latest city editor is Max Gordon, who got the job on the strength of his thoroughly undiluted Marxism. Gordon's stocky build, wild tangle of hair and sartorial carelessness give him the appearance of a caricatured Union Square Red.

Gordon's domain, with its cluttered desks and beaten typewriters, looks like the city room of any small newspaper (except that it may be a little dirtier). But here the resemblance ends. For the DW's premises are kept as well protected from strangers as a bank's.

While Budenz was managing editor, access was by a buzzer system, operated by a receptionist who had strict orders to admit only party members and known friends, such as left-wing union people and Red-front leaders. Even friends of the party who wanted to see back issues of the paper had to be vouched for by the control commission.

Always around the city desk there are two men charged with watching the friendly outsiders and keeping them on the move. On one wall is a large sign: "NO ONE IS TO USE THE MORGUE." ("Morgue" is newspaper terminology for library; on most newspapers the morgue is open to all staff members—and often to outsiders.)

The managing editor's office was kept locked, guarded and soundproofed, according to Budenz. That was to assure protection from the staff itself and to guarantee against eavesdropping on secret conferences with commissars from the ninth floor or agents from abroad. The whole atmosphere, says Budenz, was surcharged with concealment and conspiracy.

Not long ago Pittsburgh Judge Michael A. Musmanno showed up on the eighth floor for a look-around. He was unceremoniously put out; the DW later accused him of spying.

A Collier's researcher who visited the Worker in search of information had better luck; after a lengthy debate with a receptionist, she was permitted to speak briefly with Gates over the telephone (his voice, she reported, is "low and pleasant") and was granted a short interview the next day with Managing Editor Max (". . . slow, cultured voice . . . wearing a shirt with a frayed collar . . ."). Max answered her questions politely but guardedly and escorted her on a swift trip through the city room. She was watched carefully every moment she was in the office.

Wages Near Starvation Level

The pay scale on the DW was low—almost touching the starvation level—for years; then it went up to $25 to $35 for unmarried men; $45 for married. Ironically, it was columnist Westbrook Pegler—a bitter critic of both organized labor and Communism—who got the Daily Worker staff a Guild shop. The Politburo had resisted recognizing the American Newspaper Guild, fearing the New York branch of the Guild might eventually fall under control of active anti-Communists, as, indeed, it did. Pegler's taunts at the Communist party for fostering a company union fortified Managing Editor Budenz to the point where he was able to talk the Politburo into recognizing the Guild.

After the anti-Communist Guild slate won in 1947, the DW management failed to get a new contract. The Guild has held that Worker salary offers have been far below standard. At present, the Worker's top minimum pay for columnists and editorial writers is $81, for copyreaders $76, for reporters $71 (compared with the $110 to $120 top minimum on other New York dailies).

"Educational discussions" are held to keep the staff members on their Marxian toes. "Remember," Harry Gannes, then foreign editor, once told them, "you are not reporters; you are revolutionists." One of the reporters cracked later: "Imagine flashing your police card at a fire and announcing, 'I'm a revolutionist from the Daily Worker.' "

After Budenz joined the editorial board, DW policy was dictated from outside by a Comrade Barnes who operated in the Hotel Albert, on University Place, around the cor-

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ner from Communist headquarters. Daily, members of the editorial board would drift, separately, through the hotel lobby to Comrade Barnes's hideaway. Barnes was Alexander Bittelman, former Comintern agent and then one of the few American Politburo members in constant touch with the Soviet Communists. Bittelman is now awaiting action on a deportation order lodged against him by the government.

Fathoming the Stalin Mind

Ordinarily, the Daily Worker editors try to keep up on the party line by a minute and feverish daily perusal of a standard list of publications. Basic sources now include the Soviet embassy news bulletin; the Cominform bulletin; the London Daily Worker; Izvestia, Russian government official newspaper; Pravda, Russia's Daily Worker—and the New York Times and the press services for pronouncements by Russia's leaders. It's a tedious job and requires a delicate sensitivity to Stalin's mental processes.

This burning eagerness to please the Russian leaders is what causes the Daily Worker—and the entire American Communist movement—to seem to be operating in a constant aura of utter wackiness. The Worker could be the funniest paper in America. Its sudden convolutions, whirlabouts and self-contradictions make it an excellent casebook on the mind of the Communist.

As soon as Stalin decreed a shift to the popular front in the middle thirties the Worker began to take on a New Look. It installed gossip columnists, crossword puzzles, a sports page, a horse-race handicapper, even a comic strip, all intended to show that the Worker was a normal newspaper any average American would be glad to have in his home. It even ran pictures of pretty girls.

To attract churchgoers, the Worker inaugurated an inspirational column, "Toward The New Day; Why Not Join Now?" by the Rev. Eliot White, retired Episcopal clergyman of New York's historic Grace Church.

At the same time the paper went in heavily for Negro blues music and pioneered a new art form, the hootenanny, a sort of audience-participation jive-session-with-a-mission—intended to promote some cause or other, and recruit members. The Worker also added a radio department—which created its own ideological confusion. Whenever an anti-Communist speaker or program is scheduled over the air, the DW simply omits the item from its program listing. Television has not yet been recognized, possibly on the theory it's still a bourgeois pastime. But Robert Lauter in his radio column last July 23d smote hard at wrestling over television, particularly lady wrestling. "It is not far-fetched to say," he remarked ominously, "that this type of program is ideological preparation for Wall Street's fight against Asia."

As relations between Russia and the West grow more tense, the DW editor's job gets tougher. Each feature is watched with particular care, lest it show un-Marxist or "chauvinist" tendencies. Thus, the kiddies'-page editor is accused of chauvinism by a letter writer for depicting a Mexican "as a very lazy boy, thus perpetuating the Wall Street lie that the peoples of Latin America are shiftless, lazy, etc."

The editor's note to this read: "The criticism is correct."

The sports page must be politically sound or there's plenty of trouble. Last year a baseball fan, Fred Boysen, accused Leo Durocher of knocking him unconscious at a Giant-Dodger game and took the Giants' manager to court. Columnist Bill Mardo wrote on the DW sports page that he wanted "to see the respective merits of this case, nothing else, brought out in the open." That was a big mistake. Boysen turned out to be a Puerto Rican, and therefore socially significant in the eyes of the party as one of the underprivileged.

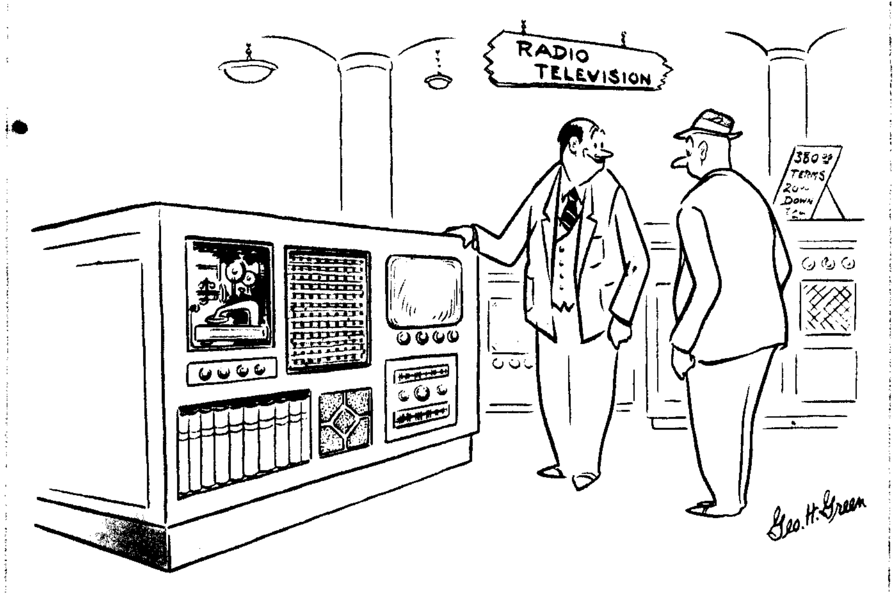
Mardo had to apologize to his readers. "This writer," he said in his column, "would like to take note of the serious criticisms he has received for the errors of omission which resulted in a poor, politically incorrect column. I deserve the alert criticism which has come my way for my share of errors."

There's a bare suspicion in the party's subordinate circles that some of the critical letters may be hatched by the leadership. More often than not, the accusations are followed by an editor's note or a longer screed, confessing error. This is called "Bolshevik self-criticism."

Red Tactics with Minorities

Lately, to implement Stalin's long-range bid for support in Asia, the Worker has lashed itself into a frenzy of self-criticism over "chauvinist" and "racist" errors, the idea being to hoodwink minority groups into believing their only true friends are the Communists. In reality, the Communists never hesitate to exploit minorities for political purposes whenever it fits party strategy. Only last March in the Daily Worker, Davis, its Negro president, excoriated the country's foremost Negro leaders, including Lester Granger, executive director of the National Urban League; Walter White and Roy Wilkins, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; educator Channing Tobias and A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. He charged that they were corrupted by "Wall Street billionaires" and were "working against the best interests of their own people."

Davis' cynicism was matched by a declaration in the Daily Worker some time ago



COLLIER'S "And another feature—it's so heavy your wife can't move it around" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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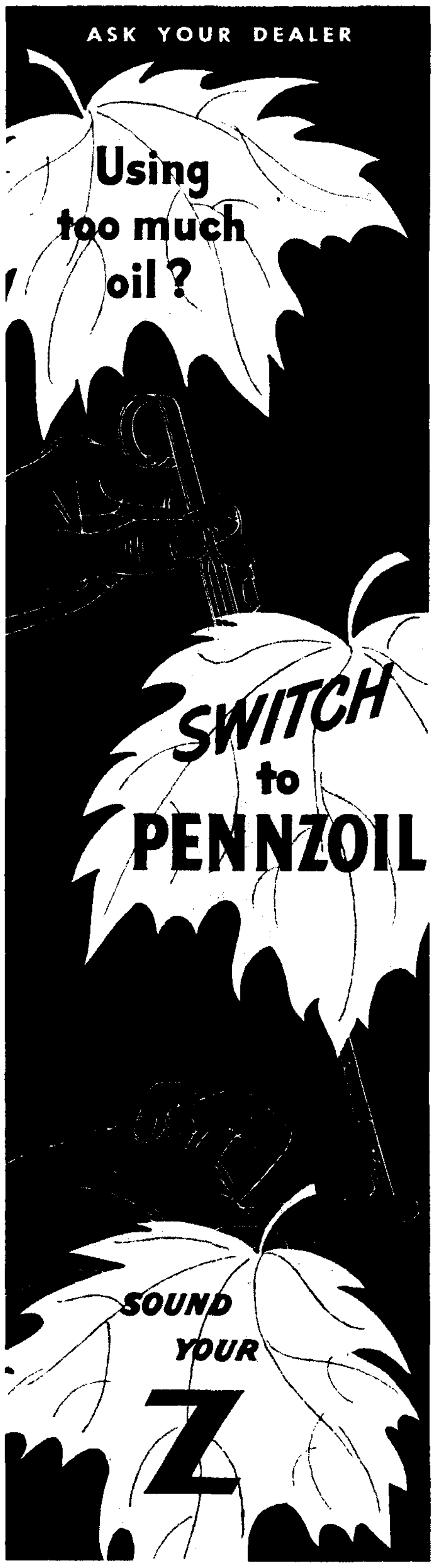

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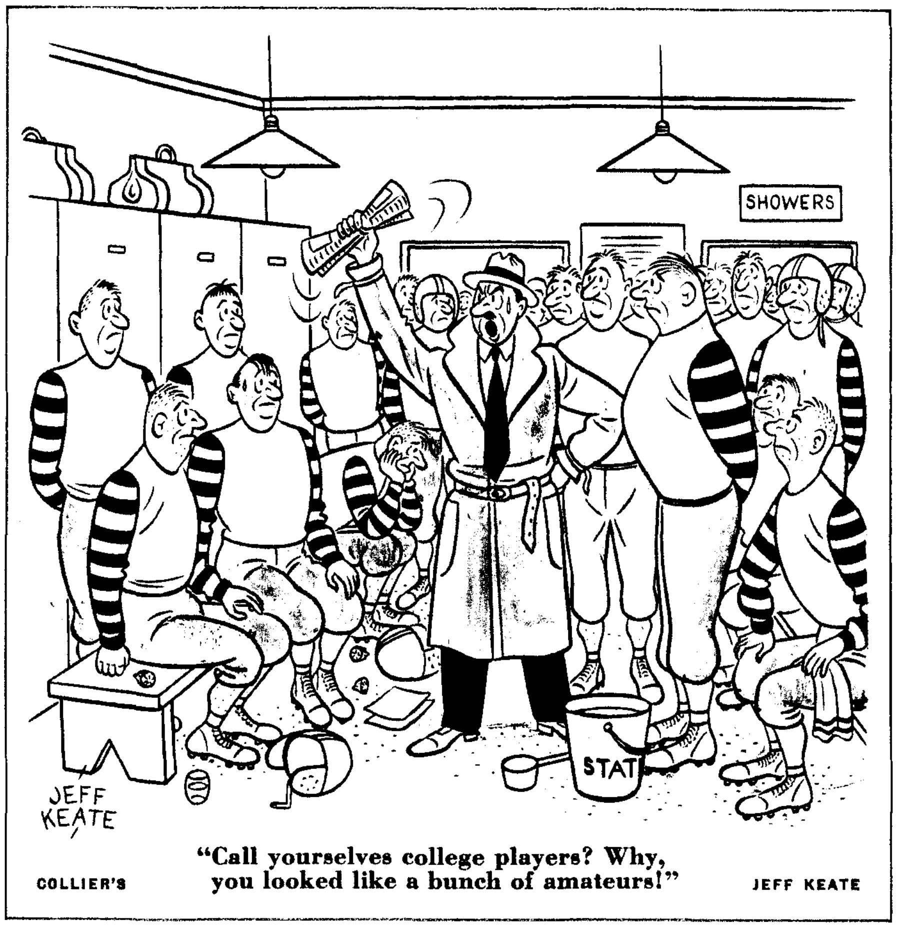


COLLIER'S "Call yourselves college players? Why, you looked like a bunch of amateurs!" JEFF KEATE

that henceforth, as a matter of policy, all crimes or other mishaps involving Negroes will be regarded as cases of racial discrimination. Whenever a Negro is killed by a policeman, no matter what the provocation, the Worker marks it down as a lynching. So, according to a DW article on lynching last year by novelist Howard Fast, there are more lynchings in New York City than in all the South put together.

This paranoid treatment of racial issues has resulted in an astonishing exchange of ideas between readers and the DW editors.

Is "white lie" a chauvinistic term? B. M. writes in. Absolutely, replied the editor. "Expressions which make everything white appear good and everything black appear bad buttress white chauvinism and racial superiority theories and should be avoided."

"My apologies to all real gravediggers," wrote George Morris to a reader who insisted the DW labor man had used the word "gravedigger" contemptuously.

Sees Propaganda in Music

Even music can be politically out of step—not only the lyrics, but the actual tunes! At a Madison Square Garden rally of the Civil Rights Congress, the Communist party legal-defense arm, the old tune of Mañana was sung to new words. Accordingly, the DW ran a letter signed "Musician," complaining bitterly that, while the new words were satisfactory, the music itself continued to carry the "anti-Mexican anti-working-class contortions" of the old lyrics.

Wrote L. C. Jeffers, the author: "The criticism is correct and I would like to apologize to all listeners. I shall be extremely careful not to use any of the chauvinist tunes and shall write talking songs until I can make up the original tune."

When the cycle of movies started which presented Negroes sympathetically (Home of the Brave, Lost Boundaries, Pinky, Intruder in the Dust), the Worker hailed it as an advance in race relations. The DW critics welcomed the new trend. Then the party cracked down. Any such admission, the Politburo had suddenly realized, would refute Stalin's concept of Uncle Sam as Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

V. J. Jerome, the CP's cultural commissar and editor of Political Affairs, the party's bible of Marxist history, laid the law down to the DW editors. These new "Negro interest" films, he announced, represent a "change of tactic in the face of the rising tide of militant struggle of the Negro people . . . and an attempt to divert this tide into harmless channels . . .

"This strategy is designed at all times to undermine the Negro liberation movement to keep the Negro people from understanding the real basis and nature of their oppression."

The Worker's movie critic, David Platt, praised "Jerome's illuminating analysis," as he termed it, and acted accordingly. He tore into The Story of Jackie Robinson, wherein the Brooklyn Dodgers' famous Negro second baseman plays himself. Its theme was "Don't fight back," he complained. In effect, the DW accused Jackie Robinson of betraying the Negro people. (This, incidentally, was after Robinson had testified in Washington that the Negro people want no truck with Communism.) How did the Worker attempt to prove its "betrayal" case against Robinson? This way:

"Robinson is called 'boy,' 'colored boy' or worse, 13 times in conversations between white actors during which he is not present. Colored players call him 'boy' nine times in his presence. White players call him 'boy' 10 times in his presence. He is referred to as Jackie 12 times, as Robinson twice. He is called Mr. Robinson exactly three times . . . Branch Rickey (Brooklyn president) is referred to as Mister exactly 12 times. He isn't called 'boy' once."

Following Moscow's lead, the DW has been drumming up a cultural purge of its own within the party, with Bolshevik self-criticism running apace. The art-for-art's-sake Commies are on the skids. From now on it's "art-is-a-weapon-against-capitalism."

The Worker has likewise turned against psychiatry and psychoanalysis, following the dictates of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, whose members, says the DW, "are the veritable leaders in the arts and sciences of their country." American psychiatric techniques are hostile to the class struggle, according to the Worker, and Freudianism "is one of the most formidable enemies of the Marxist-Leninist philosophy of life." What the DW means is that psychiatry treats the mental patient as an individual and not primarily as a victim of capitalism.

Admiration Turns to Hate

Besides confusion of this sort, the paper—by the very nature of the totalitarian idea it expounds—must feed out great doses of hatred.

While we were allies with Russia and F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover was catching Nazi spies, he was a great investigator. Today, to the Worker, he's "Himmler's Understudy." Winston Churchill, who backed Russia to the hilt after the Nazis invaded, and won high praise for that from the DW, is now "the most evil warmonger in the world." Henry A. Wallace has fallen from grace, as did Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt before him (although her late husband's picture still hangs in the city room).

There was a day in 1943 when the Worker actually blamed David Dubinsky, garment union president, for the fall of the Russian city of Kharkov to the Nazis. "Who Let Hitler Retake Kharkov?" angrily demanded an editorial in the March 17th issue. Its answer: Herbert Hoover, Norman Thomas and Mr. Dubinsky, whom the DW termed "especially guilty." Why? Because they had protested Stalin's execution of two Jewish labor leaders from Poland—thereby, in some incomprehensible fashion, delaying the second front. Dubinsky, who is chairman of the Jewish Labor Committee, is an "anti-Semite" to the Worker, and "head of a gang of unscrupulous Fascist agents."

The Worker's editors are seldom at a loss, even when they run short of facts. Their capacity for fable-izing is tremendous. In one enthusiastic outburst on Russia's World Peace Appeal, which the Daily Worker launched in this country last May Day, they published this gem:

"In French Equatorial Africa, the native drums are calling upon the remote villages to sign the appeal. It is not uncommon for native peasants to walk 15 to 20 miles over hills and through the scrub to attend meetings which have been announced from village to village by native drum . . . Many rushed up to sign, forgetful of the fact that they did not know how to write."

The Daily Worker sank to a sickening low in its treatment of the suicide of former Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal. Its obituary contemptuously called him "this Wall Street character." And it concluded:

"So he has cut his throat at last! He? Who?

"The man who cut his country's long ago . . ."

What's to be done with a propaganda organ operating against the interests of the United States? A few cities, chiefly Detroit, have attempted to bar it from the newsstands. But to put it out of business would close one of the few pipe lines Americans have from the Soviet Union.

For, if you want to know what Joe Stalin's up to at any given time, the Daily Worker is one of the best nickel buys in America.

THE END

Next Week

THE PRO GAME ISN'T FOOTBALL

Says Army Coach Red Blaik

JCHEW GISEY
PYMQP UQRPD
(SEE PAGE 22)

7pm.* Start your Thursday evening of lively listening on ABC with Edwin C. Hill's *Human Side of the News.* (*Dolcin*)

7:05 pm.* Headline Edition with Taylor Grant. On-the-spot interviews with the people who make the news.

7:15 pm.* Elmer Davis, distinguished commentator, gives you a clear analysis of world news.

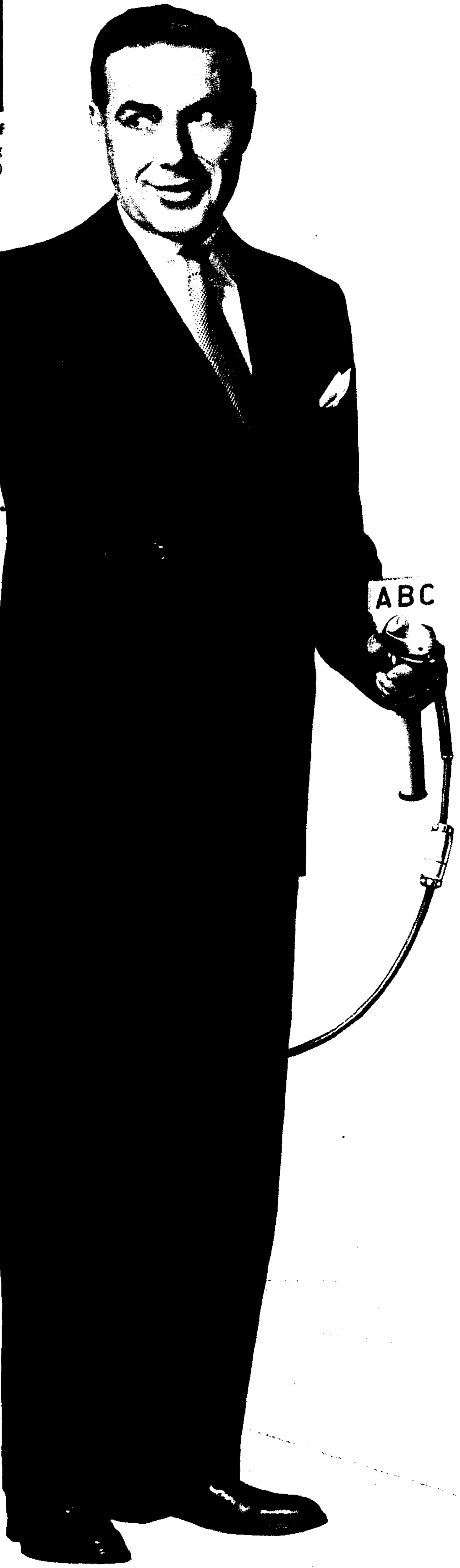
7:30 pm.* Armstrong of the SBI—presents exciting suspense dramas! (*Wheaties*)

8 pm.* Screen Guild Players—now a full hour on ABC! Your favorite stars (including Joan Fontaine and Gregory Peck, above) re-enact your favorite movies.

9:45 pm.* Robert Montgomery brings you his intimate and interesting views on world events. A stimulating discussion of today's headline topics. (*Lee Hats*)

For a TREAT every Thursday!

Treat yourself and your family to three solid hours of solid entertainment every Thursday night! Tune your radio dial—and *leave* it tuned—to your local American Broadcasting Company station . . . for news, adventure, music and fun. At 9 o'clock,* you'll all enjoy Ted Mack and the talented contestants on the one and only *Original Amateur Hour.* Top talent, top tunes, a top show! (*Old Gold Cigarettes*)



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"Cravenette" processed to shed showers
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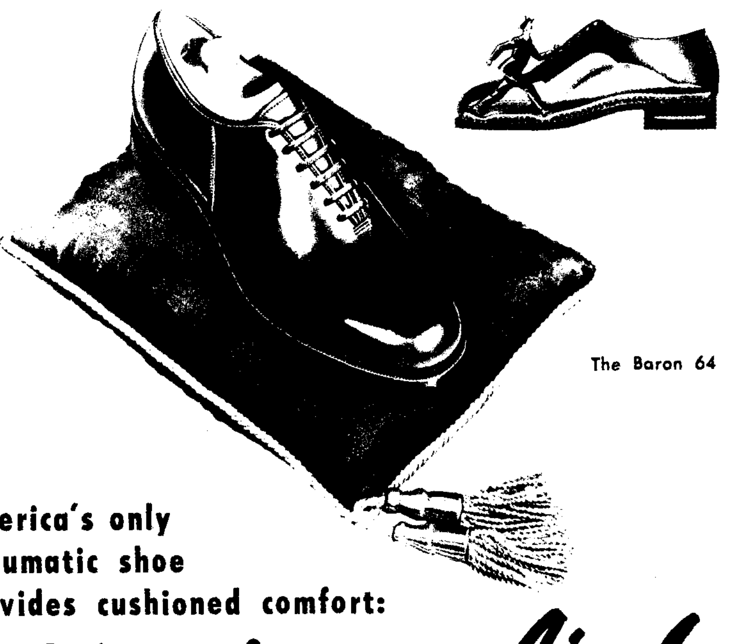

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provides cushioned comfort:

You Walk on Air!

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Yes, in Airfilm Shoes a springy layer of sealed air cells actually supports your entire weight. This Airfilm—America's *only* pneumatic shoe material — lies beneath the insole. Each cell (and there are about 800 of them to each pair) is like a tiny air-filled balloon.

Airfilm cushions the shocks as you walk, provides welcome relief for callused feet.

Your Airfilm dealer has a selection of attractive styles at $13.95 to $15.95. See him now. *Mid-States Shoe Co., Crosby Square Division, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin*

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Money Grows on Trees

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

project started by the giant Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. Back in 1941 the company decided to replant an area of 120,000 acres of cutover land in Grays Harbor County, Washington. The cost of protecting the area from fires that are usually started by careless visitors was so great the project seemed risky. It was the editor of the county weekly newspaper who came up with a suggestion that made the company decide to go ahead.

"Why not make this place a tree farm?" he asked. "People understand what farms are and if they see you raising a crop of trees, they'll give it as much consideration as they would corn or wheat."

Growth of the Farm System

And so, with fitting ceremonies, the Clemmons Tree Farm was dedicated. It became a West Coast show place and, as a result of public awareness of its purposes, the fire losses were low. Other companies picked up the idea and finally the AFPI created a Tree Farm System. Woodland owners, who met certain standards of management, were presented with certificates at public ceremonies. There are some 2,700 certified tree farms in 29 states now, covering 22,000,000 acres of carefully operated woodland.

The Tree Farm System gave recognition to those who were setting a good example in forestry, but it did little to carry the concept down to the small-wood-lot owner. Charles Gillett, director of AFPI, felt that the wood-using industries should spread the word of conservation to the farmer.

Gillett, a hearty, robust forester, had once given a rather spectacular demonstration of what could be done when industry took the lead in encouraging tree growing. In 1943, Gillett, as chief forester for the Seaboard Railroad, was trying to stimulate the wood-using industries in the company's South Atlantic area. One day, on a visit to the South Carolina state tree nursery, he found that officials were about to plow under 1,000,000 seedling trees which farmers had shown no inclination to buy.

"I've got a buyer for those," Gillett said. He appeared a few hours later in one of the Southern offices of the International Paper Company.

"I've got 1,000,000 trees for you to buy," he told the company's local manager.

It was a few minutes before the manager could stop gasping for breath and ask Gillett what he was supposed to do with the trees.

"Give 'em away," Gillett said blandly.

This reply set the paper man to gasping again and, during this lull, Gillett was able to explain his plan. The paper company, he pointed out, was going to need a steady supply of wood for pulp in the years to come. South Carolina's farmers should be encouraged to grow trees, which the company could buy. And so it was that in a few days, county agents throughout the state spread the word that free seedlings would be made available at a certain time, courtesy of the International Paper Company. The entire lot was planted and the reaction was so good that the company purchased another 500,000 seedlings for distribution. Now an annual event, the state took it over a few years ago and in 1949 distributed 30,000,000 seedlings to farmers.

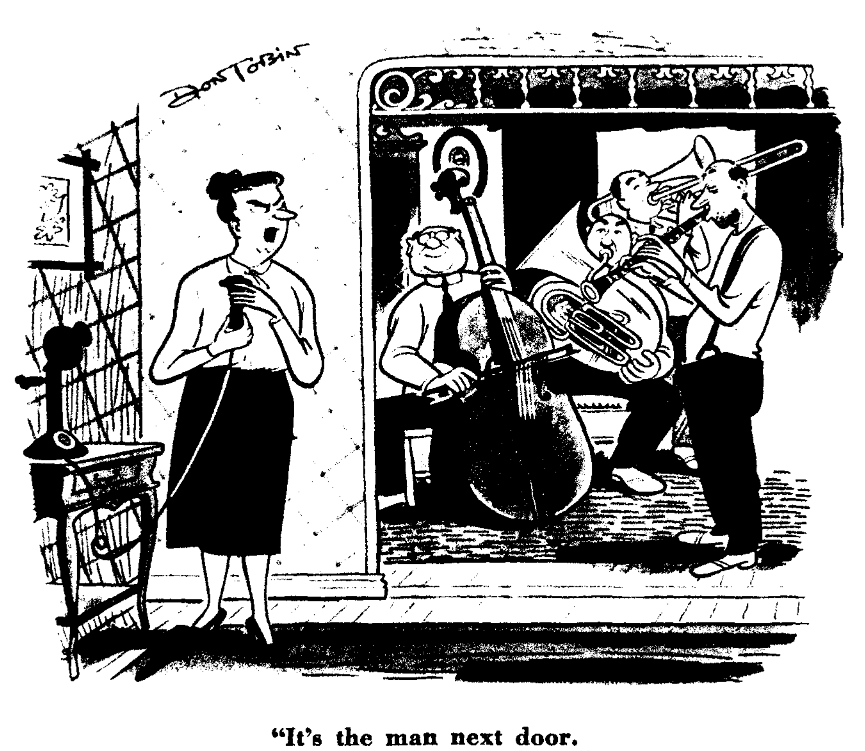
Convinced by this experience that industry and government could sell the idea of trees as a cash farm crop Gillett got the More Trees program under way in 1948. Alabama was chosen as a guinea-pig state. W. R. Sizemore, a professional forester, was appointed chairman of the state committee, which was made up of state and federal officials, lumbermen and civic leaders. In addition to an advertising and publicity campaign, the committee decided to hold forestry demonstrations within 10 miles of every farm wood lot in the state.

They Didn't Like New Ideas

One of the first was held in a county populated by farmers who had stubbornly resisted earlier conservation and forest-fire-prevention campaigns. It was agreed that this demonstration would put the theory to a real test. Local committee members mentioned the name of one farmer who was noted for his opposition to any new idea.

"If they can sell him, they can sell anybody in the United States," it was predicted.

For several days before the affair, there was heavy rain. But on the day of the demonstration the skies cleared and about 100 skeptical farmers, some in overalls and some in stiff, black go-to-meetin' clothes, appeared. R. A. Yoder, the forester in charge, is no man to mince words and he opened the demonstration by saying:



COLLIER'S

"It's the man next door. He'll talk to any of you"

DON TOBIN

new shampoo sensation actually shines hair

gets it so clean you can feel the difference!

Helene Curtis
SHAMPOO
WHIP

Now bring out the *full* beauty of your hair with a revolutionary shampoo that works in a completely new way! Helene Curtis Shampoo Whip bombards hair and scalp with billions of lively, lanolin-loaded bubbles that *rush* dirt and dandruff away—even in hardest water. Actually *shines* hair. Leaves it so gloriously fresh and clean you can *feel* the difference. So sunbeam bright...so enchantingly soft...you'll take new, exciting pride in your hair.

It's the world's first whipped LOTION-LATHER shampoo—wonderfully *good* for your hair and scalp. A marvelous beauty treat—with amazing new *atomized* lanolin, that penetrates like magic mist to EVERY part of hair and scalp. MORE lanolin by far than ordinary shampoos.

And because of miraculous LOTION-LATHER, *this* shampoo leaves hair easier to manage than ever before. NO drying, oil-robbing action to leave hair strawlike, unruly. Helene Curtis Shampoo Whip gives hair rich glowing beauty never before possible without costly special after-rinse.

This amazing new discovery by Helene Curtis, leading authority on hair, makes ordinary shampoos old-fashioned. Try it today, and you will throw away your *old* shampoos.

Just press nozzle —
and out billows rich
ACTUAL LATHER
(like whipped cream)

Helene Curtis SHAMPOO WHIP

TRADE MARK

Not a Soap, Creme or Liquid but a revolutionary new Helene Curtis discovery—the World's first whipped LOTION-LATHER shampoo!

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Gets hair so clean you can feel the difference.

New! Guaranteed—for more applications for one dollar than any previous shampoo!

Wonderful for the WHOLE family!

New! Atomized-lanolin gets hair fabulously soft, magically obedient!

Far MORE lanolin than any ordinary shampoo.

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"This is not a thinning demonstration. Most of the timberland in this county is too thin already."

Yoder explained that he had marked off an acre of woodland, no better and no worse than was to be found anywhere in the county. A crew from a local timber company was making what Yoder called an improvement cutting. He led the farmers through the woods and showed them how some trees were being cut because they were crooked, others because they were old, others because they grew too close together and others because they were "wolf trees"—putting out branches that smothered young trees.

When he sat down to the lunch of fish and hush puppies, Yoder felt that he had made an impression on most of the farmers. But one red-faced man had hung at the edge of the crowd making derisive remarks. Yoder knew that he must be the local superskeptic. This man did not seem to be sold on anything, yet.

After eating, the farmers watched while a small woods fire was set and then walked over the area and learned that every seedling tree had been killed. Even this did not impress the red-faced farmer. But when the group came to the neat stacks of logs which had been cut during the day, Yoder observed that the holdout was beginning to show interest. For this average acre had yielded $32.25 worth of pulpwood and $11.72 worth of hardwood logs. As the proceedings ended, the skeptical farmer sidled up to Yoder and said: "That's nearly $45 worth of wood you've cut off that acre and darned if the woods aren't in better shape than when you started."

"That's right," the forester agreed.

"Got nearly 100 acres like this of my own," said the farmer. "Can I get this kind of job done on my place? Think I'd like to try this tree farming."

Others in the crowd came forward to ask questions about fire prevention, about keeping cattle out of forest land and about the methods used to decide which trees to cut. In a few days, the county was abuzz with the news that a man could make good money growing trees as a steady crop.

Tree-Planting Boom Starts

This success spurred the state committee on and hundreds of demonstrations have been staged since. There is no accurate count on how many millions of trees have been planted on farm wasteland in Alabama since, but enthusiasm for the program has been at fever pitch. Civic organizations are chipping in to buy fire towers to guard the plantings, hundreds of veterans of the last war are being trained as farm forestry instructors and thousands of children are participating in More Trees essay contests. In a few years, the state expects to have millions of dollars of new income from what will be a careful, regular sale of timber.

Alabama, having seen its virgin forest area drop from 32,000,000 acres to 80,000 acres, has hit the comeback trail.

The success of the Alabama campaign resulted in the establishment of More Trees committees in New Hampshire, Vermont, Washington and Virginia. The AFPI is tackling the problem on a state-by-state basis and expects to see More Trees committees at work this year in South Carolina.

The stage was set for the More Trees for Virginia campaign by George Dean, the state forester, to the tune of some fancy political footwork. In 1946, Dean sought an increased appropriation to push conservation. During the war, small sawmill operators had made merry in Virginia, as elsewhere, clear-cutting farm forest land to get every stick of salable wood. When word got out that Dean wanted the money to teach farmers about tree farming, some of the less enlightened sawmill men got up in arms. They conjured up a threat to the rights of small businessmen and farmers and organized a lobby against Dean.

In Southern politics, the rights of farmers and small businessmen are taken very seriously, indeed. The only group whose rights have a higher priority are widows and orphans. This handy piece of knowledge was tucked away in Dean's mind when he came to testify for his bill. When a legislator asked Dean what sort of work would be done with the extra money, the state forester was loaded like Daniel Boone's musket.

The Lady Got a Fair Price

A few weeks before, he recalled, the widow of a doctor had come to his department for advice. This lady, sole support of three children, was in need of cash. She had received an offer from a sawmill operator who wanted to clear-cut all the timber on her farm. The sawmill man had offered $2,500 and she wondered whether this was a fair price. Dean sent a forester to her place and he marked the trees which were ripe for cutting and those which should be thinned. The widow then called for bids on the marked timber alone.

"She got $10,000 for the marked trees," Dean testified, "and she's got a stand of timber that should bring her an income for a good many years."

This story put the lobby to rout and Dean's department got the money. When the More Trees for Virginia campaign got under way, Dean had a staff of experienced, enthusiastic foresters to put in the field. Virginia's wood-using industry—a big factor in the state's economy—jumped into the crusade to put Virginia's forestry in the black. When Dean encountered recalcitrant sawmill operators, he managed to win converts by calling upon these men to furnish crews for demonstrations of improvement cuttings. Most operators came to approve this method of doing business. The state Forest Service, for a modest fee, will go over any land in Virginia now and mark trees which should be cut.

One of the first persons in Virginia to respond to the More Trees campaign was Mrs. Gray Dunnington, of Orange, Virginia, and she presented a unique problem. Seven generations of Mrs. Dunnington's family have occupied the farm on which her home is located. The original grant which King George II issued in 1728 to Benjamin Cave, of whom she is a descendant, provided that the family must clear three acres of forest each year. Since it was necessary to cut the trees by hand and since there were Indians behind some of them, this condition became somewhat burdensome. Came the Revolution, chopping stopped abruptly and since then every one in the family has loved living, standing trees.

When Mrs. Dunnington learned that there was an organization advocating more trees, she asked them to send a man around to look the place over. The state forester who cruised the timber recommended that Mrs. Dunnington start cutting mature timber immediately. Since this was what generations of sawmill men had been begging generations of the Cave family for permission to do, she was reluctant. But when the forester convinced her that she would actually get more trees by getting rid of some of her big ones, she relented.

Another land grant descendant who lives near Orange is Jaquelin E. Taylor, whose ancestors have included Presidents James Madison, William and Benjamin Harrison, Zachary Taylor and John Tyler. General George Patton was also descended from this line.

Taylor inherited Meadow Farm from his father, Jaquelin P., who died last August 31st. The elder Taylor left 8,000 acres of land. Whenever he needed wood for fencing or firewood he had bought a small piece of land from a neighbor—rather than cut wood on his own acres. By this process he had acquired the land and, in the bare spaces between woods, had planted over 500,000 trees in the last 30 years.

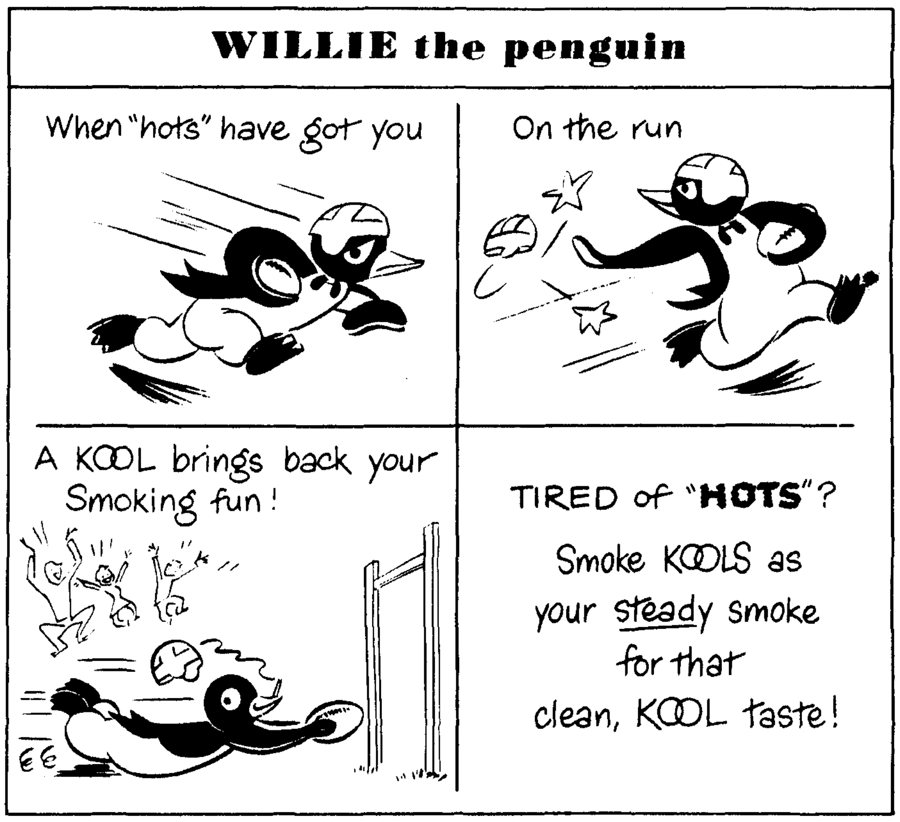
Profitable Uses for Sawdust

More complete utilization of every part of the tree—tops, limbs, shavings or sawdust—has helped make tree farming profitable. One Pennsylvania company not only burns sawdust to furnish power for its saws, but sells the ashes for fertilizer. Uses have been found for hemlock on the West Coast and aspen in the Lake States which were formerly chopped away as nuisance trees. Elsewhere, trees long despised are being used for pulp or other specialized purposes and the farmer is not forced to wait 40 years merely to make a cash crop of saw logs.

It was back in 1865 that the Rev. Frederick Starr, in a report to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, startled the county with the prediction that there would be an acute timber famine within 30 years. Since then, unselfish men have troubled the national conscience repeatedly with like warnings.

We can answer all of the dire predictions with a 1950 report that the country is waking up to the profits in tree farming. For the first time in many years there seems to be little danger that we will ever run out of trees.

THE END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Torture Chambers of the Air Force

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

active by chopping wood, skiing and hiking. At the end of the test period, lightheaded from a diet that trimmed at least seven pounds off each man, the group found one of the season's most violent storms swirling around their camp. Abandoning regular travel plans, they were evacuated by rescue teams that moved in through the gales.

At the same time, back in Dayton, Phil Maher, a young captain from Queens County, New York, completed his refinements on an eighteenth century device used by German doctors in treating maniacs: The mental patients were strapped on long wooden arms, heads to the outside, and spun around by pulley arrangements in an effort to shock their crippled minds back to sanity.

Maher, who was investigating the dangers of red-out, or excessive rush of blood to the head, was tied down on the end of a 20-foot metal arm which was then revolved by an engine at tremendous speed. He experienced violent nausea; his neck thickened painfully and his lungs, sinus and middle ear throbbed with a great rush of blood.

In the same building Dr. Horace O. Parack offered himself as the trial horse in experiments with the high-frequency sound produced by jet-power engines. The noise was known to cause ragged dispositions among airmen, with consequent loss in their efficiency. Parack knew that sound might be killing in extreme doses and that German scientists worked with this possibility all through the war, hoping to transform it into a weapon. Yet he stepped into a cork-walled chamber with a monstrous siren that was made to scream 200 times louder than the human voice. The results were instantaneous. His right eardrum punctured.

It is a thumping tribute to the courage of Aero-Medical project officers that, despite sprains, strains, bruises, broken blood vessels, bends and blackouts, there is never any difficulty finding volunteers for the tests. And it is a tribute to their cool judgment that not one fatality has occurred among the project's regular personnel.

"We did lose a damn' good subject last year," an officer admitted. "We spun a stubborn old billy goat around on the centrifugal arm and then farmed him out in a nearby pasture to watch for aftereffects. The beast crossed us up by jumping almost over a fence and breaking his neck. We suspect suicide."

Thousands of Lives at Stake

Members of the Aero-Medical lab risk their own skins in their hidden torture chambers for one good reason: Each of these experiments could conceivably save thousands of lives in the future. Take the seat-and-track arrangement that Sweeney rode at the cost of several pints of blood; although it resembled a screwball prop from some amusement park, the operation was really a mathematical gamble that paid off.

Inside secret laboratories in Frankfurt, Germany, Nazi scientists reportedly lost at least two human lives in their own trial work with high-gravity rides. But Sweeney completed his experiment and survived the greatest jolt on record—a whopping 33 G's, or the same shock power as a punch 33 times his weight landed all over the body.

His feat received little or no newspaper mention at the time, but its impact is measured in the headlines today in blunt terms of life and death. Only a few months ago a young Air Force lieutenant whose F-86 jet fighter was spinning crazily out of control pressed a small trigger in his cockpit as the plane's altimeter whirled toward a thousand feet. A firm kick in the pants catapulted him out of the plane and safely over the dangerous tail assembly. His parachute fanned out, dropping him unharmed to the ground. The plane crashed, scattering dials, wheels and metal scraps over a three-acre pattern.

A lot happened between the morning Sweeney took his sudden ride up the rails in an Ohio hangar and the afternoon three years later when a more refined version of the same device saved a young lieutenant's life. And every time the device reached a new phase a human life was gambled in the testing.

Sweeney painfully proved that 33 G's was too great a jolt for pilots to take. His discovery led to a cartridge with new characteristics which flips the seat up at only 14 G's. A more dependable trigger arrangement was also added. There were numerous tests under simulated conditions. When the device was finally installed inside a jet fighter plane, sandbag dummies were pitched out the top. The last step called for a substitution: man for sandbag.

Risks Pose Grim Questions

Everybody in the outfit was aware of the tremendous hazards involved. Would the cartridge be a dud? Would it be murderously powerful or too weak? Would the man be slammed against the tail assembly? Would the chute itself fan open after the explosion? There was one way to find out.

"In cases like this we find it most convenient to use ourselves as the test subjects," Sweeney explains. "We know the background, the problems and the dangers, and undoubtedly we can write a more honest report about success or failure, if we can write at all afterward."

Another Aero-Med veteran with combat experience as a fighter pilot asked for the assignment. Captain Vince Mazza, a stocky dark-haired ex-pole-vault champion, from Naperville, Illinois, proceeded to make the greatest jump of his life.

The experimental team was sent to the test site at San Pablo Bay, north of San Francisco. Dressed in a light one-piece flying suit with a white crash helmet clamped over his head, Mazza climbed into the rear seat of the two-seater F-80 jet behind Major Vernon Ford, of Middletown, Pennsylvania, the pilot. Two planes followed Ford down the runway, climbing and then spreading out on either side of the F-80 to record the test on camera and movie film. The planes made three runs over the test area.

On the fourth run at 10,000 feet Ford punched the trigger. Mazza was hurtled 60 feet into the empty skies; pinch-faced, gulping air, shorn of his helmet, he whipped through in the hurricane blast of the slip stream. The jet tail streaked harmlessly by beneath him; the chute opened into a great white canopy and Mazza dropped slowly down into the bay. A crash boat pulled him out in a matter of seconds.

Despite the harassing quality of this experimental work, there is no sign of a morale problem at the Aero-Medical laboratory. A team spirit, rigged on a quiet mutual faith, covers the sort of horseplay and needling you expect to find on a championship football squad.

Mazza and Maher share office space in the biophysics building and each gets a kick out of impressing the other with vivid play-by-play descriptions of his latest exploit.

"I don't see how he does it," Maher admitted recently, after sitting bug-eyed through Mazza's story about the new ejector seat. "I wouldn't flip out of the plane like that for anything. Vince acts like he's just going around the corner for coffee."

Baffled, he shook his head before launching into a hair-raising account of a ride he made on the centrifugal arm.

Mazza was visibly impressed. "Not for me," he commented. "A herd of wild elephants couldn't drag me onto that thing. You keep the whirligig and I'll keep my ejector seat."

Outsiders who are on hand during test

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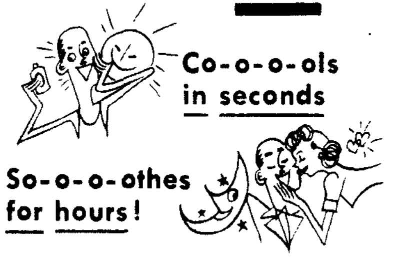

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runs occasionally wonder if the unit's stubborn dedication to its work isn't carried too far. For example, they point to the circumstances attending the rise in estate of Harry Buffenbarger, who reached out for a higher rank (and a larger salary) in mid-experiment, without even pausing to wipe the icicles off his whiskers. A wartime major who re-enlisted as a sergeant, Buffenbarger was cooped up in a large iron chamber that was frosted to subzero temperature when his captain's commission arrived from Washington.

Unfortunately, a commission is valid only if the recipient is sworn in within 24 hours after its arrival and Buffenbarger wasn't scheduled to step out of the cold chamber for the next 127 hours. So an officer wrapped in a thick parka stepped inside the chamber and transformed Buffenbarger from sergeant to captain at 25 degrees below zero.

When a Pilot Miscalculates

While the need for such things as adequate arctic suits and effective ejector seats was met through dramatic experiments, a number of other critically necessary mechanical aids have been developed very quietly. One large-scale study of air accidents exposed the fact that pilot-error was the killer in more than two thirds of the cases investigated, with faulty readings of altimeter dials a major factor. One flier belly-flopped his B-29 on a runway due to a miscalculation of a thousand feet—just one instance among many where pilots misread their dials by either 1,000 or 10,000 feet.

Instead of using a dial with three pointers, any two of which can cause mistakes by overlapping, the Air Force now has a one-hand dial suggested by the Aero-Medical laboratory.

But the life-risking experiments are the eye-catchers, even when their main purpose is merely to throw an old superstition for a scientific fall. Take the case of Captain Maher and his huge pin wheel.

Ever since the Wright Brothers coaxed their machine to fly a few feet, pilots, carnival wing-walkers and aircraft designers have fretted about red-out, the red blindness which affects fliers when the blood rushes to the head. Suspicion grew into a firm belief that extreme cases of red-out produced cerebral hemorrhage and death. Even combat flying techniques used during the war were styled according to this myth: pilots, to relieve the supposedly dangerous negative gravity, rolled their planes over on one side and peeled off instead of flipping straight over and nosing down.

Maher's ride on the centrifugal arm proved that while negative gravity causes pain, the strong protective brain case guards the vital organs inside. There's no cerebral hemorrhage, no death.

A second cobwebbed notion was corrected when Major John Stapp, an amiable daredevil, stepped unharmed from a rocket-powered sled after an experiment held earlier this year. Immediate examinations showed him to be in perfect health, and yet his 1,500-pound sled had been braked to a full stop from 75 miles per hour in only 12 feet. (An automobile traveling at the same speed uses up about 400 feet before coming to a full stop.) A durable harness held Stapp in his seat through this jolting high-gravity slowdown. That put an end to the talk around Air Force officers' clubs of a man "being speared by his skeleton," a grisly description used by imaginative fliers to tell how sudden stops pushed bones through the vital organs of the body. After Stapp's brisk ride, crash landings with the proper protective equipment didn't seem quite the hazard they had in the past.

"We should have known these things years ago," says Sweeney. "But we started

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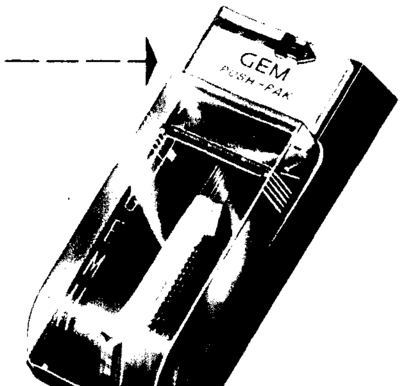

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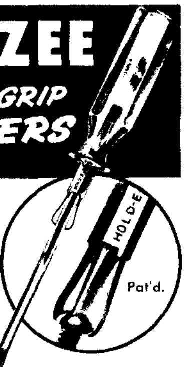

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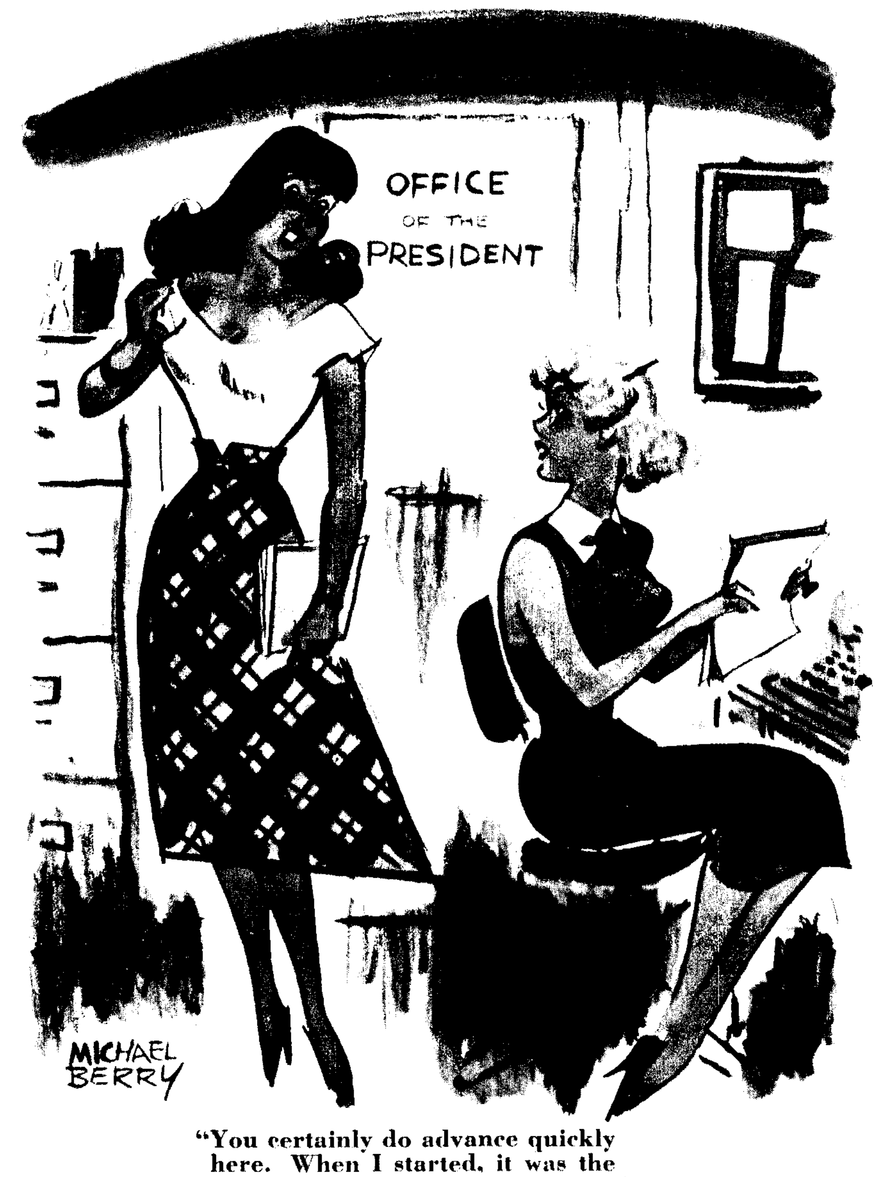

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The speed with which the Aero-Medical unit has advanced to laboratory status is impressive in view of its haphazard beginnings in 1936. Until then there had been little need for such a department. The planes of an earlier era were relatively primitive machines—slow, low-altitude and short-distance craft. In the first World War combat planes had barely more speed than good automobiles have today, a situation that airmen occasionally exploited in a bizarre fashion by flying above enemy planes and dropping grenades on them. Then a pilot led a relatively simple, uncluttered life; he needed little more than a chute, good vision, two feet to slap against the pedals and reasonably quick hands.

But in 1936, Air Force physicians looking to the future saw that men would have a harder time keeping up with the planes. The Aero-Medical unit was established to meet this challenge and the new outfit was handed an experimental budget—amounting to 40 cents a day.

It grew into big business with World War II and has been enlarged since then. Now Aero-Med scientists are preparing to deal with prospects that might have seemed fantastic 14 years ago. Sooner or later pilots will be flying regularly at speeds of 1,200 or 1,500 miles per hour, climbing to altitudes of 20 miles or higher and making routine nonstop flights around the world with the help of mid-air refueling. Can man keep up with the planes? The Air Force experts are sure of it.

"From all our work to date we feel planes will never outfly the crews scheduled to accompany them," says Colonel Gagge. "Through developments we hope to produce, the ceiling is unlimited. Aircraft will never be able to fly so fast or so high or so far a man can't go along."

Gagge and the rest of the station personnel become suddenly uncommunicative when conversation drifts around to any one of several devices being slicked up today. However, it is possible to speculate on the new developments in high-speed, high-altitude, long-distance flying by carrying known projects another step or two. One of the major problems in high-speed flight involves the greater pull of gravity. Another revolves around the fact that at the rarefied altitudes of about 65,000 feet, human blood will boil unless it has sufficient protection.

When aviation does reach that peak, the nagging curse of gravity will be reduced by two main methods: anti-G suits—trusslike affairs with pads tightly strapped against the calves, the thighs and the abdomen, so that blood cannot easily rush out of the head to other parts of the body—and a prone-position bed for the pilot.

Reducing the Pull of Gravity

By flying the plane on his belly, with foot controls at the rear and instrument armrests in front of him, the pilot will be less subject to gravity. The absence of the head blister, necessary for the conventional upright seat, will increase the air speed of the ship. These horizontal beds, installed in a B-17, were completely successful in actual flight conditions early this year and one is being put into an F-80 for final testing.

In addition to the pressurized cabin, pilots will be dressed in pressurized suits of some sort—for the simple reason that enemy shellfire, from either the ground or other planes, could collapse the carefully simulated 8,000- to 10,000-feet altitudes of the cabin. If the pressure level of the cabin is destroyed the pilot still could breath inside his own suit.

A number of mechanical features will help bomber crew members too. Ejector seats will pitch them out of the plane, instrument panels and dials will be improved and machine guns will be radar-directed, aimed at the enemy planes that can't even be seen.

To implement this planning for the future, Major Clarence C. Cain, a big, broken-nosed Oklahoman, has exposed himself to fantastically high altitudes many times in experiments involving the pressurized suit—and Colonel Sweeney lived through one of the most daring altitude tests of all without even leaving the ground.

Sweeney wanted to know whether a pilot equipped with oxygen could exist at high altitudes if enemy fire knocked a hole through the plane, abruptly releasing the pressure inside and admitting the thin atmosphere of thirty or forty thousand feet.

The test was run in a huge metal tank, 20 feet long and eight feet high, lined with heavy glass portholes and fitted with emergency breathing apparatus. Located in the basement of the Aero-Med administration building, the chamber could simulate the atmospheric conditions of any altitude up to 23 miles. Sweeney decided to "go up" 40,000 feet, not an unusual altitude for present-day jet fighter planes. He donned a hermetically sealed suit, pressurized to keep him at a simulated altitude of 8,000 feet. Then he was ready.

The Test Gets Under Way

Outside the tank, an enlisted man carefully turned the control wheel on a pump system that was sucking air out of the chamber. A flight surgeon, with first-aid kit ready, stood by one of the thick glass windows. A tense civilian expert spoke flatly into a hand microphone that was connected to the interior.

Sweeney shuffled his feet slowly inside the tank. An outlandish figure in his diver-type suit, his gray unblinking eyes looked out from behind the glass-fronted dome of the headpiece. His left glove clutched a screw driver. A three-inch gap in the seat of his rubber britches, patched with heavy wrapping paper, was Sweeney's vulnerable area. Any damage here would affect him just as an 18-inch shell hole in a jet fighter would affect the pilot—or as an 80-inch cavity in a B-29's pressurized cabin would affect the crew.

Sweeney nodded as the voice told him how high he was being taken. "Thirty thousand." Sweeney heard it and shook the big helmet slowly up and down. "Thirty-five thousand." He moved his right arm heavily and flicked his eyes once behind the protective dome window. "Forty thousand." Sweeney listened for any last-minute instructions, grinned inside his headguard and began to move his left hand. Suddenly the screw driver jabbed at the small circle of paper in the rear of his suit. The paper broke. A thin vapor cloud filled the helmet, blotting vision for an instant. Then it cleared.

In one fifteen-thousandth of a second Sweeney had, in effect, been shot from 8,000 feet to almost eight miles. His eyes bugged out and his face twisted; a gasp worked from behind tight lips, as the pressure change gripped his body. Then it was over. He raised his right hand to the others on the outside. No damage done.

Sweeney was the first subject, but dozens of others followed him into the pressure chamber. The flight surgeon who always stands by during the tests admits they have been fortunate on several occasions. At least three men suffered mild cases of the bends (pain caused by accumulations of hydrogen bubbles which are released in the blood under low atmospheric pressure) and another emerged visibly shaken and nauseous. These slight discomforts are a constant reminder to the men of the Aero-Medical laboratory that they are always at work in the presence of an unknown factor.

It is by daring to meet this unknown factor, by submitting themselves to the unpredictable test, that these men help secure America's future in aviation—and possibly the future of the free nations as well, at a time when the military aspects of aviation loom larger and larger in the defense planning of the world's democracies. THE END

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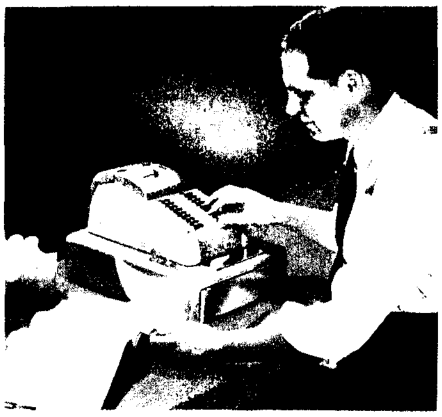

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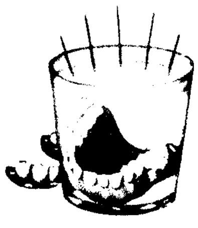

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Smile When You Call Merman 'Madam'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Finally, she blurted out, "My gawd, you've made a lady of me!" Mainbocher was pleased, but he was not yet finished with his conversion—or so he thought. He stared at Ethel's head, pointedly. She wears her wiry, black hair in a somewhat individual coiffure: in front it soars 3¾ inches above her broad brow in a fringe of tight ring curls, and in the rear it is pulled in at the base of the skull and then allowed to cascade down her back, rather like a pony's tail.

Mainbocher studied it and then asked a purely rhetorical question, "What do you intend to do with your hair?"

Her answer proved that Merman, even though gusseted up in lamé, hidden peacocks and paillettes, is still Merman. "Honey," she said, "I'm going to wash it."

Meet the Leading Man

The show's creators have wisely highlighted Ethel's boisterous qualities by assigning her a leading man who is as suave and sophisticated an actor as ever bent from the waist to kiss a woman's hand—Paul Lukas, of Kiskundorozsma, Hungary. This veteran of the continental stage and Hollywood pictures plays the role of Cosmo Constantine, the statesman with whom Sally Adams falls in love.

Paul, relaxing in Hollywood, was rather surprised one day to receive a telegram of several hundred words which, he says, boiled down to the simple question: Can you sing and, if so, how loud? Since he had to come to New York anyway, he wired back suggesting an audition. He adds, "At my age I should have known better. I am actually frightened of music; and I know nothing of it. I have no training. But who could resist an offer to play opposite Ethel? Particularly since it is practically a guarantee of a couple of years' comfortable living.

"I sang only one song for Irving Berlin. He said I had a barroom baritone, and I was signed. I had sung a song in the picture Little Women, and I vaguely remember playing in an operetta in my youth in Hungary. That makes me a musical-comedy star, yes?"

In this show Ethel, as Sally Adams, arrives in Lichtenburg at a moment when the matter of an American loan is preoccupying that country's politicians. The duchy—resembling Switzerland physically, except that its chalets have a mosquelike quality—produces cheese and beautiful postage stamps, but its trade balance last year was minus 887,000 kronen and the situation is critical.

In Washington, Sally had been instructed to refuse the duchy's request for a loan, gently and diplomatically. However, when Sally meets Paul Lukas in the guise of Cosmo Constantine, the Minister of Finance, relations between Lichtenburg and the United States suddenly become increasingly friendly. Before the end of their first interview Sally is whispering, gently and far from diplomatically, "How much do you want?" and pursuing Cosmo with a song: Can You Use Any Money Today?

> *In our treasury there's a mighty sum,*
> *Millions we've subtracted from*
> *The envelopes that hold our take-home pay.*
> *Can you use any money today?**

Sally is in love. Cosmo, however, startles her by saying he doesn't want a dime. A dastardly Lichtenburg politician suggests to Sally that Cosmo, as a member of the opposition, is talking for public consumption. If Cosmo were only Prime Minister, it is implied, things would be different. To Sally, fresh from Washington's Republican-Democratic double-talk, this seems very reasonable. Who ever heard of a politician meaning what he says?

So she commits the unpardonable diplomatic sin of interfering in the politics of the country to which she has been assigned. Cabinets scatter and fall like rice at a wedding, and Cosmo finally becomes Prime Minister. Meanwhile, via transatlantic telephone, Sally has arranged a hundred-million-dollar loan for the duchy; her telephonic negotiations with Harry also serve to keep her abreast of the latest developments in Bess's bridge and Margaret's concert tour.

Her embassy collapses about her, however, when it develops that Cosmo was sincere. With his program for agrarian reform and an equitable tax structure he believes he can make Lichtenburg self-sustaining. He refuses the loan. The love affair becomes a political affair, and there is all hell to pay.

Sally goes down slugging. She precipitates a general election—something that hasn't been held in the country for 20 years—so that the Free, Free, Free people can fight it out with the Money, Money, Money group democratically at the ballot box, rather than in the streets. But she is too late. For her interference in Lichtenburg's internal affairs she is recalled to Washington. Sally has put Harry in such a spot he may even have to fill her post with a Republican.

Sally's return to Washington is grim and disheartening. But then, to no one's amazement, the plot twists agilely and love triumphs. Sally is even awarded the Order of Philip the First, which entitles her to be called Dame. This, to a dame who has had to admonish, "When you call me Madam, smile," seems a desirable promotion.

It is a show compounded of breezy mirth and comic high jinks—and it also may well be the most effective musical-comedy joshing of the contemporary political scene since that Pulitzer prize-winning satire of 1932, Of Thee I Sing.

Lindsay and Crouse finished the book in mid-July, and then came the laborious process of auditioning over 3,000 actors, singers and dancers for the show's 48 ensemble and speaking parts. Most of those signed to contracts were Broadway veterans like Alan Hewitt, who came from 585 consecutive performances in Death of a Salesman to take over the role of the obnoxious chargé d'affaires. A few, however, had backgrounds which hardly seemed to equip them for a conquest of Broadway.

A Chiropractor in the Cast

One actress began her professional life as the first woman ever admitted into the Austrian Association of Architects and Engineers. A singer had started his career as Irving Berlin's office boy and a professional water colorist was chosen to play the role of a pompous senator. A graduate chiropractor, who'd earned a living as a butcher, was chosen for one of the singing parts. He proved to be a particularly happy choice; during the long practice sessions his trained fingers soothed many a girl's headache.

The four principals, Merman, Lukas, Russell Nype, the juvenile lead, and Galina Talva, were signed earlier. Nype, a tall and darkly handsome young tenor who came from the *bistro* circuit, is cast in the role of the embassy attaché, Kenneth. And Galina Talva, a pouty, pert little blond mezzo-soprano whom George Abbott had discovered at a party, plays Princess Maria. Bronx-born Galina says that Talva is not her real name but, "It is my true name. It came to me in a dream and I have had good fortune ever since." She talks with a charming and honest accent because she was brought up speaking Russian. "White Russian," she hastens to add.

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* From Can You Use Any Money Today? Copyright 1950 by Irving Berlin

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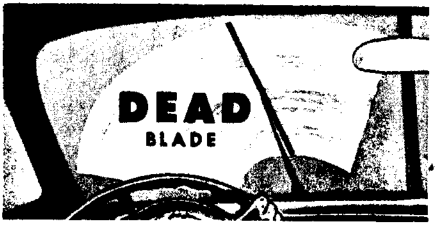

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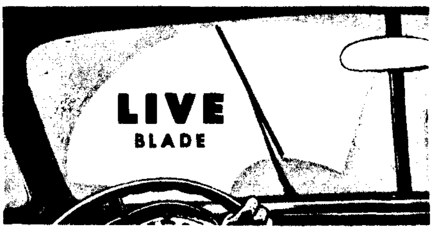

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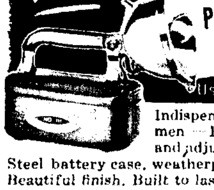

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Rehearsals began on the morning of August 14th, when the cast assembled in New York City on the bare stage of the Golden Theater, with its background of steampipes, battered kitchen chairs, brick walls, a tinny, cigarette-scarred piano and a completely ignored No Smoking sign. Paul Lukas arrived, kissed Ethel's hand. Ethel stuck a pencil in her hair and a wad of gum in her mouth.

Two costumers began taking measurements and a pretty brunet singer wailed, "Peasants again! Always peasant costumes. Won't anyone ever dress me in modern clothes?" From the shadows of the orchestra George Abbott blew a traffic policeman's whistle and called out, "We'll just read through the first act. No singing, no acting this time."

Call Me Madam was officially in the works and, up to its out-of-town opening in New Haven, September 11th, rehearsals continued night and day, monotonously, but with ever-mounting intensity.

Early rehearsals turned up the usual number of butterflies. Paul Lukas was upset from the very first day because of his lack of musical experience and his nervousness increased and reached its climax one night during the third week of rehearsals. Irving Berlin was working over songs with Ethel and Paul; there was nobody else in the theater except the pianist and a visitor. Paul suddenly decided that in fairness to the show, he ought to quit, and in his words "let Berlin get someone who could sing." Berlin signaled the pianist to play Marrying for Love, and took his place by Paul's side. He sang in an undertone and led Paul through the song—gesture by gesture, step by step, note by note. Paul started weakly but finished with bravado. Irving smiled happily and cried, "Wonderful. Now, let's do it again."

TOM FUNK

Musical Note

Jazz Most Popular American Export.—Newspaper headline.

We send the stuff to Perth and Rio,
Karachi, Cork and Rome.
But still I think—oh my, oh me, oh—
We keep too much at home!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

The pianist whispered, "That guy Lukas may be the male Marlene Dietrich." From then on Paul was on the mend.

Ethel, meanwhile, was having a field day; nothing fazed her, not even a badly sprained thumb. On that occasion, she picked herself up from her fall, stuck her thumb in a handkerchief filled with ice, and continued rehearsing while the stage manager sent for a doctor. When the doctor arrived she took time out to chew the ice while he bandaged her thumb and wrist, and then went back to work. Throughout rehearsals her gusto and zest gave you the feeling she'd have chewed the scenery, had there been any available.

A very quick study, Ethel had her role pretty well set by the second week, but she was still taking direction, docilely and humbly—even asking for it. There was no temper, no temperament. This was not as rumor and legend would have it. Many stories have been printed or whispered which imply that Ethel goes about backstage equipped with a bull whip. But no one ever seems to have bothered to get Ethel's answer to these rumors.

Here is what she has to say: "So far as I know, I only blow my top when someone hurts the show. Up there, I'm a working girl, just as much as I ever was in the old days when I pounded a typewriter from nine to five. If someone fluffs a cue, comes on drunk, or misses an entrance while I'm up there beating my brains out—sure, I'll blow. And if I'm shredding my larnyx over a song and there's horseplay in the ensemble or if a guy in the orchestra pit is rustling the Daily Racing Form, I'll damn' well do something about it. I'm up there to work. It's my profession and I expect everyone else to be professional."

Buck Crouse adds, "I've known Ethel a good many years and, so far as I know, that's the way it is. But even if it shouldn't be quite the whole story—what's the point of being a great star if you can't enjoy a few prerogatives?"

The only apparent special privilege Ethel seemed to enjoy during rehearsals was that of working harder than anyone else. At the show's opening performance in New Haven, Connecticut, however, her labors were rewarded.

The world *première* of any show is a trying affair and Call Me Madam's initial bow was no exception. Two hours before curtain time Tommy Rall and Muriel Bentley, the show's featured dancers, were pasting sequins on their rehearsal garments in a desperate attempt to improvise for a set of costumes that had failed to arrive. Another set of costumes was finally fitted to the ensemble only 20 minutes before the eight thirty curtain. Paul Lukas, lost in concentration, tripped and fell over a piece of scenery—and then went on to be a superb counterfoil to Merman and to prove that he could sing both well and loud. Tension was running so high backstage that two members of the cast became slightly ill. In the midst of all this, Ethel was serene and sure of herself.

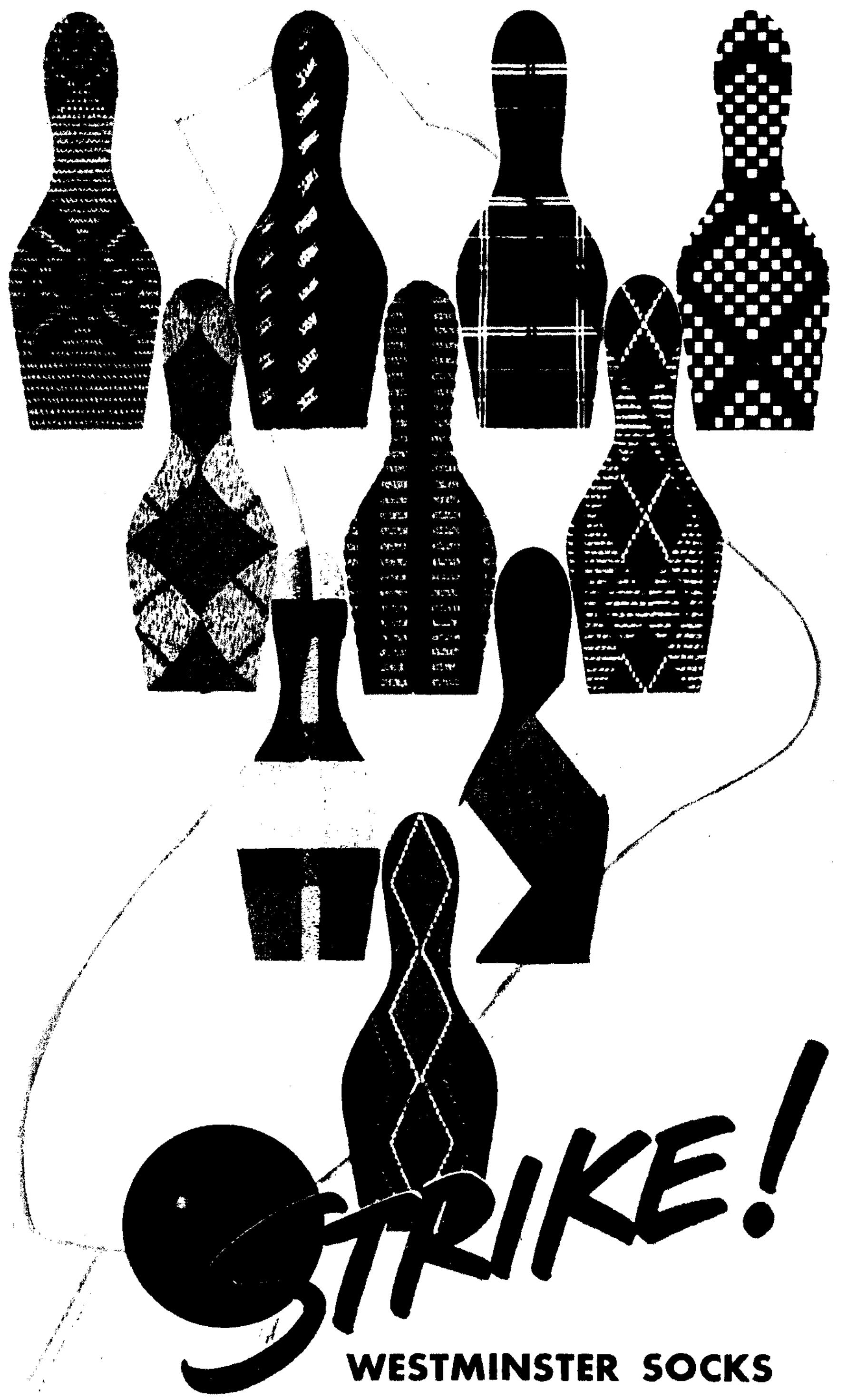
It was clear that the show's authors had not *exaggerated* when they inserted a note in the program which read, "Neither the character of Mrs. Sally Adams nor Miss Ethel Merman resembles any other person alive or dead."

And then, when the curtain went up, it was the old, old Merman story—Ethel took command, kept command and left 'em cheering. One lady in the audience of 1,657 veteran playgoers was heard to say, "Isn't it wonderful how much she's improved since Annie Get Your Gun?"

Her escort replied, "That's like saying, 'My, hasn't electricity improved since last year?' "

Later, a member of the company said, "The most amazing thing about Ethel to me is not the way she packs 'em in, but the way she seems literally to fill the stage whenever she's on. I just figured out that there's 126,420,480 cubic inches of playing space on that stage. Obviously, it's a physical impossibility for a 130-pound dame to fill it. But I insist she does—every performance. How about that?"

The answer seems to be—she's Ethel Merman. THE END



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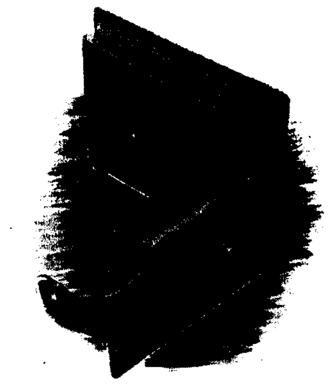

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The Mimosa Blight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

were, but that they'd been common in our Southeastern states for many years. I went on to relay Caro's information concerning the encroaching blight. "They are doomed," I said, "like civilization." That is the sort of sally that seems sprightly to me at cocktail parties.

The vicar tucked in his chin. "Pish, my dear madam," he said. "What inspires you to that unhappy flight of wit?"

Considerably taken aback, I said I hadn't intended being witty; one had only to glance at a newspaper to see that my observation was a commonplace. "Human nature is on the loose," I declared, resolved that I would be clever if it killed me, "and human nature is immutable."

"Im-mutable," the vicar said dreamily, as if playing with the word on his tongue, tasting its connotations. "Mutability!" He shrugged. "You take too gloomy a view by half. It doesn't suit a pretty woman."

"I hope you're right," I said, "but—"

"You are the victim of a popular fallacy," said the vicar. "You believe in democracy among the species. You subscribe to the theory of evolution."

I said I guessed I did, edging away. I didn't feel equal to a religious argument.

"I don't intend to scold you," the vicar said. "I have passed through that muddy phase of thinking, and even now I am prepared to grant evolution its place among the lower species. Mollusks and dinosaurs, you know. Fish becoming reptiles, and reptiles becoming birds. But human nature doesn't derive from any such humdrum, patient process. Somewhere in creation there was an impulse of genius—a sharp mutation from precedent. Its result was Homo sapiens." He was silent for a moment, training his gaze upon the horizon where smooth green turf melted into the fumy shadows of a distant pine forest. "A rather odd thing happened in our village," he said. And then he told me his story.

I'd like to relate the entire narrative in the vicar's words or at least to give it the flavor of his precise, played-down British phrasing. But my idiom is so hopelessly "transatlantic," as the London Times would say, that I don't dare monkey with it. If I did, I should be sure to strike, in reverse, those false notes that British authors often strike in their efforts to give authentic tone to their American characters. ("Oh boy! This is great!" says the lady from Beacon Hill. "You can't beat Beethoven, honey!") So I must tell the tale as it comes to my mind, let the chips fall where they may.

PLUMSBY-OVER-DUFF, then, is the snug English village that I shall always believe in. Nestled among downs and hawthorn lanes, it is a village out of a book, or a dozen books. It has a green, a cobbled High Street, a fourteenth-century church with yew trees in the yard, and a pub called the Red Lion. There is a Hall with a big, bossy woman named Lady Charlotte as its widowed incumbent, and a Queen Anne house where Miss Mattie, a sweet, deaf old lady lives with Alicia, her orphaned grandniece. Plumsby, by the mercy of Providence, wasn't bombed during the war, but it shared the hardships of the nation. Its young people went away, some never to return, and its older people endured a disruption of life that they hadn't counted on.

The vicar was satisfied with his parish's record in the emergency. There was no whining, no black market. Everyone did his duty as England expected him to, and even dirty children from city slums were billeted in nearly every residence. Lady Charlotte herself condescended to take five, who were received complacently and transformed, after a few weeks, into Plumsby children who kept their beds dry and seldom scratched their heads. But in spite of its stoicism, the village lost something. As the war years stretched on, a spiritual jauntiness that had characterized Plumsby ebbed away, leaving a dogged weariness, flat and almost sullen, in its place.

The vicar sensed this change within himself. Circumstances had a bit to do with his low spirits, for the new diet didn't suit his stomach and he lived alone; his wife was dead and his daughter, an only child, had joined the Wrens. But he could, in Christian humility, have transcended personal afflictions if he could have mustered a degree of cosmic optimism. It seemed to him that all he had put his faith in—the gradual cultural advance of mankind—had come to a stop. Even the eventual close of formal hostilities in Europe brought him small comfort. Blood still ran in the East and in men's thoughts. Peace, as the vicar conceived of it—good will and a universal love of justice—seemed tenuous as a dream that no longer came to him even in his sleep.

ONE afternoon in the summer of '45, the vicar went to drink tea at Miss Mattie's house. He went especially to see the spinster's niece, Alicia, who had been serving as an ambulance driver in London. He always shuddered when he pictured that gently-nurtured girl among the rubble of the blitz. Alicia was at home on her first leave in months. She was resting in her bedroom when the vicar entered the parlor, but he wasn't sorry to have a few minutes alone with her aunt. Miss Mattie always soothed him.

"I must whisper Alicia's little secret before she comes down," Miss Mattie said, peering anxiously through the square-framed spectacles that magnified her eyes and gave them an appealing, spaniel softness. "But have some cherries, Vicar. There are none like them in the kingdom. My dear papa planted the tree from a pip when he was a lad."

The vicar selected a cherry from the bowl beside him. It was of a fine black variety and, as he bit into it, its flavor recalled a lost serenity. There had been a time when life, for all its trouble, had been sweet and juicy in the mouth.

Miss Mattie's parlor shared with the cherries a cheerful, timeless quality. Aside from the absence of buttered muffins, it was much as it had been when he had drunk tea there a quarter century before. Now, as then, an applewood fire was fragrant on the hearth, the teapot kept warm under an embroidered cozy, and Miss Mattie, tiny and birdlike, appeared no more fragile than she ever had. She sat erect, holding the same thin cup in her hand and the same silver ear trumpet in her lap.

"In my girlhood," Miss Mattie said, "Alicia's secret would have been considered"—she hesitated before she found a word—"awkward."

The vicar leaned forward. Miss Mattie stuck the trumpet to her ear.

"Tempus fugit!" the vicar roared. "Customs change!"

Miss Mattie, still looking dubious, inclined her head toward the volume on the table. "One gathers that from literature," she said.

The vicar wondered, with mild curiosity, what Alicia had done. Miss Mattie's flutters indicated something of a sentimental nature, and he decided that the girl had probably got herself engaged to a chap in trade. Miss Mattie would think that awkward. Dear Miss Mattie—and dear Alicia. He thought of Alicia, a child who had touched a vein of poetry in his nature, and of her education which he hadn't entirely trusted. Miss Mattie had taught her niece at home, giving her French with a county accent and directing her reading down channels which weren't, the vicar had feared, calculated to toughen the mind. He recalled one glimpse of Alicia in a country lane; with her arms full of flowers and her pale hair floating on the wind, she'd had a disturbing, ethereal look—even a trifle foreign and reminiscent

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of Botticelli. "I'd like to put a hockey stick in her hand and make a proper English gel of her," Lady Charlotte had boomed on another occasion. Still, when the war came, Alicia had been tough and English enough.

"Am I to read the banns?" the vicar shouted.

"No, no," Miss Mattie said, flushing. "Alicia tells me her secret is quite respectable nowadays, but my deafness keeps me apart from the *grand monde*, and, really, in Plumsby when *I* was a young lady—"

"These things are matters of fashion," the vicar said, feeling worldly and avuncular toward his friend.

"Lady Charlotte may not receive her," said Miss Mattie.

"A fig for Lady Charlotte!" the vicar snorted.

At this moment Alicia appeared in the doorway. Her hair was still pale, her expression remote, but she wore her Botticelli air with a difference. The vicar thought of a gravid nymph in the Primavera. Without meaning to, he glanced at her left hand.

Alicia interpreted his glance correctly. "I have no husband, Vicar," she said, smiling faintly as it at a provincial prejudice.

"The vicar says it's all a matter of fashion, my pet," Miss Mattie said.

The vicar cleared his throat. He was about to clarify his position when it occurred to him that he couldn't, without appearing both cruel and absurd. He could hardly sit there with a teacup balanced on his knee, saying harsh things to an unfortunate girl and repeating them, at the top of his lungs, into her aunt's silver trumpet. "When—?" he said lamely. "Who—?"

"Any day," Alicia said. "And I really can't say who sired my baby."

The vicar gasped at the coarse expression and at Alicia's hardened attitude.

"We were not properly introduced, and I didn't ask his name," Alicia continued. "He is—or was—an American pilot." She had met him in a London shelter, she said. He had been handsome—somewhat like Gary Cooper if the vicar knew the cinema. The vicar nodded. After the all-clear had sounded she had invited him to her diggings for a cup of Bovril—there was nothing like Bovril to settle the nerves—and there she had known an irresistible desire for happiness. In the morning her companion had been gone. "I felt at peace, don't you know," Alicia said, "in a rather extraordinary way."

"Extraordinary indeed!" said the vicar.

"Fancy, Vicar! An American!" Miss Mattie said. "At first I feared the child would speak with a Yankee twang, but Alicia thinks it won't."

"An accent is an acquired characteristic," said Alicia.

"Alicia is exceedingly clever. She has read a thick book on the subject," Miss Mattie said.

"A book on eugenics," Alicia explained. "Are you familiar with genes, Vicar?" She went on to describe, in a polite teatime voice raised high enough for her aunt's convenience, the behavior of genes—recessive and dominant. "Occasionally, but very seldom, the pattern of the genes changes," she said. "Then we have a spontaneous mutation of the species. Something totally unexpected can occur—geniuses of obscure origin, for instance, like Shakespeare and Keats, or the hemophiliac strain in the Hapsburg line. And, as every schoolboy knows, there was the fruit fly experiment."

The vicar's outraged principles bowed to curiosity. "What happened to the fruit flies?" he asked.

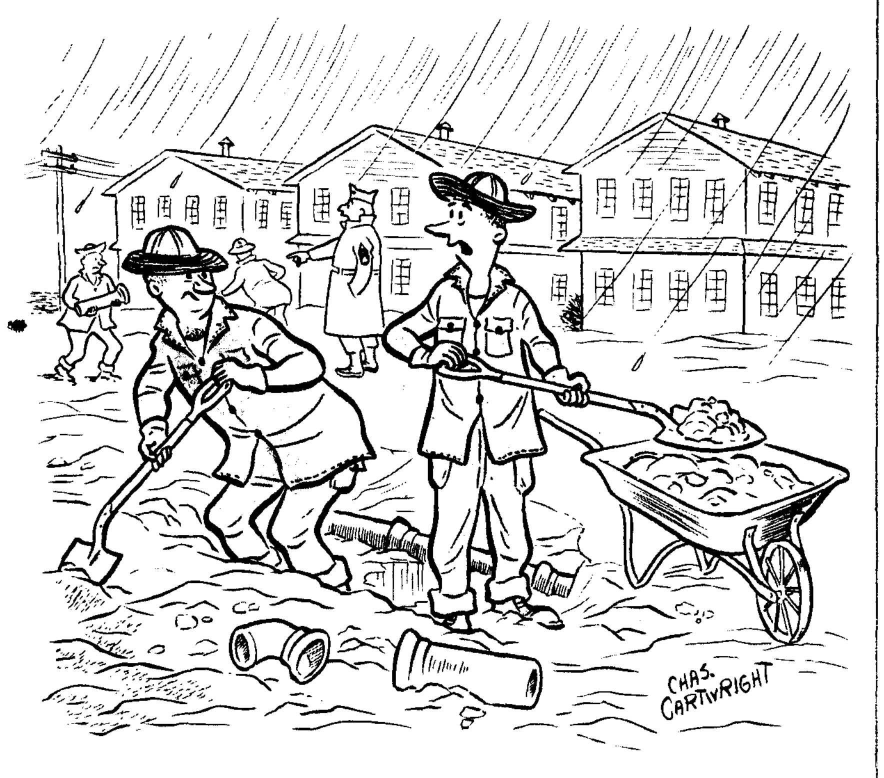
Alicia was vague as to exactly what had happened. She had skimmed that chapter and knew only that a geneticist had carried a pair of the flies up in a balloon where altitude had altered their genes. They had produced a family that had differed conspicuously from their ancestors.

AT LAST, the vicar arose to depart. What had possessed him, he asked himself severely, to engage in a frivolous discussion of insects when Alicia's immortal soul was in peril? "One day soon we must have a talk, Alicia," he said, sounding tenderer than he *meant* to sound.

The vicar was astonished at the manner in which Plumsby received the intelligence of Alicia's condition. The cottagers considered it a rare joke on the gentry, the doctor was chiefly concerned with his patient's health, and even Lady Charlotte, that pillar of empire and propriety, said only, "What can one expect of a gel who's never handled a hockey stick?" It was gratifying to find that people didn't cast stones, but the vicar thought there was a place where tolerance ended and moral apathy commenced. After Alicia was through her ordeal he would admonish his flock from the pulpit.

But although the vicar wrote out that admonitory sermon and laid it in his desk drawer, he never used it. A circumstance arose that would have made its delivery ludicrous. Alicia's baby was born with wings.

During Alicia's brief labor the vicar sat



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The one most prevalent today is that American freedom is in danger from "the anti-democratic program of the Roman hierarchy." This, to some people, will sound new and alarming. Actually, there is nothing new about it.

Catholics of a century ago heard the same "alarm"... that the Church was hostile to our form of government — that she was anti-republican in spirit and influence — that she would disregard our free institutions and deprive us of self-government.

Even those who do not understand the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church will have to admit the falsity of this rumor... for the evidence of a hundred years contradicts it in every particular. The Catholic people always have stood shoulder-to-shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens in building and defending our liberty and free institutions.

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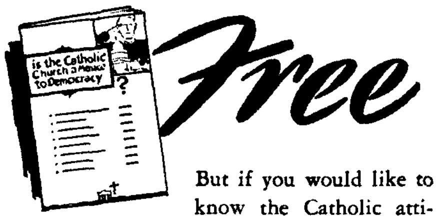
"If we let this man go," said the Savior's critics, "the Romans will come and take away our name and our nation."

Some think that Catholics should get their blood pressure up and reply angrily to these rumors. This is not necessary. We know that the American people of all faiths... with their traditional sense of justice... will boot this ugly ghost back into its closet without our help.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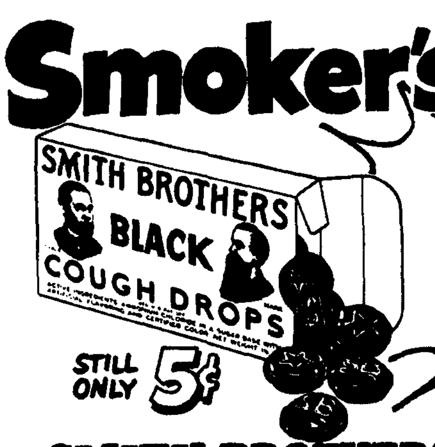
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in the parlor with Miss Mattie. He felt that a maiden lady required company at such a time, and he wished, furthermore, to be accessible in case the infant should seem unlikely to survive. He couldn't permit Miss Mattie's relation to face its Maker under the double handicap of bastardy and an unsprinkled forehead. When the doctor came into the room, looking dazed, the vicar stood up, prayerbook in hand.

"No need for the book," the doctor said. "It's a healthy boy and Alicia's going on nicely. But it's frightfully bizarre."

The vicar offered his arm to Miss Mattie. Together they climbed the stair to Alicia's room. Alicia was lying among her pillows, pale and smug. The cradle beside the bed was empty.

"Where is the dear little stranger?" cried Miss Mattie.

"Over there," Alicia said. "On the curtain."

THE newborn child was flattened against a window curtain, like a moth spreading its wings to dry. He was a plump, pink baby. The wings, sprouting from either shoulder blade, were not vestigial remains of a prehuman stage in man's development; they were perfectly formed and feathered, the size of a palm-leaf fan and the color of forget-me-nots. Beneath him, holding her apron hammockwise, to catch him if he fell, stood the motherly nurse. "He slipped my hands when I went to pin his nappie on," she said. "I never hear the like."

"His father was an aviator," Miss Mattie said. "The altitude—"

"Mutations," Alicia murmured. She made a chirping noise, like a bird talking to its young.

The baby turned his body, flapped his wings and made a clumsy lurch in the direction of his mother. The nurse was too quick for him. She pulled him down by the heel and proceeded to dress him in a diaper and bellyband. "I'll have to cut wingholes in his vest and gown," she said. "Do you want I should clip his feathers?"

"Certainly not," Alicia said. "Give him to me. My little fruit fly!"

The infant flourished. The third Sunday after his birth Alicia presented him at the church font to be baptized. He wore Miss Mattie's father's christening robe, and, in all that lawn and lace, with his wings folded neatly behind him, he resembled any child of good county family. He lay with his eyes closed in the crook of the vicar's arm. It wasn't until the third member of the Trinity had been invoked in his behalf that he started from the unwary vicar's grasp, whizzed straight up the chancel, and came to roost upon the railing of the choir stall above the altar, where he perched until the sexton fetched him down. The vicar had meant to seize the solemn occasion of baptism for his talk with Alicia, but he knew now, as he observed the pretty creature in the loft, Alicia's rapt face, and the expression of pure joy—as if they'd all glimpsed hope again—upon the faces of the congregation, that he'd as well save his breath. A woman with a son who looked like an upper-class cherub would not be easily convinced of error.

The village fell in love with the baby. Each day when Alicia aired him in the shrubbery—she tied a string to the tail of his gown and flew him like a kite—a crowd, which included even Lady Charlotte, gathered at the hedge to watch and applaud. The people of Plumsby had grown accustomed to monotony, as a sick man grows accustomed to hospital odors, but they hadn't grown to like it; this baby afforded them the circusy entertainment they needed, and he was their darling. The vicar, alone, regarded him with a jaundiced eye.

The vicar went out of his way to avoid seeing Alicia's marvelous child. To him that child was a symbol of the lightness and freedom that his own heart had lost and a reminder of the angels to whose condition he had once believed that humanity slowly ascended. From force of habit he continued to perform his duties in Plumsby-over-Duff, but the meaning had gone out of them, and on the August morning when he heard of the explosion at Hiroshima he believed that the end of endeavor had arrived. The cycle of human progress had gone round and had come to this—a prying, brutish curiosity, irresponsible as an ape's, that had picked open the secret of energy and tossed it out in a foolish gesture of death. The vicar felt the self-contempt of a man who sees that his whole life has been dedicated to folly.

He left the vicarage. Without a glance at his church and scarcely aware of direction, he walked to a hill above Plumsby. The gorse was in bloom, the day was bright, the horizon was ringed with lofty thunderheads.

The vicar looked down upon the village he had loved—upon the trees, the steeple, and the clustered roofs—without feeling anything, even pity. He covered his face with his hands.

Suddenly from overhead, he heard a twittering sound and looking up, he saw that it came from Alicia's baby. The little thing had broken his leading string and was clowning in the blue bowl of sky. He went through a bag of tricks. He spiraled, like a hawk in spring. He dived into the clouds. He emerged, floating on his back, kicking his fat, pink legs.

The vicar watched him as a man drained by grief will fix his empty mind upon a drop of water or a cabbage worm crawling on a leaf. As he watched, the baby, scooting down a slope of air in the direction of Miss Mattie's gabled roof, passed so close that the vicar could see his face. It shone with a radiance that the vicar had never seen before, but had imagined once or twice in his youth.

In an instant the child was gone, but the vicar could still feel the light reflected on his own countenance and he knew it would be reflected likewise, if fleetingly, upon the faces of Alicia and her aunt and Lady Charlotte and the villagers when they saw their winged truant returning to them.

The vicar felt a lightness in his limbs. He began to dance on the hilltop. His feet were no longer drawn to the ground and he danced on air, brushing the golden gorse with his toes. He laughed aloud. How, he asked himself, had this simple truth escaped him? It was stated plainly in Scripture and in the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. Why had he been obliged to learn it from a six-weeks' child and a rather stupid girl's prattle of fruit flies? Here was the promised leaven of the world. It would come unexpectedly, in a happy moment of light leaping like a sunbird from one human face to another. It would come by what Alicia had called spontaneous mutation . . .

"Which is another name for grace," the vicar said to me, there on the terrace above the golf course. He rose on his toes. He looked pleased with himself, like a poet who has successfully rounded off a sonnet.

BEFORE I could say anything, a fair-skinned girl who might have posed for an advertisement of English lavender, hurried out onto the terrace. "Father!" she exclaimed. She gave me a glance that was half reproach, half entreaty. "Father's been a bit peckish," she said. "I trust he hasn't fatigued himself with excitement."

"No," I said. "We were admiring the mimosas."

I went inside and made my way slowly through the crowd, looking hard at the faces I passed. When Caro saw me, she took me by the elbow. "Let's get out of here while you can still navigate," she said. "Try not to stare so. You look right glassy-eyed."

"I had exactly one cocktail," I said. I could hardly establish my sobriety with the claim that I'd been seeking a sign of the millennium.

"Well, good," Caro said indulgently. She kept hold of my arm while we went down the steps and along a path to our car.

"I was talking to a clergyman," I said as we drove away. "An English clergyman."

Caro laughed. "I should have taken better care of you. So poor old Mr. Plummer fixed you with his glittering eye."

"His eye didn't glitter," I said.

"I was quoting from a rather well-known poem," Caro said. "He's Alicia Mason's father."

"Alicia?" I said with a start.

"Mm-h'm. The name's not awfully unusual, is it?" Caro said. "She's Jim Mason's wife, an English war bride. It seems her father came sort of unhinged last winter, and Alicia had to go home and bring him over here. He has this notion that he can fly."

"I like him," I said.

"We all do," Caro said, "but naturally we feel for Alicia. She can't let him out of her sight for fear he'll climb on something and jump off. And then he's writing his memoirs which keeps her in a tizzy because he does tell a good story and some ass of a publisher might buy them."

"He might at that," I said. Thinking back, I followed with awe the workings of the Reverend Mr. Plummer's imagination. The terrace, with its sheer drop, had awakened his dream of flying—I remembered how I'd seen him rising on his toes—the pastoral calm of the summer afternoon had put him in a mood for allegory, and my fancy word, "immutable," had set him in motion. Once started he had gone on rapidly. With the true economy of an artist he had used what he could of the stuff that lay ready at hand, blending the strange with the familiar and decorating invention with frills of reality. He had given his daughter's name to an idiotic girl and the first syllable of his own to a village that he had lifted, ready-made, from a book. Even the predominant colors in his story—the pink of the baby's skin and the blue of its wings—had been reflected from the mimosas and the Virginia sky.

We were silent for a while before Caro said, "I met a botany professor from Charlottesville at the party, and he told me a funny thing about the mimosas. You know the blight was moving in from the east and we expected all our trees to be hit this year. But it seems the disease has stopped spreading this way. Nobody knows why. It's just stopped in its tracks. Like an act of God."

"Like a what?" I said. I could hear my voice shake.

"An act of God," Caro repeated. "You're acquainted with the figure of speech, I presume." Taking one hand from the steering wheel, she gave my knee a friendly pat. "Food is what you need, dear. And black coffee."

At that instant the colors of the countryside, veiled in the delicate haze of approaching twilight, assumed a clarity more intense and luminous than I would have believed possible.

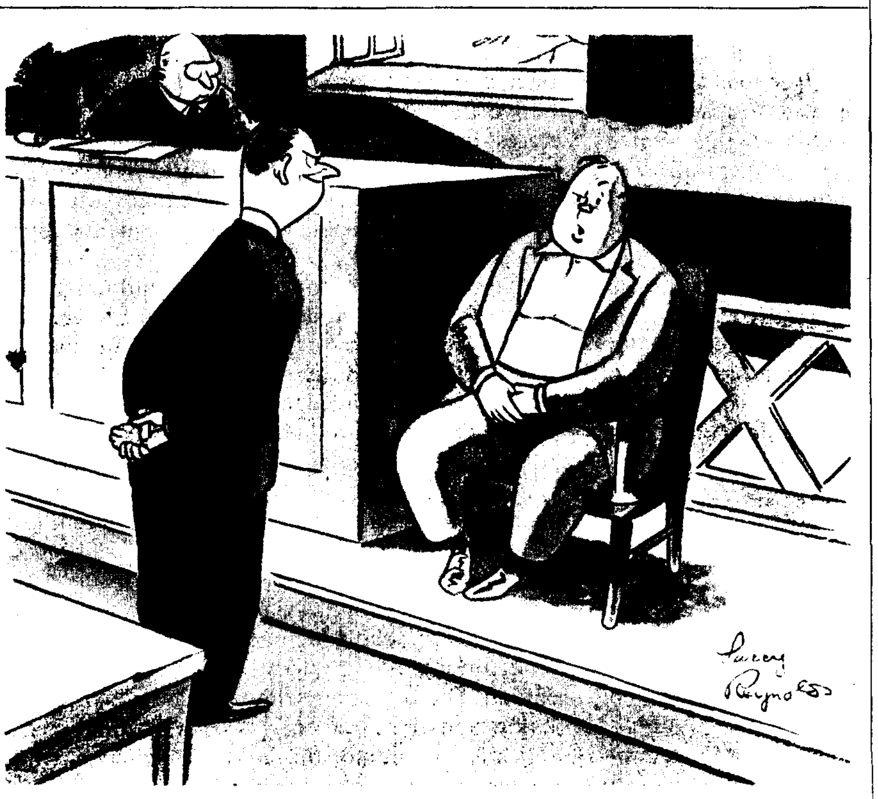
"Golly! What an afterglow!" Caro exclaimed.

SLOWLY, almost against my will, I turned my head and looked closely at Caro. The years had dealt gently with her. Her face, still fresh and unwrinkled, wore the expression of good unillusion that is the antithesis of bitterness, but it was still a face belonging to this imperfect world. It hadn't been transfigured by an inner light "that never was, on sea or land" and I was infinitely relieved to find that it hadn't been. I relaxed against the leather cushion at my back, laughing quietly—maudlinly I'm sure Caro thought—and speculating upon the possibilities of dinner.

It isn't that I wouldn't welcome a state of universal beatitude, or that I'm not intrigued by the idea of flitting in the air, playing in a cloudy surf. It's just that I'm grounded by a puritan conviction that we ought to deserve felicity before we get it. And then I'm old-fashioned. I do believe in evolution and my Yankee sense of thrift is scandalized by the suggestion that our slow, painful exodus from the swamp scum and the jungle has been a waste of effort—that grace would have claimed us in its own sweet time even if we'd given it no thought but had simply waited, floating in blobs of jelly on green slime or swinging from palm trees by our tails. I think we—by "we" I mean humanity—have come a long way and that we have a long way yet to go, but that with any luck we'll make it. And now and then some providential or unexpected mutation or event—a renewal of health in the flora of our land, a poet springing unheralded (as all poets spring) in our midst, a winged baby over Plumsby or a parson at a cocktail party—will give us heart for our journey.

THE END

BUTCH



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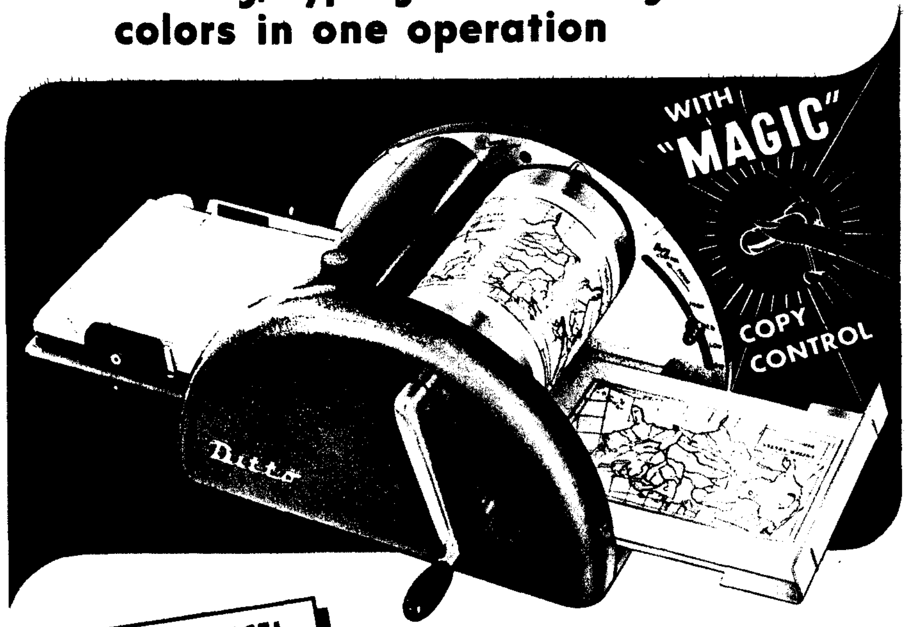

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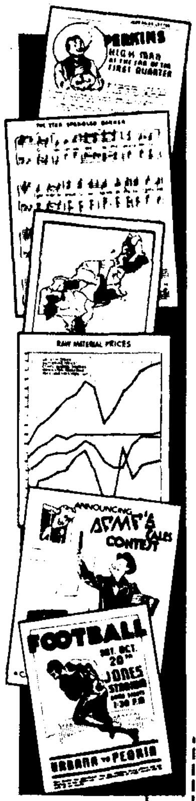

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STANLEY TRETICK—ACME

Freedom Is Worth Voting For

THIS PIECE is about voting, not war. But there is a definite relation between the subject and the picture of a wounded soldier being given plasma on a jeep in Korea.

As this is being written, the tide has turned toward a United Nations victory. But jubilation should not let us forget that once again, as in 1944, a general election is being held in this country while American men are fighting and dying overseas. They are fighting and dying for the same purpose, though against a different enemy. The present enemy represents a threat, though a distant and developing one, to the same freedoms that were threatened by Hitler and his Nazis. One of those freedoms, in this country, is the freedom of every qualified citizen to have a voice in his government and to choose his lawmakers and administrators.

Yet in 1944, as American armies drove toward the frontiers of Germany and struggled up the island steppingstones toward Japan, only about 60 per cent of America's potential voters cast their ballots. Some 32,000,000 took no part in the momentous choice of those who were to guide their government through the dangers and difficulties which lay so clearly ahead.

Today the new dangers and difficulties are equally clear. And once again, we suppose, millions will stay away from the polls. So this is an appeal to those who read this page to get out and vote. It is an old, familiar, perhaps tiresome appeal. It is made every voting year by magazines and newspapers and political speakers all over the country. And it is still important.

Every American, of course, has the right not to vote. No one is going to thrust a ballot at any of us and force us into a booth. But the exercise of our right of franchise is a healthy exercise. If we don't indulge in it our civic character grows flabby. And we really void our moral right to complain if the government isn't run according to our taste, because we didn't bother to exert our influence at a time when it counted most.

In more than half our states there will still be time to register after this issue of Collier's is published. If you haven't registered yet, we urge you to do so. And we urge you to reflect on the importance of the decisions which your registration allows you to help make.

Americans in Korea have been fighting and dying, and they have had no choice in the matter. On November 7th, Americans in this country will vote or stay at home as they choose.

If freedom is worth dying for, isn't it worth voting for?

It's No Disgrace to Be "Average"

A FRIEND WAS TELLING US the other day about a talk he had last spring with the head of a preparatory school which his son was attending. The young man, who was about to graduate, wanted to go to one of the East's old and distinguished "Big Three" universities. But the headmaster immediately discouraged the idea.

"If I were you," he said to our friend, "I wouldn't even think of it. You must remember that Bill is just an average student."

This advice put us in mind of some remarks by Dr. Philip Weltner, president of Oglethorpe University at Atlanta, Georgia. He once said that he deplored the tendency of large universities to place a premium on precollege grades and to accept only brilliant students and engage in a spirited competition for them.

Small colleges, he maintained, have the opportunity "to make a powerful contribution to the democratic ideal and principle by training for good citizenship the average students."

We think Dr. Weltner has a sound idea there. And if, as he says, some universities accept only the scholastically brilliant and compete for them, we can't see that the practice is any more admirable than that of other large universities which compete for nonbrilliant athletes. In either case, it seems to us, the emphasis is on the school's reputation rather than on the student's education.

Take the case of our friend's son Bill. He's a nice boy and a bright boy, with a variety of interests. At preparatory school he worked on the school paper, built sets for school plays and did a lot of other time-consuming things which, though extracurricular in the narrow sense, were all part of the school program. They cut into his study time, and his grades suffered. So he's tagged as "just an average student."

We can't see that the tag is any disgrace, even though it automatically excluded Bill from the college of his first choice. After all, the great bulk of students are average students, just as the great bulk of men are average men. And we're inclined to go along with Franklin P. Adams' once expressed opinion that the average man is above the average. If a school neglects or ignores its average students, it is neglecting a numerous and highly important group of youngsters which may very well include many who are better-rounded people than the academic upper crust.

We realize that a lot of colleges and universities are crowded, and that they don't have the funds for necessary expansion, and that therefore they must be somewhat exclusive for physical as well as academic reasons. We also realize that there are many institutions of higher learning where straight A's are not an entrance requirement. But we still go along with Oglethorpe's president in deploring the premium on precollege grades.

An undergraduate school, if it is to serve its best purpose, should be neither a trade school nor a sort of scholastic paradise where only the elite among the grade-makers may enter. It should, like any other school, be a place of revelation and development. And it should, theoretically, welcome the average student who comes, as Dr. Weltner describes him, "with no standards, no philosophy of life." It's a college's job to help give him those things.

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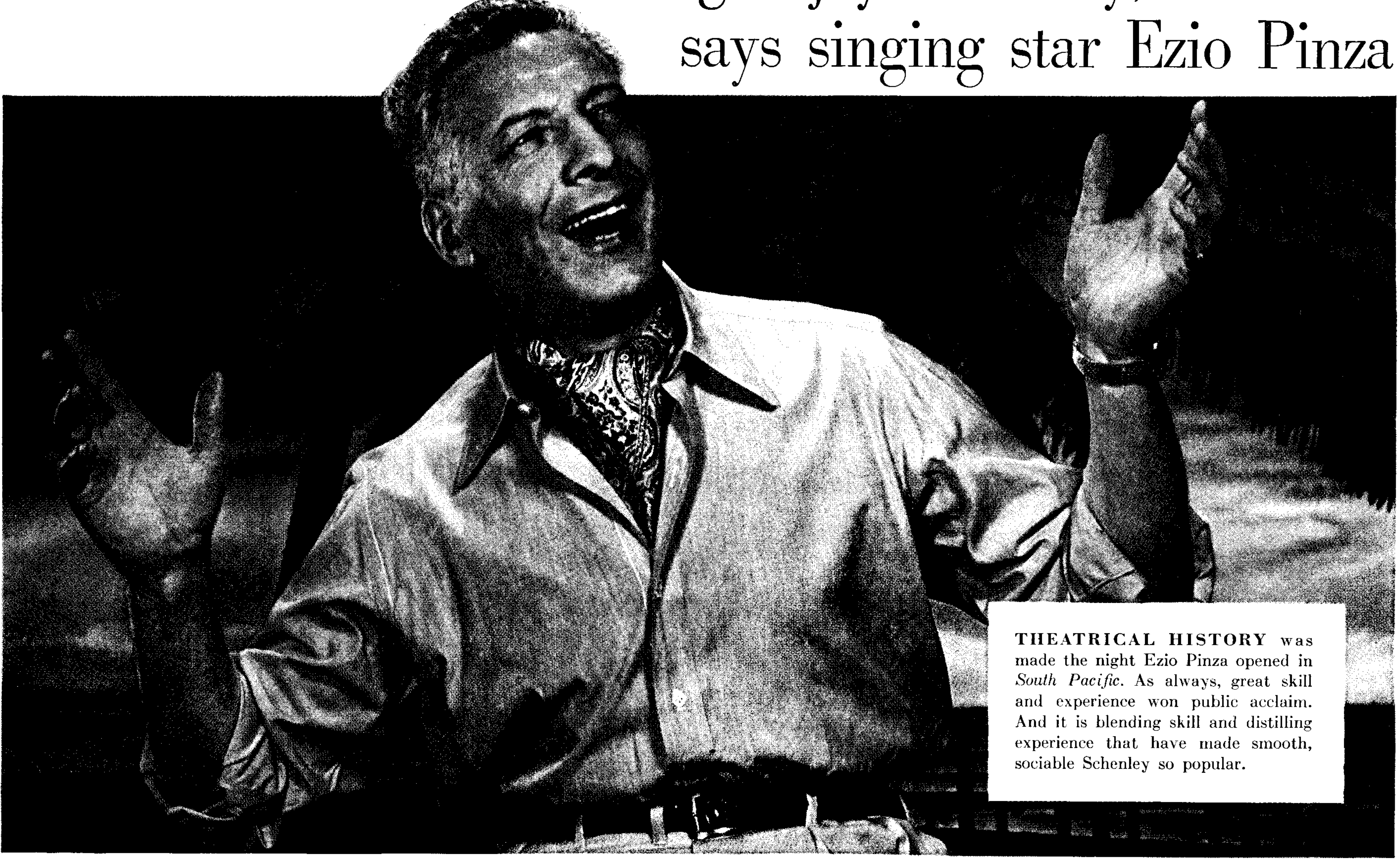


THEATRICAL HISTORY was made the night Ezio Pinza opened in *South Pacific*. As always, great skill and experience won public acclaim. And it is blending skill and distilling experience that have made smooth, sociable Schenley so popular.

NOW STARRING IN HOLLYWOOD, Ezio Pinza stops on his way home to buy a bottle of Schenley. "I've found that it's just as true in Hollywood as it is in New York—famous stars choose Schenley because they *know* it's finer," says Mr. Pinza.

SCHENLEY
for richer finer taste

"FOR AN ENCHANTED EVENING, there is nothing I enjoy more than good friends . . . good music . . . good Schenley," says Ezio Pinza. "Smooth, sociable Schenley is first choice with my guests, too. It is mellow as a fine old song."

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Smooth and delicious!
Try Ezio Pinza's
favorite Whiskey Collins

Pour juice of ½ large lemon, 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar and 1 generous jigger of Schenley in shaker. Add ice and shake. Pour into tall glass, add soda. Now, sit back and enjoy it.

You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

SCHENLEY

A Mark of Merit Whiskey
from Schenley
The House of Rare Whiskies

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., NEW YORK CITY.

How Mild can a cigarette be?

Smoke CAMELS and see!

"How mild? My woman's instinct told me I couldn't answer that question in a hurry. I took my time and made what I felt was the *sensible* cigarette test . . . the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test!

"It was fun—and *convincing!* I didn't have to decide on just one puff — a single inhale and a quick exhale. I smoked Camels regularly for 30 days.

"My own 'T-Zone' gave me the answer. With each pack, each day, I learned how good tasting Camels are. And now I *know* how mild a cigarette can be!

"Being on television, I have to think of my voice. Cool, mild CAMELS are my cigarette. They suit my throat and taste to a 'T.'"

Kyle MacDonnell

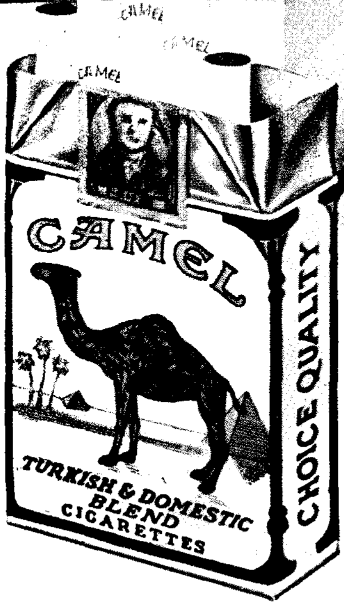
STAR OF TELEVISION

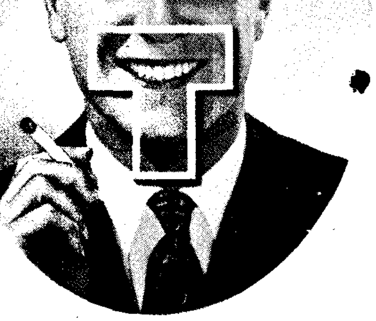
MEET "MISS VIDEO". . . Kyle MacDonnell is a television favorite—she sings and acts for scores of guest appearances on the big-time telecasts of the country. Once a much-photographed "cover girl" who brought her singing talents to Broadway, Kyle's smile is familiar to millions.

According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors Smoke Camels *than any other cigarette*

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three leading research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!





Make your own Camel 30-Day MILDNESS Test in your "T-Zone"

(T for Throat, T for Taste)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.